THE

NATIONAL MAGAZINE.

MAY, 1855.



IRVING'S LAST VOLUME.

DIEDRICH KNICKERBOCKER has made another bow to the public. The old man looks as fresh and as quaintly good-humored as ever. In our notice of "Wolfert's Roost," last month, we promised to return to the volume, and to give our readers some samples of its dainty pages. It is a fragmentary book, mostly composed of articles which have been floating about for years, but which have never

appeared in a collected form before. They make a good-sized duodecimo, which takes its place with unstinted self-respect in the fine series of Irving's complete works issued by Putnam, of which more directly. In its literary rank it will compare with any of the other fragmentary volumes of the edition. We promise the reader that the attractions, the fascinations of the "Sketch Book," "Bracebridge Hall," "The Tales of a Traveler," &c., will be found richly abundant in these fugitive pictures, and the pleasant recollections of entertainment and tranquil, ever-flowing humor, in the fire-side or "Sunnyside" readings of other years—those dear recollections which every reader of Irving finds it impossible for time or change to dissociate from his name—will be reproduced with all their old zest by the perusal of this welcome volume.

We referred, some time ago, in one of our literary notes, to the homestead of Irving, on the banks of the Hudson, not far from Tarrytown. The summer steamers, crowded with happy travelers, on "the northern tour," never pass it without inclining to the landward as if in homage to his genius, under the feet of the throng who gather at the bulwarks to gaze on the "Sunnyside" landscape, and its old, comfortable, but odd-looking mansion, the tranquil asylum of the old man of genius. It is this curious and venerable house, ever hereafter to be memorable as so many other localities have been made by Irving's pen, that gives title to the new book, "Wolfert's Roost;" and the first paper of the collection is a sort of chronicle of the times which have passed over and have left their weather-beaten traces upon the building. The *locale* and pretensions of the edifice are thus described in the opening paragraph of the volume:

"About five-and-twenty miles from the ancient and renowned city of Manhattan, formerly called New-Amsterdam, and vulgarly called New-York, on the eastern bank of that expansion of the Hudson, known among Dutch mariners of yore as the Tappan Zee, being in fact the great Mediterranean Sea of the New-Netherlands, stands a little old-fashioned stone mansion, all made up of gable-ends, and as full of angles and corners as an old cocked hat. It is said, in fact, to have been modeled after the cocked hat of Peter the Headstrong, as the Escurial was modeled after the gridiron of the blessed St. Lawrence. Though but of small dimensions, yet, like many small people, it is of mighty spirit, and values itself greatly on its antiquity, being one of the oldest edifices, for its size, in the whole country. It claims to be an ancient seat of empire, I may rather say an empire in itself, and like all empires, great and small, has had its grand historical epochs. In speaking of this doughty and valorous little pile, I shall call it by its usual appellation of 'The Roost;' though that is a name given to it in modern days, since it became the abode of the white man."

The grand history of this monumental mansion is given in similar style through the old Dutch period, the Revolutionary times, and thence to the present day, including in the latter section a full and accurate account of the residence within its venerable walls of the immortal Diedrich Knickerbocker himself. We must insert the Third Chronicle:—

"The Revolutionary War was over. The debatable ground had once more become a quiet agricultural region; the border chivalry had turned their swords into ploughshares, and their spears into pruning hooks, and hung up their guns, only to be taken down occasionally in a campaign against wild pigeons on the hills, or wild ducks upon the Hudson. Jacob Van Tassel, whilom carried captive to New-York, a flagitious rebel, had come forth from captivity a 'hero of seventy-six.' In a little while he sought the scenes of his former triumphs and mishaps, rebuilt the Roost, restored his goose-gun to the hooks over the fireplace, and reared once more on high the glittering weathercocks.

"Years and years passed over the time-honored little mansion. The honeysuckle and the sweetbrier crept up its walls; the wren and the phœbe bird built under the eaves; it gradually became almost hidden among trees, through which it looked forth, as with half-shut eyes, upon the Tappan Sea. The Indian spring, famous in the days of the wizard sachem, still welled up at the bottom of the green bank; and the wild brook, wild as ever, came babbling down the ravine, and threw itself into the little cove where of yore the water-guard harbored their whaleboats.

"Such was the state of the Roost many years since, at the time when Diedrich Knickerbocker came into this neighborhood, in the course of his researches among the Dutch families for materials for his immortal history. The exterior of the eventful little pile seemed to him full of promise. The crow-step gables were of the primitive architecture of the province. The weathercocks which surmounted them had crowed in the glorious days of the New-Netherlands. The one above the porch had actually glittered of yore on the great Vander Heyden palace at Albany!

"The interior of the mansion fulfilled its external promise. Here were records of old times; documents of the Dutch dynasty, rescued from the profane hands of the English, by Wolfert Acker, when he retreated from New-Amsterdam. Here he had treasured them up like buried gold, and here they had been miraculously preserved by St. Nicholas, at the time of the conflagration of the Roost.

"Here then did old Diedrich Knickerbocker take up his abode for a time, and set to work with antiquarian zeal to decipher these precious documents, which, like the lost books of Livy, had baffled the research of former historians; and it is the facts drawn from these sources which give his work the preference, in point of accuracy, over every other history.

"It was during his sojourn in this eventful neighborhood, that the historian is supposed to have picked up many of those legends, which have since been given by him to the world, or found among his papers. Such was the legend connected with the old Dutch church of Sleepy Hollow. The church itself was a monument of bygone days. It had been built in the early times of the province. A tablet over the portal bore the names of its founders: Frederick Filipson, a mighty man of yore, patroon of Yonkers; and his wife, Katrina Van Courtland, of the Van Courtlands of Croton—a powerful family connection, with one foot resting on Spiting Devil Creek, and the other on the Croton River.

"Two weathercocks, with the initials of these illustrious personages, graced each end of the church, one perched over the belfry, the other over the chancel. As usual with ecclesiastical weathercocks, each pointed a different way; and there was a perpetual contradiction between them on all points of windy doctrine; emblematic, alas! of the Christian propensity to schism and controversy.

"In the burying-ground adjacent to the church reposed the earliest fathers of a wide rural neighborhood. Here families were garnered together, side by side, in long platoons, in this last gathering-place of kindred. With pious hand would Diedrich Knickerbocker turn down the weeds and brambles which had overgrown the tombstones, to decipher inscriptions in Dutch and English, of the names and virtues of succeeding generations of Van Tassels, Van Warts, and other historical worthies, with their portraitures faithfully carved, all bearing the family likeness to cherubs.

"The congregation in those days was of a truly rural character. City fashions had not as yet stole up to Sleepy Hollow. Dutch sunbonnets and honest homespun still prevailed. Everything was in primitive style, even to the bucket of water and tin cup near the door in summer, to assuage the thirst caused by the heat of the weather or the drought of the sermon.

"The pulpit, with its wide-spreading sounding board, and the communion table, curiously carved, had each come from Holland in the olden time, before the arts had sufficiently advanced in the colony for such achievements. Around these on Sundays would be gathered the elders of the church, gray-headed men who led the psalmody, and in whom it would be difficult to recognize the hard-riding lads of yore, who scoured the debatable land in the time of the Revolution.

"The drowsy influence of Sleepy Hollow was apt to breathe into this sacred edifice; and now and then an elder might be seen with his handkerchief over his face to keep off the flies, and apparently listening to the dominie, but really sunk into a summer slumber, lulled by the sultry notes of the locust from the neighboring trees.

"And now a word or two about Sleepy Hollow, which many have rashly deemed a fanciful creation, like the Lubberland of mariners. It was probably the mystic and dreamy sound of the name which first tempted the historian of the Manhattoes into its spellbound mazes. As he entered, all nature seemed for the moment to awake from its slumbers and break forth in gratulations. The quail whistled a welcome from the corn-field; the loquacious cat-bird flew from bush to bush with restless wing proclaiming his approach, or perked inquisitively into his face, as if to get a knowledge of his physiognomy. The woodpecker tapped a tattoo on the hollow apple-tree, and then peered round the trunk, as if asking how he relished the salutation; while the squirrel scampered along the fence, whisking his tail over his head by way of a huzza.

"Here reigned the golden mean extolled by poets, in which no gold was to be found and very little silver. The inhabitants of the Hollow were of the primitive stock, and had intermarried and bred in and in, from the earliest time of the province, never swarming far from the parent hive, but dividing and subdividing their paternal acres as they swarmed.

"Here were small farms, each having its little portion of meadow and corn-field; its orchard of gnarled and sprawling apple-trees; its garden in which the rose, the marigold and hollyhock, grew sociably with the cabbage, the pea, and the pumpkin: each had its low-eaved mansion redundant with white-headed children; with an old hat nailed against the wall for the housekeeping wren; the coop on the grass-plot, where the motherly hen clucked round with her vagrant brood; each had its stone well, with a moss-covered bucket suspended to the long balancing pole, according to antediluvian hydraulics; while within doors resounded the eternal hum of the spinning-wheel.

"Many were the great historical facts which the worthy Diedrich collected in these lowly mansions, and patiently would he sit by the old Dutch housewives with a child on his knee, or a purring grimalkin on his lap, listening to endless ghost stories spun forth to the humming accompaniment of the wheel.

"The delighted historian pursued his explorations far into the foldings of the hills where the Pocantico winds its wizard stream among the mazes of its old Indian haunts; sometimes running darkly in pieces of woodland beneath balancing sprays of beech and chestnut; sometimes sparkling between grassy borders in fresh green intervals; here and there receiving the tributes of silver rills which came whimpering down the hill-sides from their parent springs.

"In a remote part of the Hollow, where the Pocantico forced its way down rugged rocks, stood Carl's mill, the haunted house of the neighborhood. It was indeed a goblin-looking pile; shattered and time-worn; dismal with clanking wheels and rushing streams, and all kinds of uncouth noises. A horse-shoe nailed to the door to keep off witches, seemed to have lost its power; for as Diedrich approached, an old negro thrust his head, all dabbled with flour, out of a hole above the water-wheel, and grinned and rolled his eyes, and appeared to be the very hobgoblin of the place. Yet this

proved to be the great historic genius of the Hollow, abounding in that valuable information never to be acquired from books. Diedrich Knickerbocker soon discovered his merit. They had long talks together, seated on a broken millstone, heedless of the water and the clatter of the mill; and to his conference with that African sage, many attribute the surprising, though true story of Ichabod Crane, and the Headless Horseman of Sleepy Hollow. We refrain, however, from giving further researches of the historian of the Manhattoes, during his sojourn at the Roost; but may return to them in future pages.

"Reader, the Roost still exists. Time, which changes all things, is slow in its operations on a Dutchman's dwelling. The stout Jacob Van Tassel, it is true, sleeps with his fathers; and his great goose-gun with him; yet his stronghold still bears the impress of its Dutch origin. Odd rumors have gathered about it, as they are apt to do about old mansions, like moss and weather stains. The shade of Wolfert Acker still walks his unquiet rounds at night in the orchards; and a white figure has now and then been seen seated at a window and gazing at the moon, from a room in which a young lady is said to have died of love and green apples.

"Mementoes of the sojourn of Diedrich Knickerbocker are still cherished at the Roost. His elbow-chair and antique writing-desk maintain their place in the room he occupied, and his old cocked hat still hangs on a peg against the wall."

One of the pleasantest pieces in the book is on *The Birds of Spring*; it is seasonable to our present number, and we feel tempted to quote from it largely. It opens with some pleasant autobiographical allusions:—

"My quiet residence in the country, aloof from fashion, politics, and the money-market, leaves me rather at a loss for occupation, and drives me occasionally to the study of nature, and other low pursuits. Having few neighbors, also, on whom to keep a watch, and exercise my habits of observation, I am fain to amuse myself with prying into the domestic concerns and peculiarities of the animals around me; and, during the present season, have derived considerable entertainment from certain sociable little birds, almost the only visitors we have, during this early part of the year.

"Those who have passed the winter in the country are sensible of the delightful influences that accompany the earliest indications of spring; and of these, none are more delightful than the first notes of the birds. There is one modest little sad-colored bird, much resembling a wren, which came about the house just on the skirts of winter, when not a blade of grass was to be seen, and when a few prematurely warm days had given flattering foretaste of soft weather. He sang early in the dawning, long before sunrise, and late in the evening, just before the closing in of night, his matin and his vesper hymns. It is true, he sang occasionally throughout the day; but at these still hours, his song was more remarked. He sat on a leafless tree, just before the window, and warbled forth his notes, few and simple, but singularly sweet, with something of a plaintive tone, that heightened their effect.

"The first morning that he was heard, was a joyous one among the young folks of my household. The long, death-like sleep of winter was at an end; nature was once more awakening; they now promised themselves the immediate appearance of buds and blossoms. I was reminded of the tempest-tossed crew of Columbus, when, after their long dubious voyage, the field birds came singing round the ship, though still far at sea, rejoicing them with the belief of the immediate proximity of land. A sharp return of winter almost silenced my little songster, and dashed the hilarity of the household; yet still he poured forth, now and then, a few plaintive notes, between the frosty pipings of the breeze, like gleams of sunshine between wintry clouds.

"I have consulted my book of ornithology in vain, to find out the name of this kindly little bird, who certainly deserves honor and favor far beyond his modest pretensions. He comes like the lowly violet, the most unpretending, but welcomest of flowers, breathing the sweet promise of the early year.

"Another of our feathered visitors, who follow close upon the steps of the winter, is the pe-wit, or pe-wee, or phœbe-bird; for he is called by each of these names, from a fancied resemblance to the sound of his monotonous note. He is a sociable little being, and seeks the habitation of man. A pair of them have built beneath my porch, and have reared several broods there, for two years past, their nest being never disturbed. They arrive early in the spring, just when the crocus and the snowdrop begin to peep forth. Their first chirp spreads gladness through the house. 'The Phœbe-birds have come!' is heard on all sides; they are welcomed back like members of the family; and speculations are made upon where they have been, and what countries they have seen, during their long absence. Their arrival is the more cheering, as it is pronounced, by the old weather-wise people of the country, the sure sign that the severe frosts are at an end, and that the gardener may resume his labors with confidence."

Then follows a description of the bluebird, with Wilson, the ornithologist's poem upon him, and finally the following sketch of our favorite boblink:—

"The happiest bird of our spring, however, and one that rivals the European lark in my estimation, is the boblincon, or boblink, as he is commonly called. He arrives at that choice portion of our year which, in this latitude, answers to the description of the month of May so often given by the poets. With us, it begins about the middle of May, and lasts until nearly the middle of June. Earlier than this, winter is apt to return on its traces, and to blight the opening beauties of the year; and later than this begin the parching and panting, and dissolving heats of summer. But in this genial interval, nature is in all her freshness and fragrance: 'the rains are over and gone, the

flowers appear upon the earth, the time of the singing of birds is come, and the voice of the turtle is heard in the land.' The trees are now in their fullest foliage and brightest verdure; the woods are gay with the clustered flowers of the laurel; the air is perfumed by the sweetbrier and the wild rose; the meadows are enameled with clover-blossoms; while the young apple, the peach, and the plum, begin to swell, and the cherry to glow, among the green leaves.

"This is the chosen season of revelry of the boblink. He comes amid the pomp and fragrance of the season; his life seems all sensibility and enjoyment, all song and sunshine. He is to be found in the soft bosoms of the freshest and sweetest meadows; and is most in song when the clover is in blossom. He perches on the topmost twig of a tree, or on some long flaunting weed, and as he rises and sinks with the breeze, pours forth a succession of rich tinkling notes, crowding one upon another, like the outpouring melody of the skylark, and possessing the same rapturous character. Sometimes he pitches from the summit of a tree, begins his song as soon as he gets upon the wing, and flutters tremulously down to the earth, as if overcome with ecstasy at his own music. Sometimes he is in pursuit of his paramour; always in full song, as if he would win her by his melody; and always with the same appearance of intoxication and delight.

"Of all the birds of our groves and meadows, the boblink was the envy of my boyhood. He crossed my path in the sweetest weather, and the sweetest season of the year when all nature called to the fields, and the rural feeling throbbed in every bosom; but when I, luckless urchin! was doomed to be mewed up, during the livelong day, in that purgatory of boyhood, a school-room. It seemed as if the little varlet mocked at me, as he flew by in full song, and sought to taunt me with his happier lot. O, how I envied him! No lessons, no task, no hateful school; nothing but holiday, frolic, green fields, and fine weather. Had I been then more versed in poetry, I might have addressed him in the words of Logan to the cuckoo:

> "'Sweet bird! thy bower is ever green,
> Thy sky is ever clear;
> Thou hast no sorrow in thy note,
> No winter in thy year.
>
> "'O! could I fly, I'd fly with thee;
> We'd make, on joyful wing,
> Our annual visit round the globe,
> Companion of the spring!'

"Further observation and experience have given me a different idea of this little feathered voluptuary, which I will venture to impart, for the benefit of my schoolboy readers, who may regard him with the same unqualified envy and admiration which I once indulged. I have shown him only as I saw him at first, in what I may call the poetical part of his career, when he in a manner devoted himself to elegant pursuits and enjoyments, and was a bird of music, and song, and taste, and sensibility, and refinement. While this lasted, he was sacred from injury; the very schoolboy would not fling a stone at him, and the merest rustic would pause to listen to his strain. But mark the difference. As the year advances, as the clover blossoms disappear, and the spring fades into summer, he gradually gives up his elegant tastes and habits, doffs his poetical suit of black, assumes a russet dusty garb, and sinks to the gross enjoyments of common vulgar birds. His notes no longer vibrate on the ear; he is stuffing himself with the seeds of the tall weeds on which he lately swung and chanted so melodiously. He has become a 'bon vivant,' a 'gourmand;' with him now there is nothing like the 'joys of the table.' In a little while he grows tired of plain homely fare, and is off on a gastronomical tour in quest of foreign luxuries. We next hear of him with myriads of his kind, banqueting among the reeds of the Delaware; and grown corpulent with good feeding. He has changed his name in traveling. Boblincon no more—he is the *reed-bird* now, the much-sought for titbit of Pennsylvania epicures; the rival in unlucky fame of the ortolan! Wherever he goes, pop! pop! pop! every rusty firelock in the country is blazing away. He sees his companions falling by thousands around him.

"Does he take warning and reform?—Alas, not he! Incorrigible epicure! again he wings his flight. The rice-swamps of the south invite him. He gorges himself among them almost to bursting; he can scarcely fly for corpulency. He has once more changed his name, and is now the famous *rice-bird* of the Carolinas.

"Last stage of his career; behold him spitted, with dozens of his corpulent companions, and served up, a vaunted dish, on the table of some southern gastronome.

"Such is the story of the boblink; once spiritual, musical, admired, the joy of the meadows, and the favorite bird of spring; finally, a gross little sensualist who expiates his sensuality in the larder. His story contains a moral, worthy the attention of all little birds and little boys; warning them to keep to those refined and intellectual pursuits which raised him to so high a pitch of popularity during the early part of his career, but to eschew all tendency to that gross and dissipated indulgence which brought this mistaken little bird to an untimely end."

The venerable Diedrich made, it seems, a visit to the "Faderland," actuated thereto by that curious spirit of antiquarian inquiry and admiration for Dutch traditions and manners, which have given his illustrious history such unparalleled accuracy and interest. He found himself quite "imparadised" in Broek, Holland. Here is his faithful description of it, true to all the traits of good sense and good style which shine on the pages of his "History:"—

"What renders Broek so perfect an elysium in the eyes of all true Hollanders, is, the matchless height to which the spirit of cleanliness is carried there. It amounts almost to a religion among the inhabitants, who pass the greater part of their time rubbing and scrubbing, and painting, and varnishing: each housewife vies with her neighbor in her devotion to the scrub-

bing brush, as zealous Catholics do in their devotion to the cross; and it is said, a notable housewife of the place in days of yore is held in pious remembrance, and almost canonized as a saint, for having died of pure exhaustion and chagrin, in an ineffectual attempt to scour a black man white.

"These particulars awakened my ardent curiosity to see a place which I pictured to myself the very fountain-head of certain hereditary habits and customs prevalent among the descendants of the original Dutch settlers of my native state. I accordingly lost no time in performing a pilgrimage to Broek.

"Before I reached the place, I beheld symptoms of the tranquil character of its inhabitants. A little clump-built boat was in full sail along the lazy bosom of a canal; but its sail consisted of the blades of two paddles set on end, while the navigator sat steering with a third paddle in the stern, crouched down like a toad, with a slouched hat drawn over his eyes. I presumed him to be some nautical lover, on the way to his mistress. After proceeding a little further, I came in sight of the harbor or port of destination of this drowsy navigator. This was the Broeken-Meer—an artificial basin, or sheet of olive-green water, tranquil as a mill-pond. On this the village of Broek is situated, and the borders are laboriously decorated with flower-beds, box-trees clipped into all kinds of ingenious shapes and fancies, and little 'lust' houses or pavilions.

"I alighted outside of the village, for no horse or vehicle is permitted to enter its precincts, lest it should cause defilement of the well-scoured pavements. Shaking the dust off my feet, therefore, I prepared to enter, with due reverence and circumspection, this *sanctum sanctorum* of Dutch cleanliness. I entered by a narrow street, paved with yellow bricks, laid edgewise, and so clean that one might eat from them. Indeed, they were actually worn deep, not by the tread of feet, but by the friction of the scrubbing-brush.

"The houses were built of wood, and all appeared to have been freshly painted, of green, yellow, and other bright colors. They were separated from each other by gardens and orchards, and stood at some little distance from the street, with wide areas or court yards, paved in mosaic, with variegated stones, polished by frequent rubbing. The areas were divided from the street by curiously-wrought railings or balustrades of iron, surmounted with brass and copper balls, scoured into dazzling effulgence. The very trunks of the trees in front of the houses were by the same process made to look as if they had been varnished. The porches, doors, and window-frames of the houses were of exotic woods, curiously carved, and polished like costly furniture. The front doors are never opened, excepting on christenings, marriages, or funerals: on all ordinary occasions, visitors enter by the back door. In former times, persons when admitted had to put on slippers, but this Oriental ceremony is no longer insisted on. . . .

"To attempt to gain admission to any of these stately abodes was out of the question, having no company of soldiers to enforce a solicitation. I was fortunate enough, however, through the aid of my guide, to make my way into the kitchen of the illustrious Ditmus, and I question whether the parlor would have proved more worthy of observation. The cook, a little wiry, hook-nosed woman, worn thin by incessant action and friction, was bustling about among her kettles and saucepans, with the scullion at her heels, both clattering in wooden shoes, which were as clean and white as the milk-pails; rows of vessels, of brass and copper, regiments of pewter dishes, and portly porringers, gave resplendent evidence of the intensity of their cleanliness; the very trammels and hangers in the fire-places were highly scoured, and the burnished face of the good St. Nicholas shone forth from the iron plate of the chimney-back.

"Among the decorations of the kitchen was a printed sheet of wood-cuts, representing the various holyday customs of Holland, with explanatory rhymes. Here I was delighted to recognize the jollities of New-Year's day; the festivities of Paas and Pinkster, and all the other merrymakings handed down in my native place from the earliest times of New-Amsterdam, and which had been such bright spots in the year, in my childhood. I eagerly made myself master of this precious document for a trifling consideration, and bore it off as a memento of the place; though I question if, in so doing, I did not carry off with me the whole current literature of Broek.

"I must not omit to mention, that this village is the paradise of cows as well as men; indeed, you would almost suppose the cow to be as much an object of worship here, as the bull was among the ancient Egyptians; and well does she merit it, for she is, in fact, the patroness of the place. The same scrupulous cleanliness, however, which pervades everything else, is manifested in the treatment of this venerated animal. She is not permitted to perambulate the place; but in winter, when she forsakes the rich pasture, a well-built house is provided for her, well painted, and maintained in the most perfect order. Her stall is of ample dimensions; the floor is scrubbed and polished; her hide is daily curried and brushed, and sponged to her heart's content, and her tail is daintily tucked up to the ceiling, and decorated with a ribbon!

"On my way back through the village, I passed the house of the *prediger*, or preacher—a very comfortable mansion, which led me to augur well of the state of religion in the village. On inquiry, I was told that for a long time the inhabitants lived in a state of great indifference as to religious matters: it was in vain that their preachers endeavored to arouse their thoughts to a future state; the joys of heaven, as commonly depicted, were but little to their taste. At length a dominie appeared among them, who struck out in a different vein. He depicted the New Jerusalem as a place all smooth and level; with beautiful dykes, and ditches, and canals; and houses all shining with paint and varnish, and glazed tiles; and where there should never come horse, or ass, or cat, or dog, or anything that could make noise or dirt; but there should be nothing but rubbing and scrubbing, and washing and painting, and gilding and varnishing, forever and ever! Since that time, the good housewives of Broek have all turned their faces thither."

Be not scandalized, devout reader, at this allusion to the earthly-minded dominie; there is a sly and well-deserved satire in it. There are too many such dominies extant. We could wish the satire a little more trenchant.

But we must cease our quotations. The volume contains sketches of Parisian life (a series of them) in 1825, traditions, or rather legends, of the Indians, Spanish stories, and ends with "Recollections of the Alhambra," which recall one of its author's most charming previous books.

A rare and endeared old man is this Washington Irving. *Old!* the word appears hardly admissible—he seems to us yet "old always youthful," as was said of the the German Klopstock. A good Providence is blessing him with a slow and beautiful sunset in the evening of his life. He has lived to see his name and (an equal happiness) that of his notable hero, household words throughout this continent, and in most of Europe. He cannot walk our streets without recognizing them on the very omnibuses, the public-houses, and the signs of shops and stores, and assembly halls. His genius combines the humor of Addison, the style of Goldsmith, and the gentle *morale* of good old Izaak Walton.

An American who is solicitous for the literary taste of his country, must be perplexed to anticipate what it will turn out to be, when he looks at the literary frivolities and abominations which flood the nation. A little while ago it seemed that our country was fast becoming the common sewer for the very filth of transatlantic literature. The monstrous births of the French and English presses were immediately reissued here in editions far greater than those of France or England. More recently, perverse and scandalous personal books, or literary extravaganzas, have been scattered universally by a monstrous system of advertising. And is not the demoralizing effect visible in the alarming growth of vice among us? And what ultimately must the literature of a people thus vitiated in taste become? Under such circumstances, it is refreshing to remember that Irving is our national literary prototype, and that sound morality and genuine taste have obtained, in his classic writings, a vantage-ground which can never be forfeited. It has been said that it is a circumstance of inappreciable advantage for the dignity and permanence of our nation, that its greatest historical character was the incomparable Washington; and one writer thinks that the moral influence, on the national mind, of his almost superhuman example has given to the country much of its greatness and stability, while revolutionary frenzy has been ravaging Europe. It is, in like manner, a national good fortune that Irving is the first in our popular literature—not only the first prominent in regard to time, but also in merit; for he has precisely those excellences of genius which, like good wine, are sure to become more valuable with age. A hundred years hence, when Irving is dust, his genius will be abroad among the thronging millions of his fellow-countrymen, and will probably then be more effective than it is now. His own beautiful essay on the Mutability of Literature is false in one thing—is false in respect to his own destiny.

Those changes in language, to which he ascribes the obsoleteness of old books, will not affect him. It is a true doctrine in regard to a forming language, but not to one which has reached its maturity. Old Piers Plowman is dead under it, old Chaucer suffers seriously from it, and even the Elizabethan writers somewhat; but Addison and Goldsmith never will. They have attained the pure idiomatic genius of the language, which can perish only by the lapse of our civilization. Irving has preëminently this excellence. And then, humor, especially if elegant in its style, is permanently popular. Irving has this in its most healthful and genial tone. Where in Addison do you find better specimens than in old Diedrich Knickerbocker, or the John Bull, the Rip Van Winkle, the Sleepy Hollow, or the Christmas articles of the Sketch-Book? Good descriptions of natural scenery are likely to be permanently interesting—for nature is permanent—and good delineations of human character are still more so. Irving is one of the best painters of scenery and life in English literature. Scott does not excel him, nor equal him. His only fault, in this respect, is, that he is too conscious of his power, and uses it too frequently. Every article in the Sketch-Book may be referred to for examples. No interior scene of Teniers or Ostade surpasses the fine Flemish picture of "The Inn Kitchen." Dramatic effect is a rare ex-

cellence among authors; but how it abounds in the pages of Irving! Men of strong humor are usually susceptible of tenderness; what an incessant contrast of pleasantry and pathos do we meet with in this author? And where, among all our writers, will you find more affecting examples of the latter than in "The Broken Heart," or "The Widow and her Son?" And as to moral sentiment, what writer in our lighter literature is more pure?

In these respects Irving's writings have indisputable grounds of permanence. It is a matter of real, we were going to say of religious thankfulness, that such works are to be the national inheritance of our children; and whosoever helps to supersede the literary abominations which are creeping into our families like obscene reptiles, by directing the popular taste toward these pure and most entertaining productions, does a good service.

Some few years ago it was stated in the papers, that, while the New-York press was teeming with foreign trash, Washington Irving had been trying in vain to enlist a publisher for a new and complete edition of his works, with a *final* revision. The newspapers commented on the fact with indignation; and doubtless every generous mind in the land, that heard of it, felt mortified for his country. He at last found a publisher worthy of him. Putnam, of New-York, is now issuing the edition in a style seldom if ever surpassed on this side of the Atlantic. There is no flashy ostentation about it, but a neat, simple, perfect elegance; the type, paper, and binding, are an honor to the country. The "Life of Columbus," the venerable Diedrich Knickerbocker's "History of New-York, from the Beginning of the World to the End of the Dutch Dynasty," the "Sketch-Book," and "Bracebridge Hall," the Historical and Biographical works and others, amounting, with the present one, to sixteen volumes, have appeared, and can be had for about twenty dollars. Each work, except the Columbus, is complete in one volume of very convenient size. Interesting prefatory remarks, somewhat autobiographical, accompany each, dated at "Sunnyside." Knickerbocker's "History," we learn from its new preface, was commenced as a mere "temporary *jeu d'esprit*," in connection with his brother, the late Peter Irving, Esq. It was designed to be a parody on a small hand-book, entitled, "A Picture of New-York." He remarks:—

"Like that, our work was to begin with a historical sketch; to be followed by notices of the customs, manners, and institutions of the city—written in a serio-comic vein, and treating local errors, follies, and abuses, with good-humored satire. To burlesque the pedantic lore displayed in certain American works, our historical sketch was to commence with the creation of the world; and we laid all kinds of works under contribution for trite citations, relevant or irrelevant, to give it the proper air of learned research. Before this crude mass of mock erudition could be digested into form, my brother departed for Europe, and I was left to prosecute the enterprise alone. I now altered the plan of the work. Discarding all idea of a parody on the Picture of New-York, I determined that what had been originally an introductory sketch, should comprise the whole work, and form a comic history of the city. I accordingly molded the mass of citations and disquisitions into introductory chapters, forming the first book; but it soon became evident to me, that, like Robinson Crusoe with his boat, I had begun on too large a scale, and that, to launch my History successfully, I must reduce its proportions. I accordingly resolved to confine it to the period of the Dutch domination, which, in its rise, progress, and decline, presented that unity of subject required by classic rule. It was a period, also, at that time, almost a *terra incognita*, in history. In fact, I was surprised to find how few of my fellow-citizens were aware that New-York had once been called New-Amsterdam, or had heard of the names of its early Dutch governors, or cared a straw about their ancient Dutch progenitors."

He apologizes, we think quite needlessly, for his caricatures of the old Dutch burghers and governors, some of whose descendants have been rather sensitive about them. The following references are made to the later popularity of the work:—

"When I find, after a lapse of nearly forty years, this haphazard production of my youth still cherished—when I find its very name become a 'household word,' and used to give the home stamp to everything recommended for popular acceptation, such as Knickerbocker societies, Knickerbocker insurance companies, Knickerbocker steamboats, Knickerbocker omnibuses, Knickerbocker bread, and Knickerbocker ice; and when I find New-Yorkers of Dutch descent priding themselves upon being 'genuine Knickerbockers,' I please myself with the persuasion that I have struck the right chord; that my dealings with the old Dutch times, and the customs and usages derived from them, are in harmony with the feelings and humors of my townsmen; that I have opened a vein of pleasant associations and quaint characteristics peculiar to my native place, and which its inhabitants will not willingly suffer to pass away; and that, though other histories of New-York may appear, of higher claims to learned acceptation, and may take their dignified and

appropriate rank in the family library, Knickerbocker's History will still be received with good-humored indulgence, and be thumbed and chuckled over by the family fireside."

The preface to the Sketch-Book gives some interesting details of its author's literary history. These classic papers, with two exceptions, were written in England. He intended to prepare the complete series before publishing; but pecuniary reverses compelled him to send them "piecemeal to this country for publication in numbers." They found their way to England, and were particularly commended in the *London Literary Gazette*. It was reported to him that a London bookseller was about to issue a volume of them. This induced him to attempt to procure a publisher himself, that he might not only have the pecuniary advantage, but also the opportunity of suitable revision. He applied to Murray, the celebrated publisher, and met with one of those discomfitures which form so frequent a feature in literary biography. We must give his own account of the matter:

"I took the printed numbers, which I had received from the United States, to Mr. John Murray, the eminent publisher, from whom I had already received friendly attentions, and left them with him for examination, informing him that, should he be inclined to bring them before the public, I had materials on hand for a second volume. Several days having elapsed without any communication from Mr. Murray, I addressed a note to him, in which I construed his silence into a tacit rejection of my work, and begged that the numbers I had left with him might be returned. The following was his reply:—

"'My Dear Sir,—I entreat you to believe that I feel truly obliged by your kind intentions toward me, and that I entertain the most unfeigned respect for your most tasteful talents. My house is completely filled with work-people, and I have only an office to transact business in; and yesterday I was wholly occupied, or I should have done myself the pleasure of seeing you. If it would not suit me to engage in the publication of your present work, it is only because I do not see that scope in the nature of it which would enable me to make those satisfactory accounts between us, without which I really feel no satisfaction in engaging; but I will do all I can to promote their circulation, and shall be most ready to attend to any future plan of yours.

"'With much regard, I remain, dear sir, your faithful servant, John Murray.'"

"This," he says, "was disheartening;" but he remembered Constable, Scott's famous publisher, at Edinburgh, with whom he had formed an acquaintance. He wrote to Scott to procure Constable's interest in the work, and mentioned that a pecuniary reverse made it necessary for him to rely upon the publication for aid. The Sketches were sent to Scott for examination. The hint about a reverse of fortune was just such as could not fail to interest the generous heart of Scott. He offered Irving immediately an editorship at Edinburgh, and wrote:—

"If my proposal does not suit, you need only keep the matter secret, and there is no harm done. 'And for my love, I pray you wrong me not.' If, on the contrary, you think it could be made to suit you, let me know, as soon as possible, addressing Castle-street, Edinburgh."

In a postscript, written from Edinburgh, he adds:—

"I am just come here, and have glanced over the Sketch-Book. It is positively beautiful, and increases my desire to *crimp* you, if it be possible. Some difficulties there are always in managing such a matter, especially at the outset; but we will obviate them as much as we possibly can."

The offer of an editorship at fifteen hundred dollars per annum, was rather a tempting bait for a poor and embarrassed *litterateur*; but Irving was true to his genius. He knew that editing a periodical was little more than mental mechanics, and that genius could find it but abject slavery. Had he accepted, we should, probably, have had from him, as in the case of Bryant, but an occasional intimation of the brilliant powers which would be thus comparatively lost. Literary men of real genius have usually made a poor figure at periodical editorship. Leigh Hunt ran down several publications; Wilson did well; Campbell, Lockhart, and a host of others, nearly spoiled their careers by it. Campbell, as we said in our last number, rejected Miss Mitford's papers when he was editor of the "New Monthly Magazine;" they found a place in the "Lady's Monthly Magazine," and were subsequently brought together in a volume under the title of "Our Village." Irving determined to depend upon higher efforts, and declined very courteously the offer. Scott answered him with other proffers of kindness. Irving says:—

"Before the receipt of this most obliging letter, however, I had determined to look to no leading bookseller for a launch, but to throw my work before the public at my own risk, and let it sink or swim, according to its merits. I wrote to that effect to Scott, and soon received this reply:—

"'I observe with pleasure that you are going to come forth in Britain. It is certainly not the very best way to publish on one's own account; for the booksellers set their face against the circulation of such works as do not pay an amazing toll to themselves. But they have lost the art of altogether damming up the road in such cases, between the author and the public, which they were once able to do, as effectually as Diabolus,

in John Bunyan's Holy War, closed up the windows of My Lord Understanding's mansion. I am sure of one thing—that you have only to be known to the British public, to be admired by them; and I would not say so unless I really was of that opinion.'"

The Sketch-Book was brought out in London; but, before it had got fairly under way, the publisher failed, and the writer had another illustration of the fortunes of authorship; but Scott, whose heart was ever as generous as his genius was fertile, came again to his help. Irving says:—

"At this juncture Scott arrived in London. I called to him for help, as I was sticking in the mire, and, more propitious than Hercules, he put his own shoulder to the wheel. Through his favorable representations, Murray was quickly induced to undertake the future publication of the work, which he had previously declined. A further edition of the first volume was struck off, and the second volume was put to press; and from that time, Murray became my publisher, conducting himself, in all his dealings, with that fair, open, and liberal spirit, which had obtained for him the well-merited appellation of the Prince of Booksellers."

Irving refers gratefully to the kindness of his great literary friend:—

"Thus, under the kind and cordial auspices of Sir Walter Scott, I began my literary career in Europe; and I feel that I am but discharging, in a trifling degree, my debt of gratitude to the memory of that golden-hearted man, in acknowledging my obligations to him. But who of his literary cotemporaries ever applied to him for aid or counsel, that did not experience the most prompt, generous, and effectual assistance?"

We have given these scraps of literary history to our readers, because nothing relating to our national literary favorite is uninteresting. It is to be hoped that his works, now beautifully reissued, will find their way into every section of the States, and do much to displace the pernicious publications, which are corrupting the public taste and morals. Our children demand a tasteful and entertaining literature in addition to our many and excellent purely religious works, and will have it. If we would divert them from the perverse or corrupt literary pretenders of the day, the Fanny Ferns, Barnums and Wikoffs, and the deluging "yellow-cover" literature, let us put these elegant works into their hands. We can hardly conceive of a mind, accustomed to such reading, degrading itself afterward in the filthy mire of Eugene Sue, or even Edward Lytton Bulwer.

It is a perplexing question with right-minded parents what works, mostly of elegance or taste, they can safely put into the hands of their children. It is next to impossible to withdraw from them entirely what is called light reading. The prohibition would, in many cases, be but a provocation to it. Most fortunately for our literature, there are amidst its teeming corruptions some works of the kind which are at once pure and classic—Addison, Johnson, Goldsmith, and Irving. Who would ask for more attractive authors? All of them, not excepting Irving himself, some good men might wish to modify in some passages; but he that can confine the interest of his child to such "light reading," may expect in him not only good taste, but good and generous traits of character.*

[For the National Magazine.]

APRIL.

BY MRS. E. J. EAMES.

They say thou wert a loiterer, lovely child,
In days of Ela! thou art no lingerer now,
For soft I feel thy flower-breath on my brow:—
They say when nature call'd her children round,
To portion them, thou wert astraying wild
Through wood and vale—by streamlet, willow crown'd:—
Nor till the dame had given to each her blessing,
With every gift and favor worth possessing,
Didst thou appear—in sooth, a fairy child,
With laughing lips, blue eyes, and sunny hair,
Of a capricious step, yet graceful air,—
And bearing in thy hand a wreathlet wild
Of glade, and meadow-land, of wood, and water flowers;
A fair and fragrant gift, cull'd in thy truant hours.

The "fable" tells how the great mother gloam'd
Upon the *child* that bounded to her knee:
"O thoughtless one! where hast thou idling roam'd?
Now there is no allotted time for thee:—
Nor can I see thee more!" The fair child listen'd.
While on her cheek the heart-full tear-drop glisten'd.
"Ah, mother dear! revoke thy stern decree,
I am no laggard,—look, I bring to thee
This flower-gemm'd crown!" Touch'd by this tenderness
Thy mother gave thee to the care of spring,
And while she yielded to thy soft caress,
Bound on thy brow the flowers thyself didst bring—
For *this*, 't is said, thou dost rejoice, sweet child,
'Mid smiles and tears, and wear'st the self-same chaplet wild.

* The engraving at the head of our article is inserted by the permission of Irving's publishers—the Messrs. Putnam.



SPRING.

Close at our ear
We can but hear
The redbreast's simple verse;
His mellow warblings, rich and full,
He need not now rehearse;
For he, through all the winter dull,
Has sung them to the lonely woods;
And oft, in shady solitudes,
His notes have come,
Like thoughts of home,
Into a weary soul.

Who does not own their mild control?
Familiar from our earliest year,
His tranquil song, resign'd and clear,
Brings thankful joy, yet wakes a tear:
For he has never ceased to pay
His visits to the churchyard lone,
To sing his funeral lay
Above each mossy stone.
And surely in his soothing strains
A dirge-like cadence yet remains.

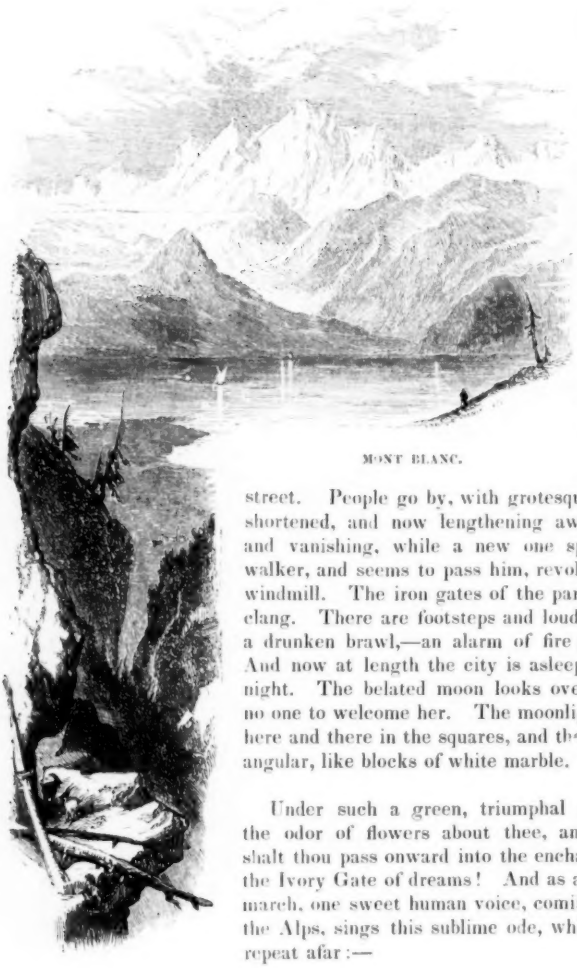
○ ○ ○ ○ ○ ○ ○

Lo! what a goodly carpet here
Of wood anemonies,
Beneath the shade of hazel trees,
How fair their stars appear.
The hyacinth begins to shake
Her scented purple bells,
And hawthorn-blossom in the brake
The tide of fragrance swells.
Come forth and walk beside the stream,
The yellow meadows laugh and gleam
With sunshine of spring flowers.
Here I could sit and gaze for hours:
How rich the grass!
And as we pass
The daisies flap against our feet,
And here and there the cowslips sweet
Beckon us, nodding slow;
We gather'd them so long ago:
I cannot pass a cowslip by,
They have a beauty to my eye
That is not all their own.

Now on a turf of grass new-mown,
Where clover sheds
Its perfumed heads,
Sit down and take your fill.
About us come,
With dreamy hum,
The honey-seeking bees, that know
Where all the sweetest blossoms grow.
Rest for a moment, and be still!
There is a burden at my heart,
Half sweet, half sad,
Which longs to start
Into a chorus wild and glad.
Come, let the joy of nature creep
Into your spirit; let it send
Its fullness there,
Outweighing care:
It is the welcome of a friend.

For very gladness I could weep,
To think the spring has come,—the spring,
That makes us rise, and soar, and sing,
In free, unfetter'd strain,—
The resurrection of the year,
The herald of a brighter sphere,
Where all that has been blessed here
Shall live again!

NIGHT IN SWITZERLAND.



MONT BLANC.

IT is late, and the crowd is gone. You step out upon the balcony, and lie in the very bosom of the cool, dewy night, as if you folded her garments about you. Beneath lies the public walk with trees, —like a fathomless, black gulf, into whose silent darkness the spirit plunges and floats away, with some beloved spirit clasped in its embrace. The lamps are still burning up and down the long street. People go by, with grotesque shadows, now foreshortened, and now lengthening away into the darkness and vanishing, while a new one springs up behind the walker, and seems to pass him, revolving like the sail of a windmill. The iron gates of the park shut with a jangling clang. There are footsteps and loud voices;—a tumult,—a drunken brawl,—an alarm of fire;—then silence again. And now at length the city is asleep, and we can see the night. The belated moon looks over the roofs, and finds no one to welcome her. The moonlight is broken. It lies here and there in the squares, and the opening of streets,—angular, like blocks of white marble.

Under such a green, triumphal arch, O reader, with the odor of flowers about thee, and the song of birds, shalt thou pass onward into the enchanted land, as through the Ivory Gate of dreams! And as a prelude and majestic march, one sweet human voice, coming from the bosom of the Alps, sings this sublime ode, which the Alpine echoes repeat afar:—

Come, golden evening! in the west
  Enthrone the storm-dispelling sun,
And let the triple rainbow rest
  O'er all the mountain-tops. 'Tis done;—
The tempest ceases; bold and bright,
  The rainbow shoots from hill to hill;
Down sinks the sun; on presses night;—
  Mount Blanc is lovely still!

There take thy stand, my spirit; spread
  The world of shadows at thy feet;
And mark how calmly, overhead,
  The stars, like saints in glory, meet.
While hid in solitude sublime,
  Methinks I muse on Nature's tomb,
And hear the passing foot of Time
  Step through the silent gloom.

All in a moment, crash on crash,
  From precipice to precipice,
An avalanche's ruins dash
  Down to the nethermost abyss,
Invisible: the ear alone
  Pursues the uproar till it dies;
Echo to echo, groan for groan,
  From deep to deep, replies.

Silence again the darkness seals,
  Darkness that may be felt; but soon
The silver-clouded east reveals
  The midnight spectre of the moon;
In half-eclipse she lifts her horn,
  Yet o'er the host of heaven supreme
Brings the faint semblance of a morn,
  With her awakening beam.

Ah! at her touch, these Alpine heights
Unreal mockeries appear;
With blacker shadows, ghastlier lights,
Emerging as she climbs the sphere;
A crowd of apparitions pale!
I hold my breath in chill suspense,
They seem so exquisitely frail,
Lest they should vanish hence.

I breathe again, I freely breathe;
Thee, Leman's lake, once more I trace,
Like Dian's crescent far beneath,
As beautiful as Dian's face:
Pride of the land that gave me birth!
All that thy waves reflect I love,
Where heaven itself, brought down to earth,
Looks fairer than above.

Safe on thy banks again I stray;
The trance of poesy is o'er,
And I am here at dawn of day,
Gazing on mountains as before,
Where all the strange mutations wrought
Were magic feats of my own mind;
For, in that fairy land of thought,
Whate'er I seek, I find.—*Hyperion.*

THE VOICE.

Thou art not now so fair and gay as thou wert wont to be;
Pale is thy cheek, once blooming as the wild-rose on the tree;
No longer are thy coral lips by sportive dimples crown'd,
Thy form hath lost its airy grace, thy step its springing bound.

Thine eyes—those deep and glorious eyes, at once so dark and bright—
Shine with a sadden'd luster now, a vail'd and languid light;
I see upon thy noble brow the lines of anxious care,
And silver threads are twining with thy locks of ebon hair.

Yet hast thou kept one gift from Heaven, unharm'd, unalter'd, still;
How on my eager senses seems that tuneful voice to thrill!
Like to the gushing melody of waters pure and clear,
It comes amid the din of life to soothe my wearied ear.

Visions of bright and banish'd scenes around me seem to throng,
When dayly I held speech with thee, whose very speech was song:
And now, methinks, that well-known voice with soft and silvery chime
Pours forth a lay of triumph o'er the startling wrecks of Time!

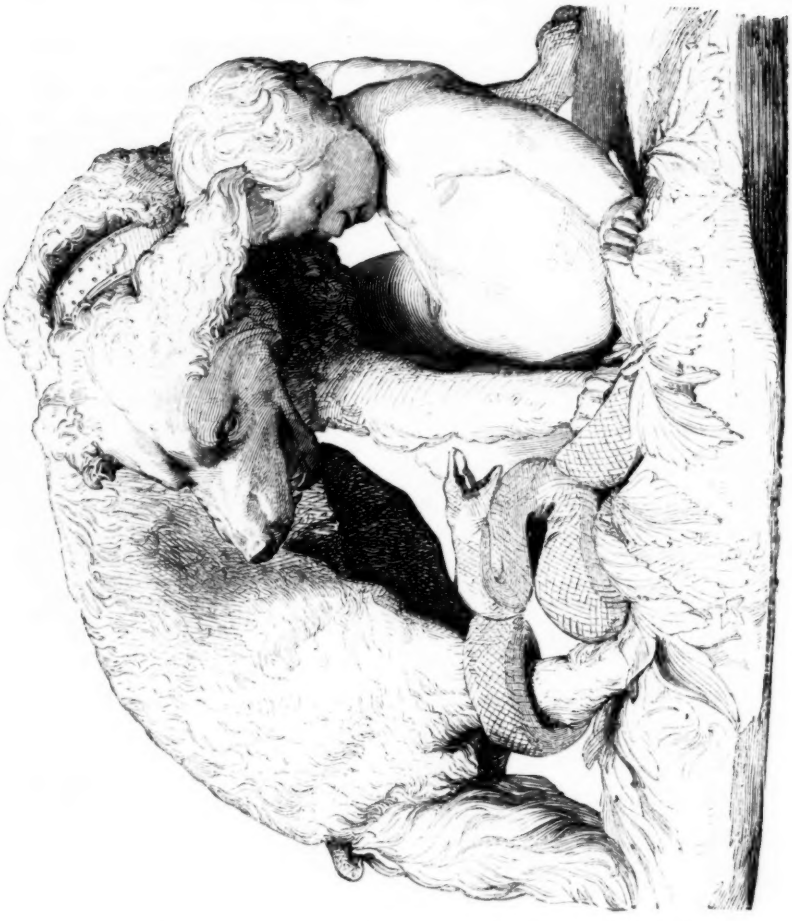
Thy fresh and youthful loveliness has ceased to charm the sight,
Yet deem not, sweet enchantress, that thy wand is broken quite;
Love's subtle spell thou yet mayst weave, since yet thou canst rejoice
In woman's most resistless charm—the magic of a voice!—*Mrs. Abdy.*

GROUPS IN MARBLE.

THE two groups which we present to our readers cannot certainly merit consideration on account of the novelty of their subject. There are scores of stories, old and new, about the fidelity of the dog, and what brave deeds dogs have done to save a master's child from harm. With mallet and chisel, the artist, M. Lechesne, has told such a story. Here the sportive child, with his huge, shaggy companion, half guardian, half playfellow, is attacked by a serpent. The scaly monster is ready for the fearful dart, and the boy's peril is imminent—the dog, with a look of mingled rage and terror, regards the reptile as if uncertain what to do. But the next group tells the end of it. There the serpent lies dead; the dog has not only "scotched" but killed him outright; and the child hangs upon the neck of his good friend, whose kind, gentle, loving look, affords a fine contrast to his former expression. The story is simply and clearly told, and both designs are worthy of high praise.

As to the novelty of subject, painters and sculptors rarely invent. The creation of people and scenes is not their principal object. Commonly they are content to draw the subjects of their compositions from history, sacred or profane, legendary lore, or the imagination of the poet. They do not seek in this way to be original, but rather to present such scenes and such figures as may occasion the spectator at the first glance to say, "I know that subject;" it is their effort to seize upon what has already engaged the public mind, and to present it with new and unimagined beauties.

Everybody has heard of the fidelity of the dog. Deeply affecting is the story of Gelert. We remember how the Welsh prince followed the chase, and as the sun went down came home to his castle; how his heart was glad as he thought of his child, a bud of promise; but how he trembled and grew pale as Gelert, the hound, his boy's companion, bounded forth, while his lips and fangs ran blood; how Llewelyn sought his child, a fear at his heart that he dared not express, but sought in vain, and at last, in frantic rage, supposing the dog had devoured his little one, drew his sword and slew the creature as it fawned upon him; how the dying yell of the dog was echoed by an infant's cry,



ATTACK AND ALARM.

and concealed beneath a mangled heap he found his boy unhurt, while underneath the couch a great wolf lay all torn and dead.

"Ah! what was then Llewelyn's pain!
For now the truth was clear:
The gallant hound the wolf had slain,
To save Llewelyn's heir."

Something like this story, without its tragical ending, is that which these groups present. The devoted attachment of the dog to its owner is as true as it is interesting. His constant love is never chilled even by neglect; he cannot be estranged by ingratitude or harshness; he devotes his whole attention to his master, obeys his commands with docility and cheerfulness, tracks his steps, and watches his looks. Few companions are more pleasant than a canine favorite, and few indeed are the friends that are to be found more true and loyal. Who need be ashamed of speaking in the praise of the dog? Did not Alexander the Great erect a city in memory of one of these favorites? and Solon did not think it beneath him to record the fidelity of that dog who leaped upon the funeral pile of his master, and perished in the flames.

M. Lechesne has sculptured a high eulogium on the dog. The three actors in his drama he has designed with the utmost care, and finished with exquisite delicacy. In beautiful harmony are the positions of the child, the dog, and the serpent. The plaster casts of these two subjects were exhibited during 1851 in the Crystal Pal-

ace, London, and a prize medal was awarded to the artist. At that time they attracted a great deal of attention, and people began to inquire about their sculptor, a young French artist just rising into fame.

Both groups are admirably adapted for the entrance of a park, a garden, or noble mansion. They are the fitting emblems of faithful guardianship. But in the present state of public taste it does not follow that a work of art should occupy the position which is most appropriate for it. Sculptors and painters both feel this alike. We do not yet thoroughly understand the utility of beauty. Sculpture and painting are regarded rather as ornamental than



VICTORY AND GRATITUDE.

essential. Yet the cultivation of taste, the encouragement of all that can possibly contribute to that desirable end, is one of the most important works of the age. We have great lessons yet to learn in this particular; we are in danger of forgetting that philosophy which teaches us that the beautiful is the priest of the benevolent. Our money-making propensities yield reluctantly to the claims of art, and our artists go abroad, not only for instruction, but for patronage and bread. The times are changing, however, and we may hope for a new era in art among us before the half-century is out. Sculpture is the noblest of the fine arts. It is one of our noblest omens that our own country has lately produced so many superior examples of it.

ISRAEL AND THE PYRAMIDS.*

HAD we space to give a general description of Egypt, as it existed in the days of Abraham, we should have to speak of other great works beside those mentioned in our last, especially of other pyramids, and the colossal sphinx, which now, for the most part covered with sand, still stretches out its vast figure before the pyramids of Memphis. What has been said, however, must suffice. And enough it is to point the contrast between the simple and virtuous shepherd-life of the patriarch, and the rank and godless life of the already corrupt valley of the Nile. How must the pure and pious mind of Abraham have been shocked and grieved at what he beheld in a land where religion professedly bore sway, but where it had degenerated into a gross and degrading superstition!

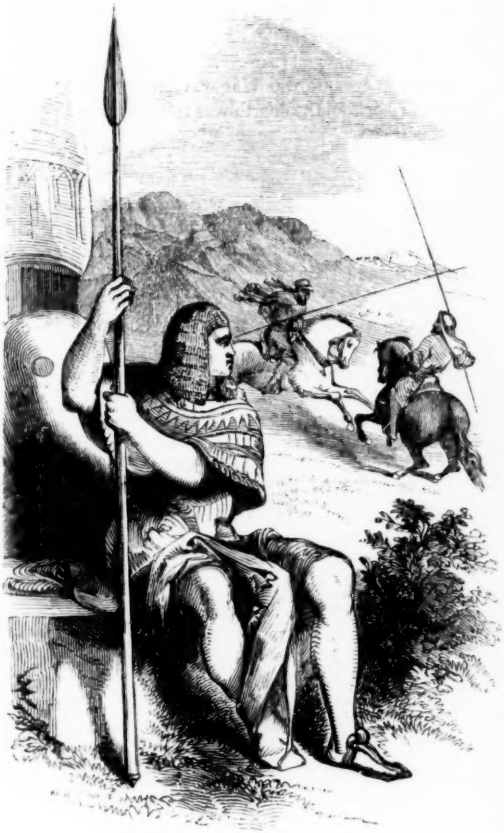


THE SPHINX.

Before the days of Abraham, Egypt had been visited by a race of men belonging to the same family as that of the patriarch. We allude to the Hyksos, who invaded Egypt from the north-east, conquered the country, drove from the throne its native princes, and reigned instead for some centuries. But here we must give an outline of the history. In doing so, we think it safest implicitly to follow the authority of Lepsius.

Menes, the Thinite, proceeding from Upper Egypt, founded Memphis, and so began the true history of the Egyptian people. The second dynasty continued its rule in Upper Egypt, and then came to an end. The first dynasty at Memphis was followed by the third, as well as by the fourth, both of them accordingly being Memphitic. Under the fourth, the old empire reached a high degree of prosperity. During its sway, the three pyramids which we have briefly described were erected. Of the development of its material greatness, an idea may be formed from the numerous and splendid tombs, destined to the worship of the dead, which are still found near its capital. This prosperity Lepsius dates as early as the second half of the four thousandth year before Christ. Then came the fifth dynasty in immediate succession to the fourth. The fifth was also a Memphitic dynasty. Cotemporaneously with it, there reigned at Elephantiné, in Upper Egypt, the sixth dynasty, Ethiopic in its origin. With its monarchs the Ethiopians first appear in the history of Egypt, and under them the crowns of Upper and Lower Egypt were united. During the sway of the following dynasties, from the seventh to the eleventh, the prosperity of the land declined. The eleventh was Theban. Then the far-famed city of Thebes in Upper Egypt, with its local divinity, Amun, gained predominance and distinction. The twelfth, which was the second Theban dynasty, extended its power over the whole country, and raised it to a second period of bloom, which is testified by great architectural works, especially rock sepulchres, as may be seen at Beni Hassan, with its rich and enduring paintings. Soon, however, the light was extinguished. About two thousand one hundred years before the birth of our Lord, the Hyksos, a warlike nomad race of Shemites, seized Memphis, where they maintained themselves for five hundred and eleven years. At length native princes expelled the foreigners, who, retiring to Syria, are reported to have laid the foundations of Jerusalem. This victory was the first advantage gained by the

* The subject of this article may be more deeply studied in the following works:—Wilkinson's "Manners and Customs of the Egyptians," first and second series; Wilkinson's "Thebes and Modern Egypt;" Osburn's "Ancient Egypt, her Testimony to the Bible;" Bunsen's "Egypt's Place in Universal History;" Lepsius's "Chronologie der Aegypter;" Lepsius's "Discoveries in Egypt;" Kenrick's "Ancient Egypt under the Pharaohs;" Wathen's "Arts, Antiquities, and Chronology of Ancient Egypt;" which are the writings to which, besides the Bible, we have been chiefly indebted.



south against the constant incursions from the rude and powerful tribes which pressed forward from the north, and especially from the fertile plains of Mesopotamia. The repulsion of the swarming myriads must have produced movements throughout Western Asia forming a new era in the world's history. The time was from the sixteenth to the fourteenth century B. C.; and it is worthy of notice that the roots of the historical and traditional recollections of all other nations run back to this epoch, which was the beginning of recorded emigrations and colonizations, the diffusion of superstitions, and the spread of knowledge over the surface of the then known world.

With the seventeenth dynasty the new empire begins, which was also the revival of native Egyptian prosperity. That prosperity continued under the eighteenth and the nineteenth. Beyond this point we need not pursue our sketch.

The exact date of Abraham's descent into Egypt is not declared by any monumental evidence. Considered from an Egyptian point of view, the event was too inconsiderable to be commemorated; — but it took place between the expulsion of the Hyksos and the reign of Ramses.

During the reign of the next king, Sethos I., an enterprising and victorious sovereign, Joseph rose to power. Under a monarch of the same line, namely, Ramses II., the Israelites, his descendants, were most cruelly oppressed. And a third, by name Menephthes, was the monarch out of whose cruel hands Moses rescued his people. This event Lepsius places about 1322 B. C., whereas the year 1491 is assigned for it by the common chronology.

Considering the history of Egypt in relation to Israel, Lepsius states:—

"We accordingly know the Pharaoh under whom Joseph came to Egypt, namely Sethos I., also the Pharaoh at whose court Moses was educated, namely, Ramses II., (Sesostris,) and finally, the third, under whom Israel left Egypt, that is, Menephthes. Of these three kings of the nineteenth dynasty, Ramses II., surnamed Miamun, was unquestionably the greatest: nay, we must declare, that under him the Egyptian empire rose to the summit of power and glory. In his reign was Moses, the great man of God, born; and in the reign of his successor, whom Herodotus describes as a proud and godless monarch, and consequently as punished by blindness for his misdeeds, Moses led forth the Israelites, and founded the Hebrew theocracy by the system of law which was given at Sinai."

Not very long after Abraham had, in obedience to a divine admonition, quitted the idolatrous land of his birth, and, journeying to the south-west, established himself in the uplands of Canaan; and shortly before he had separated from his nephew Lot, and consequently before the overthrow

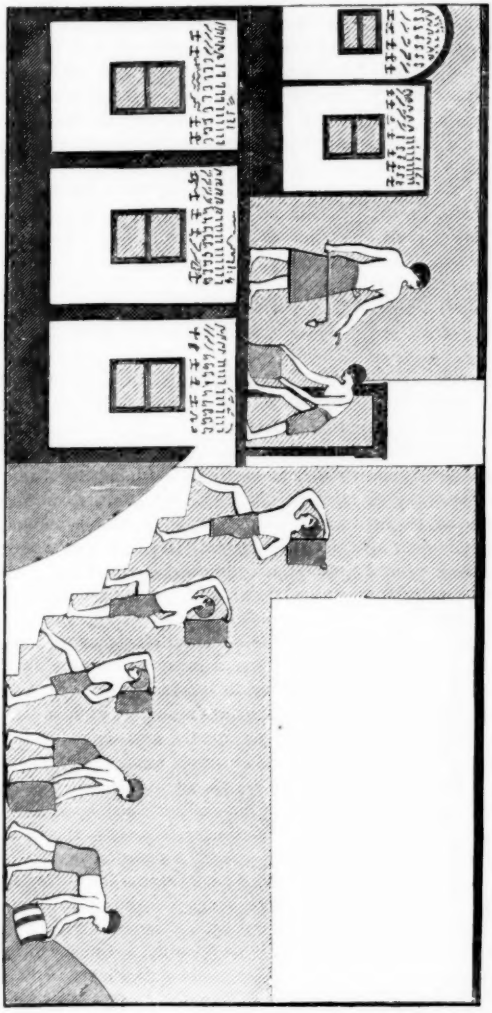
of the cities of "the vale of the meadows," Abraham, sorely pressed by famine —a calamity under which the stony soil of Palestine, if visited with a drought, was very likely to suffer—went into Egypt, intending to sojourn there until the dearth was at an end, as being a country famed for the abundance of its vegetable productions, and as lying within a distance which ordinary perseverance might compass. The journey, however, was longer and more severe than we in these days may readily conceive, involving not only toil and privation, but also personal danger of no insignificant kind.

And here comes into view one of those marked accordances between the language of Scripture and actual fact, the recognition of which we owe to the discoveries of modern science. In proceeding into Egypt, Abraham is said *to go down*, (Gen. xii, 10,) and in returning to Canaan he is said *to go up*, (Gen. xiii, 1.) The terms are accurately descriptive, for, from measurements of the localities which have been recently made, we know that, within comparatively a few miles, he would experience a change of level amounting to some four thousand feet.

Abraham was not ignorant of the general character of the government under whose power he was about to place himself. It was a despotic government. It was also a licentious court. The harem of that court was supplied from the neighboring lands. Especially were the Mesopotamian tribes laid under tribute, as opportunity served, because their females were of a lighter complexion than those of Egypt. In consquence, Abraham had reason to fear that his wife Sarah would be seized by Pharaoh, or his courtiers. Her seizure, however, involved danger to himself, for, as her husband, he could not think his life secure. But Sarah was his sister as well as his wife. If she appeared in that relation, even favor might be shown to the patriarch, in order the more readily to get possession of Sarah's person and win her favor. As Abraham's sister, it was therefore agreed that Sarah should be announced. When the pair arrived at Memphis, Sarah, as was expected, "was taken into Pharaoh's house," for "the Egyptians beheld the woman that she was very fair; the princes also of Pharaoh saw her, and commended her before Pharaoh." Gen. xii, 14, 15. Abraham, too, "was entreated well for her sake;" gifts were made to him of "sheep and oxen, and he-asses and men-servants and maid-servants, and she-asses and camels." One of these maid-servants was Hagar. Gen. xvi, 1. Meanwhile, the dearth was mitigated, and plenty gave promise of a speedy return. The promise made by God to his servant also remained steadfast. That promise assured Abraham that he was to be the father of a great nation, and expressly said, "I will bless them that bless thee, and I will curse him that curseth thee." Gen. xii, 1–3. But how could that promise be fulfilled if Abraham's wife was degraded in the court of Egypt? Accordingly, "the Lord plagued Pharaoh and his house with great plagues because of Sarah, Abraham's wife," sending therein grievous diseases, such as the leprosy and the pest; so that Pharaoh was glad to dismiss her unharmed, and the divinely-protected couple, having been preserved in want and in sore peril, were enabled to return home to the highlands of Judah and Samaria.

Within the brief compass of a few lines, the Bible, in narrating these events, contains statements and implications out of which it would not be difficult to construct an ideal court, and an ideal social condition, as then existing in Egypt. That conception would exactly correspond with the reality, as already made known in some detail in these pages. Thus the Bible of the Hebrews and the monuments of Egypt are found to be in strict agreement; in both we behold the same despotism, the same organized government, the same division of ranks—from the slave to the prince, from the prince to the monarch; and in both we find Egypt a land of abundance—rich in all the great means of human support, and the great appliances of social ease and personal luxury. How could such an agreement exist did not the Scriptures represent realities, and had not its writers copied from nature?

In the family of Abraham's grandson, Jacob, occurred the remarkable story of Joseph, with which the reader is entirely familiar. The interpretation of a dream by Joseph gained him the favor of the sovereign, Sethos I., by whom he was raised from a prison to a seat at his own right hand, by one of those sudden and extreme elevations which in all times have been usual in the great oriental monarchies. By



STORING OF CORN IN EGYPTIAN GRANARIES.

this act of grace on the part of the sovereign, the young Hebrew shepherd, after being incorporated in the warrior and sacerdotal caste, and after being invested with the insignia of office according to the religious and civil usages of the country, was made what we may term grand vizier or prime minister, or, in Egyptian, "the chief royal scribe," receiving the pompous name of Zaphnath-paaneah, or *life-giver*. As an additional honor, he was taken as a son into the family of the head of the Egyptian Church, Pharaoh bestowing on him the hand of Asenath, the daughter of Potipherah, priest of On or Heliopolis, by whom he had two sons, Manasseh and Ephraim.

The time shortly came in which Joseph had it in his power to make a return for the favors with which he had been loaded. A famine impended. We know from history that Egypt, with all its fruitfulness, is liable to dearth, and the causes which inflict the calamity on Egypt are often general in their operations, so as to involve other lands in the same suffering. The fertility of Egypt depends on the overflowing of the Nile. Should the river, in its annual swelling in autumn, not reach a certain height, no inundation ensues, and sterility and famine are inevitable. The supply of water in the Nile, and consequently the growth of corn in the Delta, depends on the periodical rains which fall within the tropics in Ethiopia on the extreme southern limit of the land. If those rains are less copious than ordinary, Egypt and the whole surrounding district is parched. The seasons observe sometimes a certain cycle in their changes, so that a period of abundance is countervailed by a period of want. So did it happen in Egypt while under Joseph's administration. Seven times did the Nile overflow its banks, when by natural and artifical means the whole Delta became a network of irrigation, and shortly offered, first an almost unbroken sea of waters, and then a most plentiful harvest of corn. Seven adverse years ensued, and then want and suffering prevailed universally. During the season of abundance, however, Joseph had made provision, having formed magazines in the several districts. When the dearth came, therefore, he was prepared; he fed the people, and so their

lives were spared. In all ages Egypt has been renowned for its productiveness. Its exports of corn are still great, and it was the chief granary of the Roman world. When, then, the neighboring lands suffered from the widely-prevailing famine, they naturally looked to Egypt for a supply. By purchase they obtained from Joseph what they needed.

The engraving on the preceding page, taken from the paintings at Thebes, represents the storing of a granary, and shows to the life the series of acts that Joseph caused to be performed all over the kingdom. The subject is often repeated, and the actual painting may have had no specific connection with the precautions adopted by Joseph.

The abundance which the forethought of the grand vizier had put into his hands, gave him the means of achieving a great social revolution, the exact tendency of which history does not enable us to describe. Not impossibly the domination of the Hyksos, and the relaxations caused by the recovery of their throne by the Pharaohs, may have given an independence to the military aristocracy which was alien to the spirit of oriental government, and which Sethos found troublesome, if not formidable. Actuated by gratitude to his royal master, and desirous of placing his supreme authority on a safe foundation, as well as doing what then appeared best for the welfare of the kingdom, Joseph sold supplies of provision on such terms as brought the whole land into the hands of the monarch, so that all proprietors thenceforth held their properties of the sovereign. From the operation of this change, by which the feudal system of our middle ages was anticipated, the lands of the priests were exempted—a signal proof of their power, and an exemplification of the lofty position held by Jacob's youngest son.

That patriarch and his family were not exempted from the general distress. Like others, Jacob sent to Egypt for succor. The aid—the Biblical student well knows how—was afforded by Joseph's own hands. Not content with sending supplies to his hungry father, bowed with the weight of years, Joseph resolved to employ his influence in order to bring him and his family down into Egypt. The reigning Pharaoh had now an opportunity of manifesting gratitude on his part, and he gladly assented to the request of his prime minister. Jacob descended into Egypt, and after being presented to Sethos and his court, was allowed to settle in the land of Goshen, between the eastern arm of the Nile and Palestine, his native land. At length Jacob died, full of years and full of honors. Held in respect even in that strange land, his obsequies were conducted with the attentions and pomp bestowed by its inhabitants on distinguished men departed this life. For forty days was the patriarch mourned for alike by Israelite and Egyptian. A special mark of reverence was paid to his remains.

As long as Joseph lived the Israelites received protection and enjoyed prosperity. In consequence they greatly increased in wealth and numbers, the sure sources of social power. Meanwhile they had preserved their national identity. Existing as a separate people in a separate district of the kingdom, they formed a sort of *imperium in imperio*, or an independent power, which a despotism, in ever so slight a degree jealous, might reasonably fear. The time came for that jealousy to display its effects in a manner the most injurious and painful to the Israelites. By degrees the benefits conferred on the crown and on the country by the administration of Joseph, faded from memory. The high favor in which he had stood, the unprecedented honors bestowed upon him, and the extraordinary liberality shown to his kindred, brought a reaction in the Egyptian mind, which became the more decided and active when it was remembered that the favored people were a race of strangers, nay, were of the same blood and similar occupation with the hated Hyksos, who had so longed and so fearfully weighed upon the land. Was Egypt a second time to fall under the yoke of the Bedouins? What was there to prevent these Israelites from forming an alliance with some of the predatory and warlike tribes which ever infested the north-eastern frontier? Then war would ensue, and the tyranny of the shepherd kings might be reëstablished.

Actuated by considerations of this nature, and unable all at once to enslave or expel them, a Pharaoh, in whose mind the hostility to the Hebrews had reached its height, resolved to pursue by craft what he could not achieve by force, and took



ILLUSTRATIONS OF ISRAELITISH BONDAGE.

measures for gradually wearing down the strength of the people of Israel. Of first importance was it that he should possess strongholds in the land which the Hebrews occupied. For that purpose he erected the fortified cities of Pithom and Ramses. In order the more effectually to secure a communication between the two, he dug a canal, of which Pithom formed the western extremity, and Ramses the eastern. And such was the success that crowned his architectural and social efforts, that, in the latter city, there was erected in the sanctuary of the temple, and placed between two idols, an image of himself, cut in granite; and the group still exists. It was a stroke of deep policy to make the Hebrews forge their own chains. With that view, employment was given to them in the public works, probably under conditions which lulled suspicion and supplied attractions. Gradually the mask was thrown aside; tasks were imposed, taskmasters were set over the workmen, who by little and little sunk into slaves.

The above engraving, copied from the paintings at Thebes, seems to have been expressly intended to gratify the national

vanity of the Egyptians, by commemorating the hard labor and bondage into which they had reduced the odious shepherds. Lepsius, in superintending the formation of an Egyptian museum at Berlin, directed that this very picture should be painted on the walls destined to illustrate the reign of "Rameses II., the Great Miamun." Unquestionably, the picture is a good representation of the scene, as learned from the Book of Genesis. The physiognomy and complexion of the laborers are of the Hebrew cast; their toil is compulsory; while the aspect of their taskmasters is decidedly Egyptian.

But labor promotes robust and vigorous health, and the more their taskmasters afflicted the Israelites, the more they multiplied and grew. Exodus i, 12. Vexed and alarmed, the Egyptians redoubled their oppression. "And they made their lives bitter with hard bondage in mortar and in brick, and in all manner of service in the field; all their service wherein they made them serve was with rigor." At last an expedient, as cruel as it was expected to be effectual, was conceived and enjoined. In order to secure its application, the crown employed its influence. The Hebrew midwives were required to put to death every new-born male infant. Hindered in the discharge of the barbarous office by a regard to the God of their fathers, the midwives were called before Ramses, (Rameses,) and pleaded an excuse which is justified by the laborious lives led by the Israelites, while it illustrates the effeminating luxury of the Egyptians, Exod. i, 19. "Therefore God dealt well with the midwives, and the people multiplied, and waxed very mighty." Thus foiled, the monarch issued a general command, and appealing to the loyalty of his natural subjects, charged the Egyptians to throw every male infant into the river as soon as born. To whatever extent the mandate was obeyed, it was certainly disregarded by the daughter of the reigning Pharaoh, who, moved by pity for a Hebrew child exposed on the Nile, became in God's hands the means of first rescuing, and then of educating, the hero, legislator, and prophet, Moses.

The narrative in its course has unfolded many points, illustrative at once of the meaning of sacred Scripture, and of the condition of Israel in the Land of the Pyramids. Of that condition, a complete view can arise only when the training of Moses to his high and noble office is passed under review. At present our duty is to supplement the narrative just concluded, so as to give it such completeness as the occasion admits.

We have written on the assumption that the Egyptian court, at the time of Joseph's administration, was a court of native Egyptians. Such is the view taken by Lepsius, and such is the view which the facts seem to require. On the contrary, some respectable authorities have held that the then reigning dynasty was that of the Hyksos, or shepherd kings. There is no need to resort to that supposition in order to explain the facility with which Israel was received, and established in Egypt, as, we submit, appears clear from the foregoing narrative. But had the ruling powers been of Arab origin, scarcely would the tone of the court have been so thoroughly Egyptian as the Bible represents it. There we behold a broad contrast both in language and usages between the Arab Israelites, and the Egyptian courtiers. For instance, Joseph, when wishing to appear as a native Egyptian, speaks to his brothers by means of an interpreter. Equally does he take his food apart from them, "because the Egyptians might not eat bread with the Hebrews, for that is an abomination unto the Egyptians." Gen. xliii, 32. Equally does the selection of Goshen, as the dwelling-place of the Hebrews, attest the same divulsion of blood, manners, and religion. The sacred text is here very emphatic. Joseph, when instructing his brethren what part of the country they should ask to be placed in, employs these words—"When Pharaoh shall call you, and shall say, What is your occupation? ye shall answer, Thy servants' trade hath been about cattle from our youth even until now, both we, and also our fathers: *that* ye may dwell in the land of Goshen, *for* every shepherd is an abomination unto the Egyptians." Gen. xlvi, 33, 34. Now, how could shepherds be "an abomination to the Egyptians," if the ruling line was of shepherd (Hyksos means *Shepherd Kings*) origin? Clearly the shepherd dynasty had left a still vivid feeling of abhorrence in the minds of the Egyptians. On the existence of a feeling of dislike the request is founded, for such an aversion would lead Sethos to place the new comers, as

much as might be, in a separate district, where contact with the natives might take place to the least possible extent. Such a district was Goshen, which lay beyond the Delta, in the eastern part of Egypt.

The selection of Goshen appears to have been recommended to Joseph on several grounds. The grand vizier could not but know how deeply-seated and intense was the general aversion felt by pure Egyptian blood against the once oppressive and ever-troublesome nomades on the north-east. Yet what was he about to propose to Pharaoh? Even the admission of a clan of those neighbors who were feared no less than hated. It was a bold request, even from him who was "lord in Pharaoh's house" and governor of the whole land. The opposition to be expected would be softened down if Goshen was chosen as the place of settlement; for in one sense Goshen was hardly within the boundaries of the land, and certainly lay not so as to bring the strangers into collision with the natives. Besides, could not Pharaoh see that there was no small advantage in his having there in Goshen, on the weak and tender side of his country, a shepherd tribe bound to him in the strongest bonds of gratitude and alliance?

On the part of the Hebrews, too, what district so suitable for pastoral pursuits? Goshen, for their purpose, was truly "the best of the land." It was also the most acceptable, for, being least unlike their own stony soil, it would least unpleasantly remind them of the limestone hills of Palestine.

Yet deeper reasons also seem to have actuated Joseph. He had seen too much of Egypt — its idolatry, its moral dissoluteness, its tyranny — to wish that his family should be Egyptianized; and too strongly did his heart cling to the family traditions and the ancestral monotheism, and the loved hills of his own native Canaan, not to desire earnestly that Jacob and his sons should, in their adopted country, remain what they were and what they had been. Place them in Goshen, then, and these patriotic and religious wishes would be fulfilled. There, on a suitable soil, they would continue their pastoral occupations—there they would be at a distance from the flood of Egyptian corruption — there they would not be tempted to renounce the worship of the Lord God of their fathers—and there, consequently, would their tribal unity, their patriarchal form of government, and their ancestral faith, be preserved and fostered, until, in the "fulness of time," those high promises which, like a rainbow of hope, hung over the house of Abraham, should be fulfilled, and destinies too bright for distinct outline should be the portion of Israel.





VIEW OF PORT-ROYAL AS IT WAS.

AN EXCURSION TO PORT-ROYAL.

I HAD once more visited the palace of Versailles; I had wandered through the park, mused in the *bosquets*, and endeavored to reduce into some definite shape, by the power of imagination, the thousand phantoms with which my mind associates the names of Bossuet, Racine, Condé. At last, thoroughly tired, I returned to the Hôtel de Paris, asked for a cup of coffee, and, while an awkward, dirty-looking stable-boy was harnessing two miserable *rossinantes* to the lumbering diligence, I hastily put down a few notes in my memorandum-book. "Well," said I to myself, as coachey requested me to take my place, "I believe I could now pass a very creditable examination on the history and antiquities of this town. I must seek new quarters, and find something to discourse of elsewhere."

At this juncture a venerable old gentleman entered the coach-yard, and, approaching the person who was taking the passengers' fares, "If you please, ma'am," inquired he, "when does the Chevreuse *voiture* start?"

"To-morrow afternoon at three."

"Chevreuse!" thought I, "surely I know that name. Chevreuse . . . . why, to be sure; it is the post beyond Versailles; the road winds through the valley of Port-Royal, and close under the walls of the monastery. . . . . For shame! this is my hundredth trip to the city of Louis le Grand, and I have not yet had even a glance at those noble ruins which testify still so loudly to the power of religion. I know every nook and corner in the splendid mansion of the persecutor, and I cannot say that I have even attempted to spell the funeral inscription which M. Hamon carved on the tombstone of Nicole or la mère Angélique! To-morrow I start for Port-Royal." As the clock struck

three, the next day, I was seated in the diligence, and, upon reconnoitering around me, I discovered among my fellow-travelers the little old gentleman I had already met at the coach-office. We soon entered into conversation together, and the first remark made by my companion was one which rendered me rather desirous of becoming acquainted with him.

The automedon under whose directions we rolled along had no doubt the most cogent reasons to be annoyed at the slow movements of his team; the fault was that he expressed his dissatisfaction every now and then by an oath.

"Poor man!" sighed my unknown friend, as a tremendous imprecation burst forth from coachey's lips—"poor man! he does not know what it is to respect God's holy name."

"I am afraid, sir," observed I, "that the great mass of the people in this country have very little scruple in breaking any of the ten commandments."

"Two hundred years ago matters were somewhat different in this neighborhood; at all events when the *ouvriers* of the monastery were at work their conversation was about spiritual things. They all knew the Psalter by heart, and some of them the New Testament. But, instead of blessings, now we have curses; the tongues which were formed to sing the praises of their Maker are busily employed in helping on the triumph of the great arch-enemy."

"You just now alluded to the monastery," continued I; "it is, I presume, Port-Royal you mean; may I ask whether you are connected with ——?"

"Well, sir," answered the old gentleman, with a good-humored smile, "I am not ashamed to say that if these were the days of Louvois and Madame de Maintenon, I should most likely be shut up in the Bastile as a confirmed Jansenist, instead of having the pleasure of traveling with you; but if you do not believe that a deep assent to the truths of the gospel is heresy, and if you are not proceeding further than Chevreuse, I shall be most happy to walk with you through the ruins of Port-Royal."

I readily accepted the offer, anticipating a capital opportunity of gaining the information I needed about some of the most eminent characters in the modern history of France. "I cannot feel too thankful," said I, "at having so valuable a cicerone on the present occasion; and although the dust is somewhat troublesome, we could not very well wish for a finer afternoon."

"August is generally a delightful month in France," replied the Jansenist; "and we are now more than half through it. To-day is the 19th."

"Indeed! the anniversary of the death of Blaise Pascal!"

"Yes; as you seem to be fond of antiquarian researches, you have, I suppose, looked at that great man's tomb in the church of Saint Etienne du Mont, in Paris?"

"I have; and I think that Périer's inscription is the *beau-ideal* of a Christian epitaph. It often strikes me," continued I, "that some incidents of Pascal's life are quite as amusing as the circumstances related in the first Provincial Letters."

"Certainly. Port-Royal, you will not be surprised to hear, is full of that illustrious thinker. I shall make you taste some peaches off his favorite tree, and show you the well dug under his direction . . . . But I see that we are at our journey's end; let us get out of this box, and breathe the fresh air once more."

Having reached this stage of my narrative, I intended to present the reader with a description, written by myself, of the locality rendered forever memorable by the solitaries of Port-Royal. But, finding in a work on the same subject a sketch which it would be vain to try and improve upon, I shall transcribe it without any scruple.

"On reaching the verge of the deep descent, we for the first time beheld Port-Royal. Imagine the hill, forming a complete steep or precipice, extending in an amphitheatrical shape, and shagged with forest-trees, chiefly beech, horse and Spanish chestnut, lime, and ash; and in the bottom a level plain, watered by a brook, and terminated by an imposing range of wooded hills; in the midst, and almost directly under our feet, covered with a profusion of creepers and wild flowers, are the silent remains of the monastery of Port-Royal des Champs.

"The view, without presenting any particular feature of magnificence, is yet one of the most completely beautiful it is possible to conceive. I could scarcely imagine, while contemplating it, that the view I

was looking at was the same place which Madame de Sévigné describes as 'a frightful desert.' Its character, on the contrary, is singularly that of cheerfulness and elegance, though combined with most perfect stillness and seclusion. Perhaps it may be, in some degree, altered from the circumstance that formerly all the circumjacent hills were shagged with lofty forests, which would both increase their apparent altitude and darkness of coloring; whereas now, though beautifully wooded, there is a sufficiently great proportion of coppice to give the forest-trees room to expand in a broad shade, instead of forcing them to tower into tall timber-trees."

The diligence had long disappeared from our sight, and we could only catch the distant sound of the wheels rattling down the hill; yet still we were there, standing at the very spot where we had alighted, absorbed, so to say, in the lovely prospect before us, and overwhelmed by the associations with which it is indissolubly connected. Just below us was the road leading to the entrance gate; on the left stood another imposing gateway, formerly belonging to the hôtel of the Duchesse de Longueville. We could distinguish in the distance the house of Tillemont, the historian; in another direction a small farm constituted the only remains of Les Granges, Arnauld's favorite residence.

I do not know how long our reverie would have lasted, had it not been for a little boy who came running up to us, and addressing my venerable cicerone, said: "If you please, Monsieur Silvy, the dinner is quite ready."

M. Silvy laughed outright. "I had positively forgotten all about it," said he; and turning toward me, "I hope, sir, you will excuse my rudeness. A little refreshment after our ride will do us both good; we dine early here, and in the evening we can have some more talk on Port-Royal. If you cannot favor us with your company for a longer space of time, the coach returns to Paris to-morrow at ten."

It was no use venturing upon an excuse, or begging pardon for the liberty I was taking. To tell the truth, I felt very anxious to know something more of M. Silvy, and, nothing loth, I walked back with him to the quarters where, according to the latest intelligence, a French *pot-au-feu* was already occupying its wonted station on the dinner-table.

My Jansenist friend was, as I subsequently discovered, a retired magistrate, who, after having filled one of the highest posts in the parliament of Paris, now spends the declining years of a useful and active life in retirement and prayer. Firmly attached to the principles for which the community of Port-Royal suffered persecution, he lived, so to say, in the past, and, like a second "Old Mortality," he endeavored to rescue from destruction the remains of the once far-famed monastery. He had purchased the estate over which these interesting ruins were scattered, and with unceasing energy he had applied himself to the task of repairing in some measure the damage done to them by the hand of time and the intolerance of men. When we entered his drawing-room, I found the floor, the tables, the chairs, indeed every article of furniture, covered with relics of the past. Some persons might perhaps have sneered at this accumulation of lumber, and spoken contemptuously of M. Silvy's antiquarian nonsense. That was what I could not find courage to do. Slabs of tombstones, fragments of church ornaments, worm-eaten old books, lay scattered about; on the walls were several fine old pictures by Philippe de Champagne, including portraits of Arnauld d'Andilly, and la mère Angélique. In the midst of all these mementoes of past ages, the appurtenances of a dinner-table seemed rather incongruous; nor was it without some difficulty that we made our way to the soup tureen, through a barricade of Port-Royal *débris;* we, however, ultimately succeeded in our attempt, and I must acknowledge that I never spent a more pleasant evening than the one I enjoyed under the roof of one of the last survivors of the French Jansenists. In the course of conversation the subject of religion was naturally introduced, and the reader will easily believe that I did not hesitate to give my own views respecting the proportion of error, which, as Protestants, we must grieve to find mixed so largely with the Jahsenists' notions of divine truth; yet they were undoubtedly men *agonizing* to enter in at the strait gate: they were upright, like Job; they feared God and eschewed evil. Their hearts were no sooner illuminated by the spirit of the gospel, than, with him, they abhorred themselves, and repented in dust

and ashes; they were branches ingrafted into the true vine, and their names still shine as stars in the dark and distant horizon of departed centuries. That Rome persecuted such men is surely an affecting proof that its system casts out evangelical truth wherever it meets it in active operation.

M. Silvy related to me many deeply interesting particulars concerning the different members of the community, and it is from his conversations that I have derived the greater part of the information I possess on the subject. With what enthusiasm he spoke of Pascal, of Arnauld, of Racine! How feelingly he described the final closing of Port-Royal des Champs, and the dispersion of its inmates in the year 1709! After dinner we walked out again; we visited every nook and corner to which anything of historical interest was attached, and I there studied the seventeenth century from a point of view contrasting most singularly with that which Versailles suggests to the careful observer.

Out of the various personages who lived at Port-Royal des Champs, only a very few comparatively are known to English readers. "Esther" and "Athalie," the "Provincial Letters," the "Treatise on Logic," and other works, have no doubt insured to their respective authors a world-wide celebrity; but besides the writers of these a great many more deserve to be mentioned who spent their life in performing deeds of charity, and whose only ambition was to be numbered among the Lord's jewels. These excellent men have left behind them the fragrance of a consistent Christian career, and they should, for the benefit of the Church, obtain after their death the celebrity they shunned in the days of their pilgrimage.

The house called Les Granges, which M. Silvy has selected as his own residence, is reduced to less than half the original building. Besides Arnauld, it was inhabited by Le Maitre, the physician Hamon, and several others. In Hamon's room are still to be found the furnace, oven, mortar, and various utensils which he used for preparing medicines for the poor. Through this room was a little light closet in which he slept on a board, instead of a mattress. The staples which held his book-case yet remain, as well as the alarm by which he called himself to midnight prayer. Arnauld's apartments are rather large, and consist of several rooms opening into each other. From the windows, which, like all the others in the house, were only the size of casements, the prospect is delightful, extending over the whole valley below to the wooded hills beyond, and including the spires of the little churches of Vaumurier and Saint Lambert.

Among the recluses were persons from every class of society; soldiers, statesmen, peers of the realm, divines, poets, physicians, all contributed their share to the growth of Port-Royal and the edification of France. Entire families, converted by one of M. de Saint Cyran's sermons, or by reading the word of God, forsook, with mistaken sincerity, all the pleasures of society, and sought in seclusion from the world that peace which passeth all understanding.

On one fine day in July the dauphin had gone out a hunting with his courtiers. The stag, after starting from the woods of Saint Cloud, dashed off in the direction of Saint Germain, apparently determined to weary his pursuers, and, at all events, not to yield without making a gallant struggle. Away galloped the hunters, mad with excitement, while the hills rang with the notes of the bugle and the yelling of the hounds. Twice the stag crossed the Seine, twice the dauphin's party rushed in its pursuit; at last, weary and exhausted, the noble animal threw itself into a pond within a few yards from the monastery of Port-Royal. How to get at it then was a problem which none of the courtiers seemed anxious to solve; and after a day's hard work, the prospect of being obliged to return to Versailles empty-handed was rather mortifying, when a man dressed in the habiliments of a peasant, and carrying a spade, approached the prince himself, and taking off his hat, asked in a respectful manner, if his royal highness would allow him to try and get the stag out of the pond.

"Allow! my friend," answered the dauphin; "we shall be very much obliged to you if you will do that job for us, and I'll reward you for the trouble."

In a short time the animal was safely landed. "Bravely done!" exclaimed the dauphin. "Pray, what is your name?"

"Pierre Bourchier, my lord, to do you service."

"Well, Pierre Bourchier," answered the prince, "here are twenty-five crowns as a keepsake."

"If your highness will excuse me," said Pierre, "I had rather not take the money."

"And pray what may be your reason for doing so?" asked the dauphin.

"The persons whom I serve provide for all my wants with so much charity, that I want nothing. That Providence on which I rely has never forsaken me; and if I continue faithful to God, I am very sure I shall never be forsaken."

Language such as this sounded, unfortunately, somewhat strangely to the courtiers; at first they concluded that Pierre Bourchier was a fool; when, however, they heard that he belonged to the community of Port-Royal, they passed from feelings of contempt to a sense of the deepest admiration. They continued to press him to accept the money, telling him that if he had no occasion for it himself, he could give it to the poor. He replied: "Gentlemen, you can give it to the poor yourselves, which will be better."

The piety and reliance upon God's mercy which characterized the Port-Royalists shone as conspicuously among their lower dependents. On another occasion, Pierre, having been compelled to receive a handsome present by the court of Toulouse, whom he had assisted in catching some game, he went and took it immediately to the monastery, saying, "I do not know what to do with this money, it is an incumbrance to me; lay it out as you please."

I might easily fill a volume with the interesting anecdotes which, in the course of an evening's conversation, I gathered from M. Silvy's reminiscences; but my only object, on the present occasion, is to give the reader an idea of the community whose annals fill the brightest page in the literary and religious history of France. Its ruin was brought about by the efforts of the Jesuits, who, ever since the accession of Louis XIV. to the throne, had been unceasingly endeavoring to suppress throughout the kingdom every manifestation of opinion not strictly in accordance with the traditions of the Romish Church. It will be remembered that Jansenius, Bishop of Ypres, had written a work in which, for the purpose of upholding the doctrine of free grace and justification by faith, he had collected and arranged together all the passages on the same subject he could find in the writings of Augustine. The opposers of these doctrines selected from the volume of Jansenius five propositions, which appeared to them the most erroneous in their nature, and the most pernicious in their tendency; they employed every means to have these propositions condemned by the court of Rome; and having obtained to this effect two bulls from Popes Innocent X. and Alexander VII., their next object was to secure their promulgation in the dominions of the French king. An assembly of court bishops drew up a declaration, which was subsequently made more valid still by the king's own signature, and which became obligatory on all ecclesiastical persons throughout France. This declaration contained two points; the former to the effect that the five famous propositions on the subject of divine grace were to be found in Jansenius; the latter maintained the heretical character of these propositions. Believing, as they did, that the five propositions were in substance maintained by Jansenius, the solitaries of Port-Royal would have been guilty of an untruth had they subscribed to the pope's declaration; on the other hand, if they refused to sign, they were lost. In this dreadful situation, the thought of a compromise struck the firmest minds. A negotiation was opened with the archbishop of Paris, for the purpose of endeavoring to obtain from him a pastoral letter conceived in moderate expressions. Several meetings took place among the Jansenists, Pascal and Domat deciding against all compliance contrary to Christian truth and sincerity, while Nicole and Arnauld wrote in favor of conditional obedience. The latter prevailed; the authority of Arnauld, especially, carried along with it the votes of the majority. Port-Royal had breathed its last!

This catastrophe, through which the Jesuits themselves struck at Popery a blow more fatal than any of those dealt by the combined forces of Protestantism, was, when made known, a death-pang to many a noble mind. Jacqueline Pascal, subprioress of the monastery, gave the example of obedience to the orders of her superiors; but three months after she was lying in her grave: the struggle between

duty and inclination had been too powerful. We fancy we are reading the history of ancient heroes when we trace the consequences of the sentence of dispersion pronounced against the Port-Royalists —against a community of persons who, with all their errors, were undoubtedly, in their generation, burning and shining lights. Arnauld, like his Protestant brethren, had to eat the exile's bread, and to continue in a foreign land the contest which he made the object of his whole life.

And what was the result of that desperate system of persecution carried on by Louis XIV., at the suggestion of the Jesuits? Did the throne stand the firmer for being steeped in blood? Was the royal authority the stronger for not being established in righteousness? Nay; scarcely had the monarch demolished Port-Royal, when his power, firm as it then appeared, was shaken to its very foundation. The Grand Dauphin, the Duke and Duchess of Burgundy, the Duke of Brittany, the three successive heirs to the crown, were struck by death, sudden, awful, and inexplicable; and France was left with an aged and decrepit old man at her head, surrounded by triumphant enemies. The victories of Hochstet, Ramilies, and Malplaquet, rapidly succeeded each other; Tournay, Lille, Mons, and Douay opened their gates to the enemy. Louis XIV. in an evil hour had, by the intrigues of the ambitious woman he married, consented to oppress true religion equally in his Protestant subjects, by signing the revocation of the edict of Nantes, and in his Catholic subjects, by the banishment of Fénélon, and the destruction of Port-Royal; and Louis XIV., whose brilliant successes had obtained him the vain title of Great, died, not even leaving to his nation the empty laurels which might have speciously concealed the naked poverty to which he had reduced it.

As I took leave, the next morning, of the venerable M. Silvy, such were the thoughts that rushed to my mind. The diligence rolled along the dusty road until about three miles from Versailles, when, looking round me, I could see on my right the ruins of the monastery tinged by the first beams of the sun, and on my left the once favorite abode of courtly splendor: there, humble piety; here, pride and vexation of spirit.

THE INFLUENCES OF THE SUNBEAM ON ORGANIZATION.

THE sun pours over the earth a flood of light, and under its influence we find nature assuming her myriad forms of organization, rich in the varied beauty of color, and wonderful in the mysterious phenomena of life. From the Sacred Volume we learn that the earth remained a chaos so long as "darkness was upon the face of the deep," and that immediately upon the appearance of light the world became covered with organization and life.

Although from the earliest periods of time man associated the progress of vegetable and animal life with the influences derived from the solar center, and worshiped the visible source of light as the most exalted emblem of power to which his intelligence could rise, yet, until within a few years, he remained ignorant of the peculiar forces which are united in the silver thread of a sunbeam.

The alchemists were the first to observe a peculiar chemical change in a salt of silver when it was exposed to sunshine. They interpreted this remarkable discovery falsely, led away from the truth by their delusive dream of transmutation; and it remained a barren fact, until Scheele, a Swedish chemist, drew attention to the circumstance, that some rays, having great illuminating power, produced no change in the color of chloride of silver, while others which were less luminous blackened that salt most readily. Since that time discoveries have been rapidly made, and we are now acquainted with at least three principles broadly distinguished from each other, namely,—

LIGHT, upon which depend the phenomena of vision and the color of bodies.

HEAT, regulating the temperature of all things.

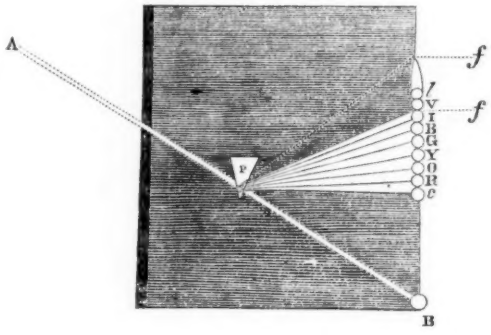
ACTINISM, or chemical force, to which belong all the peculiarities of photographic change, and many of the chemical processes of organization.

To an explanation of these points we must now direct attention. If through a small hole in a shutter we allow a ray of light to enter a dark room, the result is the formation of a round spot on the floor. This spot is distinguished by the eye as white LIGHT; if we place a thermometer in the luminous circle, the rise of the

mercury proves that HEAT is associated with it; and if a piece of paper, covered with chloride of silver, is fixed in the path of the ray, it blackens rapidly by decomposition, showing that a force exists capable of breaking up powerful chemical combinations.

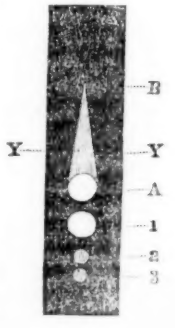
We have the means of separating, to a certain extent, these principles or powers from each other.

If in the path of the ray A B we interpose a flint-glass prism P, the ray is bent out of the path, or refracted, and instead of having one colorless spot of light upon the floor, we have a series of colored spots above it, overlapping each other, which is called a prismatic spectrum.

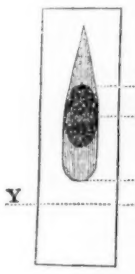


Sir Isaac Newton, who first investigated this beautiful chromatic image, considered it to consist of seven primary rays, *red*, *orange*, *yellow*, *green*, *blue*, *indigo*, and *violet*, indicated in the diagram by the respective letters. This great philosopher propounded as a law, that a given degree of refraction indicated a given color; that a given color was evidence of a certain angle of refraction. We have reasons for doubting the correctness of either of these views. If we examine the spectrum through a piece of cobalt blue glass, we discover a *crimson* ray *c* below the red. If the spectrum is projected upon a piece of paper stained with the juice of the turmeric root, we find a ray of *lavender gray* color *l*, beyond the violet. Recently Mr. Stokes, of Cambridge, has proved the existence of new sets of rays, far beyond the point which Newton regarded as the extreme limits of illuminating power, to which he has given the name of the *fluorescent rays*. A beam of light falling upon the surface of a green variety of fluor-spar, sends back to the eye some beautiful purple rays. A perfectly colorless solution of sulphate of quinine reflects in like manner blue light from its first surface; and a yellow decoction of the horse-nut bark does the same. There are some other substances, particularly a variety of yellow glass, which possess this property in a very remarkable manner. All these rays are found to exist between the spaces *f f*, marked by the dotted lines. Such is the character of the sunbeam as regards its luminous and colorific power, the most light existing in the mean yellow rays, and rapidly declining toward either end. Many philosophers regard those rays as the result of the interblending of three primary rays—the red, blue, and yellow; but this point is still under discussion and investigation.

The thermometer indicates differences of temperature in each of these colored rays; but the variations are more decidedly shown by the following arrangement. A sheet of tissue paper, stretched on a frame, is blackened on one side, and the unblackened side is placed so that a well-defined spectrum falls upon it. The paper is then saturated with ether, which, evaporating very rapidly, indicates the temperature of every part of the spectrum. The annexed diagram represents the result, the line V V indicating the space occupied by the mean yellow—the most luminous ray—will show the relative positions of the heat-spots in regard to it. The large spot A—the maximum of heat—coincides with the lowest part of the red ray, the other heat-spots, 1, 2, 3, extending over a space below the spectrum where there is no light. The paper continues to dry slowly up through the spectrum until all evidence of heat-rays ceases in the violet band at n. The rays below the spectrum, 1, 2, 3, appear to be possessed of a peculiar chemical power, superadded to



their thermic principle; and to these are, in all probability, due the ripening of the fruits, and the browning of the autumnal leaves. If we place a paper covered with chloride of silver, so that the spectrum falls upon it, we shall find that it is darkened only over the space covered by the more refrangible rays. In the accompanying wood-cut the resulting effect is shown—no change will take place, even after long exposure upon the space V V covered by the yellow rays. The chemical decomposition rarely descends lower than the green ray G; it arrives at its maximum in the mean blue ray B, and continues with nearly equal intensity to the end of the violet ray V; the change continues to go on over a considerable space beyond the violet, to a point beyond the extreme limits of the fluorescent rays.



By the use of colored transparent media we may secure the separation of these principles from each other. If in the path of a sunbeam we place a piece of glass colored green with oxide of copper, we intercept but little *light*, while nearly all the heat is prevented from penetrating it. When we employ a sheet of yellow glass, stained with the oxide of silver, the sunlight passes it freely, but the chemical principle is so obstructed that the salts of silver, which are susceptible of change under solar influences, remain unaltered after a prolonged exposure. On the contrary, a sheet of dark cobalt blue glass prevents the passage of at least eighty per cent. of the light, but it offers no obstruction to the chemical principle,—chloride of silver, or any of the photographic preparations, changing as readily behind a screen of this dark glass as when exposed to a full flood of sunshine. A red glass, although it admits some light, obstructs the passage of a considerable quantity, allowing at the same time the heat-rays to pass it freely. By these colored media we are therefore enabled to analyze the effects produced by light, heat, and actinism, or chemical power, when they are tolerably well isolated.

If we divide a portion of soil into four, and glaze three compartments with (previously examined) yellow, blue, and red glasses, and then plant seed in each, all the resulting effects will be influenced by the solar radiations as modified by the colored glass screens, one division only being under the ordinary conditions.

Under the yellow glass germination is entirely prevented. It is considerably quickened under the influence of the radiations which have permeated the blue glass,—the seed germinating, indeed, many days before any sign of germination is evident in the seed placed in the soil uncovered by any screen.* The red glass does not entirely prevent germination, but it produces great retardation. The process of germination is essentially a chemical operation. Starch is converted into sugar by the absorption of oxygen; heat results, and carbonic acid is given off. This is proved to be quickened by the chemical rays. The first leaves having appeared above the soil, the conditions are altered; the plant now absorbs carbonic acid, and by virtue of its *living principle*, quickened by the agency of *light*, it decomposes it, retains the carbon to build up its woody structure, and sets the oxygen free into the air for the use of animals. Such being the case, plants will not grow healthfully under the influence of rays so purely chemical as those which have permeated a cobalt blue glass. Light, *the luminous principle*, is now required; and under a yellow glass a plant forms an abundance of wood, and grows in every respect most healthfully. Another curious feature, however, is, that plants will not produce perfect flowers under a yellow medium. In the process of floriation, rays are required which will not permeate a yellow, but which pass freely through a red glass; and, therefore, behind a ruby glass colored with oxide of gold, flowers are produced in great beauty and abundance. By experiments of this kind, it has been proved that *germination* is accelerated by actinism, or the chemical power of the sunbeam; the *growth of the plant* (lignification) by light, the luminous power; and *flowering* by heat, the heat-rays being, in all probability, those to which reference

* Mr. Lawson, the celebrated seedsman of Edinburgh, now employs blue glass to accelerate the germination, and to determine the vitality, of seeds. He has furnished the author with a statement of remarkable results thus obtained.

has been already made, involving some chemical power.

The tendency of many of our schools of science being to refer every phenomenon, however subtile, to physical agencies, it becomes necessary here to guard the reader against an error into which he may fall. Although the three principles of the sunbeam are active in producing the growth and maturity of the plant, it must never be forgotten, that these important physical agents are inferior to others which our science can never reach. Life, whether animal or vegetable, has been referred to electricity, heat, &c.; but although these physical agents are necessary to the full development of vital force, they are all infinitely inferior to it, and are but the external excitants to a force which will be forever hidden from the eye of mortals.

Observations extending over many years have proved, that more of the chemical principle exists in the sunbeam in the spring than at any other time of the year: germination is then more especially active in the seed. Summer advances, with its increased light and heat; the trees of the forest and the herb of the field equally secrete the carbon which they have drawn from the atmosphere. Autumn advances with its "milder beam," but this season is charged fully with those peculiar heat-rays which are required for the full development of the flower and the production of the seed.

As we advance from the poles toward the equator, we find the relative proportions of light, heat, and actinism, in the sunbeam vary; and on that variation we find depends equally the gigantic vegetation of the tropics, with its flowers in the full glory of color; the subdued tone and size of the trees and shrubs of temperate climes, and the stunted vegetation of the Aretic regions. Within the range of science there are but few discoveries which display more fully than those we have mentioned the beautiful order of great natural phenomena, or which, by an unbroken succession of steps, lift us from the humble things of nature to an exalted conception of nature's God.

Again: a tree requires for its growth the influence of sunshine,—of light, heat, and chemical power. Under those influences gaseous compounds are decomposed, the elements are recombined, and all the ultimate and proximate principles of the vegetable kingdom are formed. In any compound requiring for its formation the action of these forces, they are expended in producing the effect. The quantity of wood seen in the concentric layers in the cross-section of a tree, shows relatively the amount of sunshine which has fallen upon that tree. The thickness of a ligneous layer will tell us if the summer has been bright, or the contrary. An equivalent of wood must for its formation have an exact equivalent of sunshine, and in producing that wood that equivalent of sunshine has been expended. As long as the mass continues in the form of wood, these powers are locked up amid its molecules in a latent condition.

An oak grew in a forest, and required the sunshine of three hundred years for its maturity. The oak has been felled, and having been first employed in the construction of one of England's floating castles, and thus aided in advancing liberty in the world, is now, by some "ship-breaker," cut into winter logs, to give cheerfulness to many a happy home. One of these logs—a cubic foot of oak—is now casting its cheerful blaze and its glowing heat around my room, and my children are rejoicing in its brightness. All this cheerfulness, this happy evening, I know to be due to the sunshine of three centuries since. The light and the heat now poured from the log of wood in the fireplace are exactly the light and the heat which the tree derived from the sun in its growth. It has been locked up in that piece of oak, but by the chemical process of combustion it is again liberated to do some mighty work in nature.

God above All.—An astronomer, who had long idolized his favorite science, became a zealous convert to spiritual Christianity. His intimate friend, knowing his extreme devotion to astronomical study, asked him—"What will you now do with your astronomy?" His answer was worthy of a Christian philosopher. "I am now bound for heaven," said he, "and I take the stars in my way!" By these words the astronomer taught his friend that he had transferred his affections from the *created* to the Creator—that, instead of finding his highest pleasure *out of God*, he found it IN GOD; and that the true use of the visible was to assist him in his aspirations after the eternal.

BETY AMBOS VON ZWEIBRUCKEN.

AN EXTRAORDINARY STORY FROM LIFE.

I WAS traveling from Weimar to Frankfort, and had stopped at a little town, one or two stages beyond Fulda. I was standing at the window of the inn which was opposite the post-house, and looking at a crowd of travelers who had just been disgorged from a huge *eilwagen*, or post-coach, which was standing there. Among them was one female, who, before I was aware, fixed my attention. Although closely enveloped in a winter dress from head to foot, her height, and the easy decision with which she moved, showed that her figure was fine and well-proportioned; and, as the wind blew aside her black vail, I had a glimpse of features which still further excited my curiosity. I had time to consider her as she alighted, and walked over to the inn alone. She entered at once the room in which I was; summoned the waiter, whom she addressed in a good-humored but rather familiar style, and ordered breakfast. While this was preparing, she threw off her traveling accouterments: first, a dark cloak, richly lined with fur; one or two shawls; a sort of pelisse, or rather surtout, reaching to the knees, with long loose sleeves, such as you may see in the prints of Tartar or Muscovite costumes; this was made of beautiful Indian shawl, lined with blue silk, and trimmed with sables. Under these splendid and multifarious coverings she wore a dress of deep mourning. Her figure, when displayed, excited my admiration: it was one of the most perfect I ever beheld. Her feet, hands, and head were small in proportion to her figure. Her face was not so striking; it was pretty, rather than handsome; her whole appearance and manner gave me the idea of a farmer's buxom daughter: nothing could be more distinct from our notions of the lady-like, yet nothing could be more free from impropriety, more expressive of native innocence and modesty. But the splendor of her dress did not exactly suit with her deportment; it puzzled me.

I observed, when she drew off her glove, that she wore a number of silver rings, of a peculiar fashion, and among them a fine diamond. She walked up and down while her breakfast was preparing, seemingly lost in painful meditations; but when it appeared, she sat down and did justice to it, as one who had been many hours without food. While she was thus engaged, the *conductor* of the *eilwagen*, and one of the passengers, came in, and spoke to her with interest and respect. Soon afterward came the mistress of the inn, who had never deigned to notice me; for it is not the fashion in Germany. She came with an offer of particular services; and, from the conversation, I gathered, to my astonishment, that this young creature—she seemed not more than two or three and twenty—was on her way home, alone and unprotected, from—can you imagine? even from the wilds of Siberia! But then, what had brought her there? I listened, in hopes of discovering; but they all spoke so fast that I could make out nothing more.

Subsequently we met at Frankfort, where she was lodged in the same hotel, and I was enabled to offer her a seat in my vehicle to Mayence.

My heroine was the daughter of a rich brewer and wine merchant of Deuxponts. She was one of five children; two much older, and two much younger, than herself. The eldest brother was called Henri; he had early displayed such uncommon talents, and such a decided inclination for study, that his father was determined to give him all the advantages of a learned education, and sent him to the University of Erlangen, in Bavaria, whence he returned to his family with the highest testimonies of his talents and good conduct. His father now destined him for the clerical profession, with which his own wishes accorded. His sister fondly dwelt upon his praises, and described him, perhaps with a sister's partiality, as being not only the pride of his family, but of all his fellow-citizens; "tall, and handsome, and good," of a most benevolent enthusiastic temper, and devoted to his studies. When he had been at home for some time, he attracted the notice of one of the princes of the north of Germany, with whom he traveled, I believe, in the capacity of secretary. Through the recommendation of this powerful patron, he became a professor of theology in a university of Courland: I think at Riga, or somewhere near it, for the name of this city was continually recurring in her narrative. Henri was at this time about eight and twenty.

While here, it was his fate to fall passionately in love with the daughter of a

Jew merchant. His religious zeal mingled with his love; he was as anxious to convert his mistress as to possess her; and, in fact, the first was a necessary preliminary to the second: the consequences were all in the usual style of such matters. The relations discovered the correspondence, and the young Jewess was forbidden to see or to speak to her lover. They met in secret. What arguments he might use to convert this modern Jessica, I know not; but they prevailed. She declared herself convinced; and consented to fly with him beyond the frontiers, into Silesia, to be baptized, and to become his wife.

Apparently their plans were not well arranged, or betrayed; for they were pursued by her relations and the police, and overtaken before they reached the frontiers. The young man was accused of carrying off his Jewish love by force; and this, I believe, at Riga, where the Jews are protected, is a capital crime. The affair was brought before the tribunal, and the accused defended himself by declaring, that the girl had fled with him by her own free-will; that she was a Christian, and his betrothed bride, as they had exchanged rings, or gone through some similar ceremony. The father Jew denied this on the part of his daughter; and Henri desired to be confronted with the lady, who was thus said to have turned his accuser. Her family made many difficulties, but by order of the judge she was obliged to appear. She was brought into the court of justice, pale, trembling, and supported by her father, and others of her kindred. The judge demanded whether it was by her own will that she had fled with Henri Ambos.

She answered in a faint voice, "No."

"Had then violence been used to carry her off?"

"Yes."

"Was she a Christian?"

"No."

"Did she regard Henri as her affianced husband?"

"No."

On hearing these replies, so different from the truth—from all he could have anticipated—the unfortunate young man appeared for a few minutes stupefied: then, as if seized with a sudden frenzy, he made a desperate effort to rush upon the young Jewess. On being prevented, he drew a knife from his pocket, which he attempted to plunge into his own bosom, but it was wrested from him; in the scuffle he was wounded in the hands and face, and the young lady swooned away. The sight of his mistress insensible, and his own blood flowing, restored the lover to his senses. He became suddenly calm: he offered not another word in his own defense, refused to answer any questions, and was immediately conveyed to prison.

These particulars came to the knowledge of his family after the lapse of many months; but of his subsequent fate they could learn nothing. Neither his sentence nor his punishment could be ascertained; and although one of his relations went to Riga for the purpose of obtaining some information—some redress—he returned without effecting either of the purposes of his journey. Whether Henri had died of his wounds, or languished in a perpetual dungeon, remained a mystery.

Six years thus passed away. His father died; his mother, who persisted in hoping, while all others despaired, lingered on in heart-wearing suspense. At length, in the beginning of the year, (1833,) a traveling merchant passed through the city of Deuxponts, and inquired for the family of Ambos. He informed them, that in the preceding year he had seen and spoken to a man in rags, with a long beard, who was working in fetters with other criminals near the fortress of Barinska, in Siberia, who described himself as Henri Ambos, a pastor of the Lutheran Church, unjustly condemned, and besought him, with tears and the most earnest supplications, to convey some tidings of him to his unhappy parents, and beseech them to use every means to obtain his liberation.

You must imagine—for I cannot describe as she described—the feelings that this intelligence excited. A family council was held, and it was determined at once that application should be made to the police authorities at St. Petersburgh, to ascertain, beyond a doubt, the fate of poor Henri; that a petition in his favor must be presented to the emperor of Russia: but who was to present it? The second brother offered himself, but he had a wife and two children: the wife protested that she should die if her husband left her, and would not hear of his going; besides, he was the only remaining hope of his mother's family. The sister then said

that she would undertake the journey; and argued that, as a woman, she had more chance of success in such an affair than her brother. The mother acquiesced. There was, in truth, no alternative; and, being amply furnished with the means, this generous, affectionate, and strong-minded girl set off alone on her long and perilous journey.

"When my mother gave me her blessing," said she, "I made a vow to God and my own heart, that I would not return alive without the pardon of my brother! I feared nothing: I had nothing to live for. I had health and strength, and I had not a doubt of my own success, because I was *resolved* to succeed. But ah, *liebe madame*, what a fate was mine! and how am I returning to my mother, my poor old mother!" Here she burst into tears, and threw herself back in the carriage. After a few minutes she resumed her narrative.

She reached the city of Riga without mischance. There she collected the necessary documents relative to her brother's character and conduct, with all the circumstances of his trial, and had them properly attested. Furnished with these papers, she proceeded to St. Petersburgh, where she arrived safely in the beginning of June, 1833. She had been furnished with several letters of recommendation, and particularly one to a German ecclesiastic, of whom she spoke with the most grateful enthusiasm, by the title of M. le Pasteur. She met with the utmost difficulty in obtaining from the police the official return of her brother's condemnation, place of exile, punishment, &c.; but at length, by almost incredible boldness, perseverance, and address, she was in possession of these; and, with the assistance of her good friend the pastor, she drew up a petition to the emperor. With this she waited on the minister of the interior, to whom, with great difficulty, and after many applications, she obtained access. He treated her with great harshness, and absolutely refused to deliver the petition.

Her suit being rejected by all the ministers, (for even those who were most gentle, and who allowed the hardships of the case, still refused to interfere, or deliver her petition,) she resolved to do what she had been dissuaded from attempting in the first instance, to appeal to the emperor in person. But it was in vain she lavished hundreds of dollars in bribes to the inferior officers; in vain she beset the imperial suit, at reviews, at the theater, on the way to the church; invariably driven back by the guards, or the attendants, she could not penetrate to the emperor's presence. After spending six weeks in daily ineffectual attempts of this kind, hoping every morning, and almost despairing every evening; threatened by the police, and spurned by the officials; Providence raised her up a friend in one of her own sex. Among some ladies of rank who became interested in her story, and invited her to their houses, was a Countess Elise —— something or other, whose name I am sorry I did not write down. One day, on seeing her young *protégé* overwhelmed with grief, and almost in despair, she said, with emotion, "I cannot dare to present your petition myself; I might be sent off to Siberia, or at least banished the court; but all I can do, I will. I will lend you my equipage and servants. I will dress you in one of my robes; you shall drive to the palace the next levee-day, and obtain an audience under my name. When once in the presence of the emperor, you must manage for yourself. If I risk thus much, will you venture the rest?"

"And what," said I, "was your answer?"

"O!" she replied, "I could not answer; but I threw myself at her feet, and kissed the hem of her gown."

I asked her whether she had not feared to risk the safety of her generous friend.

She replied, "That thought did strike me; but what would you have? I cast it from me. I was *resolved* to have my brother's pardon. I would have sacrificed my own life to obtain it; and, God forgive me! I thought little of what it might cost another."

This plan was soon arranged; and at the time appointed, my resolute heroine drove up to the palace in a splendid equipage, preceded by a running footman, with three laced lackeys, in full dress, mounted behind. She was announced as the Countess Elise ——, who supplicated a particular audience of His Majesty. The doors flew open, and in a few minutes she was in the presence of the emperor, who advanced one or two steps to meet her, with an air of gallantry, but suddenly started back.

Here I could not help asking her

whether, in that moment, she did not feel her heart sink.

"No," said she firmly: "on the contrary, I felt my heart beat quicker and higher! I sprung forward, and knelt at his feet, exclaiming, with clasped hands, 'Pardon, Imperial Majesty! pardon!'"

"Who are you?" said the emperor, astonished; "and what can I do for you?"

"He spoke gently, more gently than any of his ministers, and, overcome even by my own hopes, I burst into a flood of tears, and said, 'May it please your Imperial Majesty, I am not Countess Elise ——: I am the only sister of the unfortunate Henri Ambos, who has been condemned on false accusation. O pardon! pardon! Here are the papers—the proofs. O, Imperial Majesty, pardon my poor brother!' I held out the petition and the papers, and at the same time, prostrate on my knees, I seized the skirt of his embroidered coat, and pressed it to my lips.

"The emperor said, 'Rise, rise!' but I would not rise. I still held out my papers, resolved not to rise till he had taken them.

"At last the emperor, who seemed much moved, extended one hand toward me, and took the papers with the other, saying, 'Rise, Mademoiselle: I command you to rise.'

"I ventured to kiss his hand, and said, with tears, 'I pray your majesty to read that paper.'

"He said, 'I will read it.'

"I then rose from the ground, and stood watching him, while he unfolded the petition and read it.

"His countenance changed, and he exclaimed, once or twice, 'Is it possible? This is dreadful!'

"When he had finished, he folded the paper, and without any observation, said at once, 'Mademoiselle Ambos, your brother is pardoned.'

"The words rang in my ears and I again flung myself at his feet, saying—and yet I scarce know what I said—'Your Imperial Majesty is a god upon earth; do you indeed pardon my brother? Your ministers would never suffer me to approach you; and even yet I fear—!'

"He said, 'Fear nothing; you have my promise.'

"He then raised me from the ground, and conducted me himself to the door. I tried to thank and bless him, but could not; he held out his hand to me to kiss, and then bowed his head as I left the room. *Ach ja!* the emperor is a good man—*ein schöner feiner Mann!*—but he does not know how cruel his ministers are, and all the evil they do, and all the justice they refuse, in his name!"

On her return, she received the congratulations of her benefactress, the Countess Elise ——, and of her good friend the pastor; but both advised her to keep her audience and the emperor's promise a profound secret. Recollecting the pains that had been taken to shut her from the emperor's presence, she feared some unforeseen obstacle, or even some knavery on the part of the officers of government. She described her feelings during the next few days as fearful: her agitation, her previous fatigues, and the terrible suspense, apparently threw her into a fever, or acted on her excited nerves so as to produce a species of delirium; though, of course, she would not admit this. "Just five days after I had seen the emperor," she continued, "a laquais, in the imperial livery, came to my lodging, and put into my hands a packet, with the 'emperor's compliments to Mademoiselle Ambos." It was the pardon of my brother, with the emperor's seal and signature. Then I forgot everything but joy."

Those mean, official animals, who had before spurned her, now pressed upon her with offers of service; and even the minister C—— offered to expedite the pardon himself to Siberia, in order to save her trouble: but she would not suffer the precious paper out of her hands; she determined to carry it herself, to be herself the bearer of glad tidings. So, having made her arrangements as quickly as possible, she set off for Moscow, where she arrived in three days.

She told me that, after leaving Moscow, she traveled post seven days and seven nights, only sleeping in the carriage. She then reposed for two days, and then posted on for another seven days and nights, alone and wholly unprotected, except by her own innocence and energy, and a few lines of recommendation that had been given to her at St. Petersburgh. She suffered much from hunger, not being prepared to travel, for so many hours together, without meeting with any food she could touch without disgust. She described, with great truth and eloquence, her own sensations, as she was whirled rapidly over those wide, silent,

solitary, and apparently endless plains. Altogether she described her journey as being *grausam* (horrible) in the highest degree, and, indeed, even the recollection of it made her shudder; but, at the time, there was the anticipation of unspeakable happiness, which made all fatigues light, and all dangers indifferent.

At length, in the beginning of August, she arrived at the end of her journey, and was courteously received by the commandant of the fortress. She presented the pardon with a hand which trembled with impatience and joy too great to be restrained, almost to be borne. The officer looked very grave, and took, as she thought, a long time to read the paper, which consisted only of six or eight lines. At last he stammered out: "I am sorry; but the Henri Ambos mentioned in this paper *is dead!*" Poor girl! she fell to the earth.

When she reached this part of her story, she burst into a fresh flood of tears, wrung her hands, and for some time could utter nothing but passionate exclamations of grief: "What a horrible fate was mine! I had come thus far to find, not my brother, only a grave!" she repeated several times, with an accent of despair. The unfortunate man had died a year before. The fetters in which he worked had caused an ulcer in his leg, which he neglected, and, after some weeks of horrid suffering, death released him. The task-work, for nearly five years, of this accomplished and even learned man, in the prime of his life and mental powers, had been to break stones upon the road, chained hand and foot, and confounded with the lowest malefactors.

I have not much more to tell. She found, on inquiry, that some papers and letters which her unhappy brother had drawn up by stealth, in the hope of being able at some time to convey them to his friends, were in the possession of one of the officers, who readily gave them up to her; and with these she returned, half broken-hearted, to St. Petersburgh. If her former journey, when hope cheered her on the way, had been so fearful, what must have been her return! I was not surprised to hear that, on her arrival, she was seized with a dangerous illness, and was for many weeks confined to her bed.

On receiving her brother's pardon from the emperor, she had written home to her family; but she confessed that since that time she had not written: she had not courage to inflict a blow which might possibly affect her mother's life; and yet the idea of being obliged to tell what she dared not write, seemed to strike her with terror.

But the strangest event of this strange story remains to be told; and I will try to give it in her own simple words. She left Petersburgh in October, and proceeded to Riga, where those who had known her brother received her with interest and kindness, and sympathized in her affliction.

"But," said she, "there was one thing I had resolved to do, which yet remained undone. I was resolved to see the woman who had been the original cause of all my poor brother's misfortunes. I thought if once I could say to her, 'Your falsehood has done this!' I should be satisfied; but my brother's friends dissuaded me from this idea. They said it was better not; that it could do my poor Henri no good; that it was wrong; that it was unchristian; and I submitted. I left Riga with a *voiturier*. I had reached Pojer, on the Russian frontiers, and there I stopped at the Douane, to have my packages searched. The chief officer looked at the address on my trunk, and exclaimed, with surprise,—

"'Mademoiselle Ambos! Are you any relation of the Professor Henri Ambos?'

"'I am his sister.'

"'Is it possible? I was the intimate friend of your brother. What has become of him?'

"I then told him all that I have now told you, *liebe madame;* and when I came to an end, this good man burst into tears, and for some time we wept together. The *kutscher*, (driver,) who was standing by, heard all this conversation; and, when I turned round, he was crying too. My brother's friend pressed on me offers of service and hospitality, but I could not delay; for, besides that my impatience to reach home increased every hour, I had not much money in my purse. Of three thousand dollars, which I had taken with me to St. Petersburgh, very little remained: so I bade him farewell, and I proceeded. At the next town, where my *kutscher* stopped to feed his horses, he came to the door of my calèche, and said, 'You have just missed seeing the Jew lady whom your brother was in love with. That

calèche which passed us by just now, and changed horses here, contained Mademoiselle S——, her sister, and her sister's husband.' Imagine my surprise. I could not believe my fortune: it seemed that Providence had delivered her into my hands, and I was resolved she should not escape me. I knew they would be delayed at the custom-house. I ordered the man to turn, and drive back as fast as possible, promising a reward of a dollar if he overtook them. On reaching the custom-house, I saw a calèche standing at a little distance. I felt myself tremble, and my heart beat so; but not with fear. I went up to the calèche: two ladies were sitting in it. I addressed the one who was the most beautiful, and said,— .

"'Are you Mademoiselle Emilie S——?' I suppose I must have looked very strange, and wild, and resolute; for she replied, with a frightened manner, 'I am. Who are you? and what do you want with me?'

"I said, 'I am the sister of Henri Ambos, whom you murdered.'

"She shrieked out. The men came running from the house; but I held fast the carriage-door, and said, 'I am not come to hurt you: but you are the murderess of my brother, Henri Ambos. He loved you, and your falsehood has killed him.'

"I remember no more. I was like one mad. I have just a recollection of her ghastly, terrified look, and her eyes wide open, staring at me. I fell into fits, and they carried me into the house of my brother's friend, and laid me on a bed. When I recovered my senses, the calèche and all were gone. When I reached Berlin, all this appeared to me so miraculous, so like a dream, I could not trust to my own recollection; and I wrote to the officer of customs, to beg he would attest that it was really true, and what I had said when I was out of my senses, and what she had said. And at Leipsic I received his letter, which I will show you."

At Mayence she showed me this letter, and a number of other documents: her brother's pardon, with the emperor's signature; a letter of the Countess Elise——; a most touching letter from her unfortunate brother; (over this she wept much;) and a variety of other papers, all proving the truth of her story, even to the minutest particulars.

[For the National Magazine.]

LICENTIOUSNESS IN THE FINE ARTS.

THE sensibility to the beautiful in all its manifestations, is as much a part of our created likeness to the Deity as our rational or moral nature. That divine skill which has molded, and tinted, and grouped the material creation into a beauty, independent of its utility, is but the great original of that human sensibility which perceives its exquisite harmonies, detects its secret analogies of loveliness, delights in its strange intermingling of material and spiritual beauty, and yearns with its own powers to reproduce its glories. He who impressed the mind with the principles of curiosity and reason, that it might itself search out new truth; who implanted great moral principles that, guided by them, man's social instincts might themselves fill life with happiness; he, in giving our æsthetic nature, bade us go and enjoy the sublime and beautiful from his hand, and from the materials he has supplied, to call forth new embodiments of thought and sentiment.

But the limits within which such a culture and indulgence of our love of the beautiful is pleasing to God and safe for us, is not to be determined by asking how far the *original* design of the Creator gave license. When each department of our being was in full vigor, and was proportioned in its activity to all the rest, all might receive benefit alone, whenever and wherever each would seek it. But as a traveler, sensitive, and unacclimated to a tropical region, might revel in the rich and glowing beauty of scenes from which his frame drank in a fatal miasma, so our diseased moral nature may be unable to bear the excitement of many a scene and work of beauty, which its pristine purity had found harmless.

It is not to be denied, that the human form is the noblest structure of the whole material creation. There is no tone of majesty or beauty in all nature besides which is not reflected in the varying expressions of the masterpiece; and there is no conceivable sentiment or spiritual emotion which may not be expressed in its attitudes and its countenance. And thus, as in itself the most beautiful of the Creator's works—embodying in the one sex the highest conceptions of strength and majesty; and in the other, of grace

and tenderness; and, moreover, as in its groups and combinations portraying all the memorable actions and moments of our life and history, the human form, in vailed or unconcealed beauty, has ever been the subject of the artist's pencil or the sculptor's chisel.

And yet, beautiful as the human form may be, none can doubt that the long experience of the race, if not a general instinct, demands its concealment, and not its exposure. It is only in barbarous nations and in communities, civilized but also demoralized, that this obvious dictate of prudent morality is disregarded. It is everywhere admitted, that undue exposure is calculated to inflame the lower appetencies of our constitution, and bring into prominence and a mastery those instincts which were designed to be only subordinate and concealed. Thus, in regard to dress, it is felt that while no prudishness in apparel can exclude immorality in social life, yet a Christian chastity of sentiment at once revolts from such a mode as the court fashions of the reign of Charles I. The love of the beautiful is not the only nor the main sentiment fostered and excited.

We do not insist that the same degree of danger and need of restriction exist in art as in real life: and yet the dangers are analogous. We shall not apologize for the admission of such a weakness, nor quail before the sneer of the sensualist. Those who deny the fall, may consider each failure beneath temptation as the result of an individual weakness, which ought not and need not have resulted from the occasions presented: they may choose to continue the temptations, and only protest against the abuse. But a Christian community is compelled to admit the derangement of our entire nature, the unbalancing of our sensibilities and instincts, and the double need of a higher strength to save us, and an avoidance of temptations, if we would secure that aid. It may humble us to admit the fact, but we must avow that the only safety, both for Christian chastity and for general social morality, lies in strict repression of the rising passions, and a careful regard to more than one element of our constitution.

The same causes which fire the literature of antiquity with unchaste description and allusion, gave her painters and sculptors the same dangerous selection of subjects and method of treatment. The sensual and the material characterize all their thoughts of love, and excellence, and beauty. Christian virtue, and love, and chastity, is an achievement of the gospel alone. Therefore is it that so many of the masterpieces of heathen art are representations of scenes on which Christianity may not look, or which incidentally, if not directly, appeal to passions which heathenism fostered, but which Christianity subdues. We admit the improvement in the subjects of Christian art, and in the domestic and natural pieces of later times; yet still, the same natural attractions in the human form as a subject, and the same proclivity also in both artist and spectator, have led to constant copying of such ancient works, and to the creation of others of the same general tone of character. And wherever wealth and luxury have created a demand for works of art, there the entrance and the fatal influence of an unchaste and unchristian art has ever been apparent.

It is more shameful that it is so, because such mere material symmetry and molding is not the highest beauty: and there is scarcely an event worth commemoration and portrayal in the history of the race, sacred or profane, which necessitates the exposure. Every scene of domestic or public excellence, every passion and emotion, may be pictured or embodied in art, as it certainly occurs in reality, without omitting the customary decencies of life. If there be anything of beauty which this rule would exclude, Christian culture can afford to do without it during our brief probation: when the world is all regenerated and imparadised once more, the temporary restraint may be laid aside.

We are led to these reflections by observing, as many of our readers must have done, the rapid multiplication of works of art, both from the pencil and the chisel, and on a both large and small scale, in our own community. Wealth, culture, and a nearer connection with the old world have induced it; and as an invariable attendant on general civilization and culture, it is to be considerately encouraged. But is there any one who sees not that a very large proportion of our society at this day is not Christian at all—and, therefore, in their tastes and standards correspond to the unrenewed heart in every

age? Is it not clear, too, that even where a natural delicacy, and a better training, have given our American circles a quicker sensitiveness to immodesty in art, there is still a want of confidence and boldness in asserting the true principle, even against the smile of unconscious heathenism among us? Call to mind the exhibitions of statuary and painting which frequently visit us; consider the marked change in the character of the pictures which fill our Broadway windows, and allure to the recesses of the store; notice the gradual entry of unchaste statuettes or statues, and paintings or engravings, into our private dwellings; look at our very omnibuses, and our frescoes in public places; and who can fail to see that it is time for Christian men and women to speak out and draw the line of separation boldly, and admit without a blush, that Christian virtue does demand a stricter and a purer art than the great world can understand?

We are fully sensible of the spell by which creative genius overawes and entrances the beholder, and often in her most dangerous exhibitions, impresses for a moment a chastened reverence and forgetfulness of all but power and beauty. Around such works of art there is a presence that stills and hushes the soul, and steals through the inmost being like the presence of the sublimest or most exquisite scenes of nature. Art seems the delegate of heaven, clothed with the majestic presence of an imparted creative power. There seems to be a murmur in the air, an echo of that glorious Word which called the things that were not as though they were—which spake, and it was done.

But equally clear it is, that familiarity with even these noblest works of art lessens their nobler power, and leaves all their inferior suggestions to gain increasing force. Certain it is, too, that this ennobling influence is not confined to those dangerous productions to which we refer, and will not be lost or lessened if they are laid aside. As a Christian nation would banish the poetry which enshrines a licentious thought, how beautiful soever the amber verse and simile; as we relentlessly reject the melodies, be they never so exquisite, which cannot be dissevered from voluptuous song; as we disdainfully feel that we need endure no want, but only demand of genius that it bring unto us, from those resources which giving doth not impoverish, a perfect gift; so we demand of art that she shall bring to the soul that would be pure, companionship of forms and visions only of chaste and immaculate beauty.

We admit, further, that it may be necessary, in the schools of art, for artists to study every model—as medical students may have a professional familiarity with much that is immodest elsewhere, in order that they may modestly, as well as skillfully, apply their knowledge. But what we say, in summing up—for this essay cannot be further elaborated—is this: that, for *common* use and *common* adornment, paintings, engravings, statues and statuettes, frescoes and ornamental moldings, this rule is safe and honorable—that when there is anything in the subject, or in the treatment of it, on which pure hearts of both sexes cannot at the same time gaze without a conscious disturbance of the sense of propriety, that work is excluded from a public sphere. And furthermore, that the strictiveness of ingenuous womanhood is not to be schooled down into an incapacity of blushing on the model of a foreign society which inherits *morals*, as well as the other specimens of *virtu*, from profligate monarchs and licentious courts; but as in matters of conscience the first conviction is safest, so in chaste sentiment, the first blush is the purest, the loveliest, the index of a delicacy which we desire the womanhood and the girlhood of our land never to lose, and which, by our consent, shall never be offended. Let us have a Christian art—if need be, an American Christian art—and if the great artistic world contemn us, we can pity it until it learns better.

GOOD-NIGHT.

BY DOBELL.

The stars we saw arise are high above,
And yet our even-song seems sung too soon.
Good-night! I lay my hand—with such a love
As thou wert brother of my blood—upon
Thy shoulder, and methinks beneath the moon
Those sisters, Anglia and Caledon,
Lean toward each other. Ay, for man is one;
We are a host ruled by one trumpet-call,
Where each, arm'd in his sort, makes as he may
The general motion. The well-tuned array
We see; yet to what victory in what wars
We see not; but like the revolving stars
Move on ourselves. The total march of all,
Or men or stars, God knows. Lord, lead us on!

[For the National Magazine.]

CHANGES—A STORY.

BY ALICE CARY.

PART THIRD.

AND twenty years are gone, and the poor little house where we left Betty is a poor little house still—it has been patched and pieced, but has given way in new places, so that altogether it is little better than on the night when the old man and woman counted the gain which the coming of the young wife promised. A blind old woman sits in the corner knitting and mumbling to herself about the waste and the improvidence which she can no longer see, but which she has no doubt are going forward at a ruinously rapid rate—the night is falling, but that matters not to her; it has been night with her these ten years, and she is not looking for any morning, even for the morning of the resurrection; her thoughts travel not beyond the blackness wherein the grave is made—seldom, indeed, so far as that—perhaps it is selfishness that, like a mildew, has gathered over her eyes, till they cannot discern even the light and the darkness any more. The last thing she saw was the dead white face of an old man; and yet there are pictures in her mind of the fine shroud and the costly coffin more distinct than the pale fixed face. The thought that he was dead, and that expense could not profit him any, had been like iron going into her soul, and fixing there what was to her a terrible memory.

Every new dress that has been purchased since the burial, she has rubbed between her bony fingers to satisfy herself as to the texture, and so arrive at the probable cost; for she remembers well the cost of that shroud, and that, withal, it could not warm the old man, and many other memories, to her very dark, have been added to this, till at length all is dark; and mumbling her miserable complaints, she sits rocking herself to and fro on the loose stones of the hearth, mindless of the sharp-teethed rats that go in and out of the holes beneath her feet.

Two or three children are crying about the fire—they have been gathering the corn that day, though it is December, and their faces and hands are smarting and bleeding because of the cuts of the sharp winds; yet they cry to each other, or alone, and come not to the knees of the grand-dame for consolation. She gave them no caresses in their babyhood, when they were altogether helpless, and now that they are big enough to earn something, and to take care of themselves, how can it be expected that she should give them the love which their helplessness could not win!

And now there is a light step at the door, and now it is within the door, and the mother speaks softly and sweetly as she places her pailful of milk on the table, and stoops to a live coal to light the candle. Let us see as it blazes if it is not she whom we saw spinning and afterward walking in the lane, and yet after that sitting by this very fire, her hand in that of the husband, who could not even then make her perfectly happy. Sacrifice is written on her forehead—you may see it in the hair growing white, though she is not yet old—you see it in all the pale, patient face—in all the gentle motherly ways of the woman—she only says, "My dear children," and they rise up and come about her, and are still—it is as if they took from her strength and power to sustain their weakness; and she, needing it so much, yet gives it willingly. And so, indeed, she has done all the years of her life—wifehood and motherhood have but added to her struggle and her sacrifice, and she is now worn out with toil and hardship.

All her life it has been her dream to go and visit "Aunt Polly," as she calls her dear sister; but she has never seen her since the day of her marriage, and of all the promises of letters that should tell everything she thought, and felt, and hoped, only one or two have been kept—she has had little but sorrow to feel, and little to hope, so that in truth there has been little to write. But the love has never died, never even grown cold, and the children have been taught to say, "Aunt Polly," almost as soon as mother; to regard her, indeed, as little less than an angel of light. If they could see her, it would be well with them, so they think: but that blessed privilege has not been accorded to them; and now the two eldest, Polly Merriford and Katy, have grown into womanhood, with the thought in their hearts that the best thing that could happen would be a visit from Aunt Polly. Year after year they have heard their mother say, that be-

fore another year's end she would go and see Aunt Polly—if it were fall, she would go in the spring, when the calves were sold, and the load or two of hay that should be left when the winter feeding was done, for then the money that was required for the visit might be spared, she thought; but when the spring came round, the hay was apt to be gone, and as for the spare money there were always more wants than all they had would cover. And so one year went after another, and Betty was grown to be an old woman, or, at least, so she looked with her thin faded hair under a plain cap. But at last the visit has been concluded on, and to-morrow Mrs. Armstrong is to go to town and make the purchases that will be necessary for a visit to her stylish sister. All were busy with the preparation for the little excursion, and this is why the children were left crying in the dark.

The world has not prospered with them much, as the reader will have concluded—the father of Richard has died within the last year, having previously been only a burden on the hands of his children, and the blind old mother is alive, and a burden still; for it seems that her hard words and hard ways oppress the hands and hearts of her children a thousand times more than the actual substance she has taken from them — complaint, and forgetfulness, and petulance, and the constant picture of great poverty which she has held up in the distance, have made their hands heavy and their hearts sick many and many a time; and now, in view of the visit, the old woman grumbles and mumbles all the more.

There cannot be a substance between us and the sun without a shadow; and so it is that their lives have been darkened, and, as it were, because of the darkness misfortunes have stolen in one after another, just as bad cattle will find their way through a gap; and while that remains, all the good fence is of no avail.

Now the crops had failed, and then a great rain swept down the bridges and the fences, and at one time the best cow died, and at another a dozen sheep were found mangled in the meadow—the fruit dropped off untimely at one season, and the next the worms gnawed at the roots of the trees, and they died; and evil-visaged disease had been at the door always, and one little boy was lame from his birth, and a cut had deprived another of the use of one hand; fevers, and other forms of disease, had, at one time and another, laid one and another low; so it was no wonder the mother had grown old before her time, and that the heart of the father was very heavy.

"And so, daughter," says the old woman, "you are determined on the visit, are you, though it takes all the savings of a year; and though none of us have anything at home in consequence? Well, I suppose it's all right; but it never was my way to take much for myself;" and the querulous woman feels of her thin sleeve, as though she would fain have a thicker one, and draws up to the fire, mumbling what no one but poor Betty hears distinctly. And presently the two girls come in—merry, rosy-cheeked Polly, and slender and thoughtful Katy, and go about the house in preparation of the early breakfast that is to precede the going to town. Now, mother, they say again and again, you must be sure to buy this and that; for, from two or three presents which Aunt Polly has sent her sister from time to time, they judge that she is very rich, and wears exceedingly nice clothes, and they have their little ambition, and wish their mother to appear as smart as possible. She does not say yes to all their requests, but she accedes to a part of them; and the father comes in, having finished the last preparation, and all sit down to supper together, happier than they have been for a long time. It will be a new thing for the mother to be gone—and the young children look to it as a kind of holyday, and the young women have made plans of what they will do while she is gone, and of how gladly they will surprise her when she comes back; and the husband and father is pleased that at last he can buy Betty the silk dress, and redeem at least a part of the long-ago promise; for, alas! she has never had the saddle with the silver stirrups, and the little bag of money she brought from home has been empty a great while. "Well, well," says the old woman, "maybe it 's all right; but I never was selfish myself, and it seems strange to me that anybody can be." And Betty puts her softly in bed, and wraps the cover about her tenderly, and makes her feet warm, and leaves her for the night, and presently all is quiet, except that the crickets chirrup in the hearth, and the

voices of the young girls are heard in low and earnest talk, probably about the visit that is to be made at Aunt Polly's—happy anticipations that gild their dreams.

The cock crows for the daybreak, and the logs blaze in the great broad fireplace, and the family are all astir. The sun is not up yet when Mrs. Armstrong climbs into the little wagon, holding close the hard earnings of a year. She is thoughtful, and half sorry she is going—in truth, she wishes she had said nothing about the visit; for if she feels so unwilling to part from her little ones for a day, what will she suffer on leaving them for a month!

Over and over she tells them to be watchful and careful of grandmother, and how to go through all the work of the day. She is always the guiding and regulating head, and she feels afraid they will not do well without her.

There were clouds about the sunrise; but it will not rain—it is too cold for that, and it will not snow, the clouds don't look like snow; so say the young girls, but the old woman says that, to her thinking, the noise of the wind in the woods foretells a storm.

So Richard and Betty, after twenty years of working and waiting, go to town for the silk dress. They feel as if a great separation were coming, for Richard is not to go with Betty—they can't afford that, and so their thoughts are sombre, and they look long and silently toward where the old homestead used to be: it is gone now, and the mill is gone, and a new house inhabited by new people stands a little further up the hill, and the old squire and his excellent wife lie side by side under the maple which they, the children, can see as they ride along. Changes meet their eyes everywhere—here stands a new house, and here young women look out from the windows, that were children the last time Betty saw them. They talk of the time they were married and began life, and of who began with them, and of how many are lost sight of now—some gone into strange countries this side of death, and some beyond it; and as they talk, their hearts are drawn nearer to each other, and they cannot speak of the approaching parting. Clouds have gone all over the sky, and large loose white flakes are drifting aslant, and in the distance melting in the smoke of the city.

And Polly and Katy kept busy at home, and the younger children worked and played by turns, and the old woman knitted and complained; the sun waded dimly through the clouds, and the snow melted as it fell, and finally melted before it fell, and was rain.

The cows were milked, and the evening chores all done, and a bright firelight shining from the windows of the little homestead; but the children could not stay in-doors—they must listen for the rumble of the wagon that would shortly bring home the mother. The tea-table was spread, the tea made, and all in readiness.

At last the anxiously-waited-for sound was heard, and the faithful horse, that all knew and liked so well, stood at the door. "O mother! mother!" was the exclamation repeated again and again, with as much gladness as though she had been gone a month. It seemed so long, they all said, "How shall we do without you, when you go visiting?" But the devoted mother, as she lays aside her wet shawl, and kisses one and another, tells them that she is not going to Aunt Polly's at all; that she saw so many nice things in town, she could not bear to spend the money for herself; and then she undoes one bundle after another, and shows what she has brought home for them—new hats and dresses for Polly and Katy, and shoes and coats for the little boys—for grandmother, a warm flannel dress, and some lace for caps; for Richard, a new neckcloth and waistcoat. "But what for yourself, mother?" say they all—"show us that."

"Mother has not got anything for herself," says Richard, and he goes to the window, under the pretence of seeing if it is raining still; but in truth it was to brush the rain from his eyes. "O mother, take my dress, and take mine," say Polly and Katy; and she smiles, and says they would not be suitable—they are quite too gay; and the old grandame, alarmed for herself, holds tight the warm flannel, and says it would not be enough to make anybody a dress but herself; and so, half glad and half sorry, they sit down to supper together. Ah me! they did not know how much they were glad, and how little sorry, till thereafter.

Mrs. Armstrong complained of chilliness that night—they could not make fire enough to warm her. Alas! nothing could make her warm any more.

The following day she could not sit up all the time, and the day after not at all; and though Polly and Katy at her direction did all in the power of good children to do, she grew worse all the time, and Richard left the working and brought a doctor from a great way off; but when he came he shook his head mournfully, and said that medicine would be of no use—they must tend her carefully, and be prepared for the worst. It was but the confirmation of all their fears. O the trembling, the awful agony that came then to that miserable house! they had known hardship and toil without much hope to alleviate it, but they had not known death. No wonder they were afraid to see his pale shadow coming over the face of their mother. All day long, leaving every other work and every other care, Richard sat by the bedside of his wife—night was coming—the, to the frighted children, gloomy, gloomy night: the winds, as they went and came, shook the last dead leaves from the boughs, and the moonlight, as it came to the window, was like the face of a mourner: the night was falling, and all day the sick woman had lain calm; and now as the candle was lighted, they all beheld in her face a look that had not been there till then—it was the seal of the last enemy. She smiled as they raised her pillows, and by name called the little children to her bedside, and looking at them fondly and long, sent them away with her last kiss on their lips, but without having taken other farewell than her accustomed good-night. A good mother to the last, she could not bear to add one pang to what they must necessarily suffer.

But to Polly and Katy she said she was going to die—that they must be good, dutiful children, and comfort their father, and work for him when she was gone. As far as she could see in the future, she told them what and how to do, and had them bring the linen sheets to her bedside that she might see they were in readiness for the burial—said they must be good to the children, and tell them when they asked for her, that she was gone to the heavenly Father who, if they were good, would, by-and-by, bring them to see her.

She talked of her past life, of what she thought she had done amiss, and asked them to think as kindly of her memory as they could—not to forget her, but to forget all that was evil in her life. She would not do any better, as she knew of, she said, if she had all to do again; but she hoped they would profit by what she had done that was wrong, and live better and more useful lives than she had done.

And when they cried, and on their knees besought God to spare their mother, she said, "Hush, my children, God knoweth what is best; you must look to him, and hold closer his hands when you cannot keep mine any longer."

She was not afraid to go; she was willing to go; and yet, for the sake of her children and dear good Richard, she would like to live longer—they were just coming, she said, to what she thought would be happier days—she hoped they might prove so to all the rest, and that they must not make days that might be happy, bitter with mourning for her.

Midnight came, and Richard bent low, and asked her if he should not call up the little children, and in a whisper she said, No; that it would do no good; and when with the day they came to say good-morning, seeing her smiling from the bed, she made them no answer but by the same fearful yet beautiful smiling.

And the neighbors came and talked of the good life of the mother to the orphans, and said she was better off, and they must not mourn, but try to be like her; and Richard buried his face in sorrow, and would not let the sunshine look upon him since she could not; and they laid her hands together, and vailed her face with the shroud, and she made, so, the first journey and the last. And when the tears were dried a little, there was a gathering of the orphans about the hearth, and a whispering of one to another of, "What shall we do?" The father was broken-hearted and sat apart; and the grandmother said Betty was gone, and with her the little thrift which the house had known before—that starvation must come—that was all; and so she rocked herself to and fro on the loose stones of the hearth. The little children did not play now, but stood silently about their elder sisters, and Katy wept and said, "If mother could only tell us what to do;" and so all eyes rested on Polly, and she took the children on her knees and kissed them, and said, almost cheerfully, "I have a plan."

Whatsoe'er they do or dare,
Wheresoe'er they roam,
Have them, Father, in thy care,
Guide them safely home—
Home, O Father, in the sky,
Where none wander and none die.

Such were her last words.

PART FOURTH.

Mrs. Polly Fairfield sits at her worsted frame in her own elegant parlor, dressed in the deepest and costliest mourning, for she had always loved poor Betty, or thought she did; and her stylish daughter Bell sits playing a mournful tune on the piano, as a tribute to the memory of her dear aunt and a consolation to her sweet mother, and a handsome young man sits at the window, partly reading and partly listening to the music.

Mrs. Polly Fairfield has led a gay and worldly life, and year by year grown away from her relatives as much as she has from her early habits. She is not altogether forgetful, but her early life and the way she lived are things which she does not much like to talk about. True, she has said once or twice a year, that she must go and see poor Betty, and has had money appropriated as often, the which she has devoted to various little elegant expenses, which have contributed more to settle her position as a fine lady, than the visit to the poor sister would have done. At one time, she must go to the sea-side, and at another to the mountains; now she must refurnish the house, and now attend the children to dancing school—there was always something to come between her and her long cherished wishes, she said; and so John grew to be twenty, and Bell eighteen, without having seen their cousins at all. John is home for the vacation just now; but it is not he that sits at the window half musing and half listening to the song the young lady sings. It is winter, and the fire is burning warm, and the frozen snow on the naked branches of the trees that stand in the great wide yard (for Mr. Fairfield is a rich man and has a wide yard) but enhance the indoor comfort. Not many people are passing along the street, for it is a rough chilly day, and only those whom necessity sends abroad are to be seen.

Abruptly Bell turns on the music stool, and bites the lace of her pocket handkerchief, looking suddenly toward the young man at the window. He does not heed her, however, but continues to look out into the street.

"Why do you not sing for me, my dear?" says the mamma; "you know how soothing your voice always is to me."

"I can't sing to persons who wont hear," answers Bell, glancing at the young man in a way which indicates that he is the person to whom she has reference; he makes no reply—indeed, he does not seem to hear her, and Mrs. Fairfield says by way of eliciting his attention, "Mr. Hulbert does not hear you, my dear;" and as the young man still continues to look into the street, she explains to him playfully, that he has so much influence upon her daughter, that she cannot even sing unless he is all attention.

Mr. Hulbert politely begs pardon for his rudeness, and claims the young lady's clemency for a moment longer, till he can open the gate for a young woman who has been for some minutes vainly attempting to do so.

Mrs. Fairfield and her petted and spoiled daughter draw near the window, exclaiming, as they do so, "Pray, don't give yourself trouble for that little body,—she is not our visitor, of course."

But Mr. Hulbert, careless of whom the little body has come to visit, obeys the first impulse of his heart, and hurries forth, and not only opens the gate, but takes from the young girl the bundle she is carrying, and assists her down the walk and into the parlor where Bell and her mother are tittering at his attentions to such a looking body; or rather he assists her to the door, for he has learned as they came down the walk, that she is a cousin come from the country, and that she does not know her aunt, but is sure she must be like her own good mother who is dead.

And so Mr. Hulbert leaves her at the door, for the happy meeting is not to be witnessed by almost a stranger as he is.

And here we may as well say that he is the son of a wealthy and popular resident of a distant city, who has just received his diploma, and whom John Fairfield, whose proclivities toward wealth and station are very great, has prevailed upon to pass a few days with him on his way home. That there has been every effort to please him on the part of the elder Fairfields the reader may be assured: as for John, he has felt that he conferred as much

honor as he received, and that there was anything for Bell to do, except to sit still and be admired, had never entered into her thoughts. Beautiful, and having all the attractions which the most costly expenditure could give her, she had been used to homage all her life, and was more than vexed at the little betrayal of indifference on the part of Mr. Hulbert.

Mrs. Fairfield had spoken to him of the deep affliction in which they were all plunged by the death of her dear sister; and had more than intimated that she should send immediately for the poor orphans—not that they needed her assistance, but that change of scene might relieve their grief in part.

Their mourning had also been an apology for the suspension of gayeties, and in consequence of their isolation—much to the general regret—Mr. Hulbert had been thrown for entertainment on the hands of the beautiful Bell.

And to say the truth he had been for the most part charmingly entertained; he had read for Bell and she had listened delightfully; they had rode in the country together—Bell was fond of horses and rode admirably—and Mr. Hulbert had been pleased. Bell sang finely, and Mr. Hulbert had listened, for what young man cannot listen to the song of a fair woman? But the day we have written of he had been thinking seriously, and for the first time in his life, on what pursuit or calling his powers were best fitted for. His college course was ended, his present careless idling should soon be finished, and then how should he employ himself usefully and honorably? Was it Bell that so seriously pressed upon him the necessity of a permanent settlement in life?—perhaps so; I cannot say. Certain it is he had spoken some things which young ladies are apt to construe as indications of the warmest admiration, though anything amounting to a proposal had not been made.

Thus matters stood on the arrival in town of the modest, loving, trusting Polly Merriford. I cannot do justice to the meeting between the generous, impulsive, and almost broken-hearted Polly, and the proud, formal and ungrieving relatives.

True, Mrs. Fairfield said, "I am glad you are come, my dear, though you are not a bit like Betty; we will do all we can to make your stay agreeable," and Bell took the chubby hard hand for a moment in her delicate fingers, and said she was very glad to know her cousin Polly; but the young girl felt as she had never done till then—she could not at first tell why, but tried to think she would feel better presently, when she should know her aunt and cousin better—they were in every respect so above her, she could not expect to be much at home with them at first. They had said they were glad of her coming, and it was surely all her own fault that she was so ill at ease—so wretched at heart.

All her sorrows and all her hopes she had brought to pour out on the bosom of her dear aunt, and now she sat, restrained and silent—the hopes were gone, and the sorrow was choking her. Naturally enough she had thought that if she were only once at aunt Polly's all would be well; she could suggest something or help them in some way, she did not know how—but she was rich and so good—and so the cow had been sold and money gathered together in one way and another to defray the expenses of the journey, and Polly, with the new dress in her budget, and a determination to do something for her brothers and sisters in her heart, left home, and after various sad experiences found her way to her aunt's house.

"If it had happened at any other time," said the mother, when Polly was got into her own chamber, "it would not have been so bad; but just now, when Mr. Hulbert is with us! how shall we manage to conceal the relationship from him?"

"She is so rustic, is n't she, ma?" said Bell.

There was a whispered conversation at the fireside, and it was concluded that Polly should dine in her own room, her tearful eyes and supposed weariness being a sufficient excuse. So Polly remained alone; but she had no appetite for the delicacies that were spread on the silver salver that was brought her—the coarse food on the pine table at home would have been eaten with relish; and as she sat wiping her eyes, she could not help half believing that she was deluded, and not at the house of aunt Polly after all.

The lamps were being lighted in the street, and the parlor was growing dim, having only the firelight as yet to illumine it. Mr. Hulbert, who had been busying himself in his own way, till the joy and sorrow of the interview of the relatives

should a little have passed, entered, expecting to join the circle, and finding the room deserted, took his station at the window to watch for the coming of John, who had been from home all day. He had not been long in the recess when Mrs. Fairfield came in, saying to Bell, who accompanied her, "Our prospects with Mr. Hulbert will be ruined, if he finds that rustic girl is my sister's child."

Those words revealed to the young man a calculation and a selfishness that till then he had not dreamed of. What could he do? He had not willingly been an eavesdropper; his first thought was to open the window and step out. Down the walk he went hastily, turned back, scarcely knowing what he was doing, so strange he felt to find the respect he had had for his entertainers all fallen from beneath him. Glancing up at the house, he saw, through the lighted window, Polly alone and crying; and his heart was drawn toward her as it would not have been if he had met her, as he expected to do, an hour previously, in the parlor.

When Mr. Fairfield returned home that night the position of affairs was made known to him by his wife and daughter.

"I am astonished and grieved," he said, "that you should not have found in your own hearts the love and the wisdom to direct you." And without more words he went at once to the chamber of Polly, who sat alone trying, in vain, to still the conflict of her bosom. The real kindness of her uncle was very grateful to the girl; but it was too late: there had been a wound inflicted, which he was only able to staunch, not to heal: she would not, however, be ungrateful for the attempt to heal, and drying her eyes and ornamenting herself by the winding smooth of her long tresses, and the assuming of a bright smile, she joined the circle below stairs. Mr. Hulbert, partly from the natural kindness of his disposition, and partly, perhaps, to retaliate on the haughty and designing Bell, soon found means of joining the modest Polly in the quiet nook she had chosen; but in the true nobility of the soul with which he came in contact, he forgot that it was pity which had drawn him toward her, and the sweet light of her eyes made a luminous circle in which he quite forgot the existence of the spoiled beauty.

The following morning, when Polly said she did not like the town and was home-sick, and could not stay any longer, Mrs. Fairfield was heartily ashamed, and would gladly have had her remain, and especially since she had found that Mr. Hulbert was not at all shocked. And even the proud Bell said she believed her cousin might be made quite attractive if she could only have the advantage of her training a little while. Many presents were brought for Katy and the little children at home; but Polly said no, she was obliged to them, but she could not carry anything more than she had brought; and so holding fast the bundle containing the new dress her mother had bought her, she was about to depart, when Mr. Hulbert presented himself, saying, he had received news the previous evening, (though he had not till then spoken of it,) which hastened his movements beyond his expectations. Greatly surprised and pleased was Polly when she found that his journey led him in the way she was going.

We need not prolong the story: let it suffice that Polly never repeated her visit, but never regretted it, both for that it brought her wisdom and love at once; for she soon became the wife of Mr. Hulbert, when, and thereafter, the Fairfields took frequent occasion to mention her as their sweet cousin.

Months pass, yes, and a few happy years, when, on a pleasant evening, a merry-making group is gathered at the hearth of Mr. Hulbert. The grandame of the old rustic home has been dead some time, but the father of Polly is there, and the rest of his children; better fortunes have at last smiled upon them, chiefly through the counsels and assistance of her noble husband. Amid the group gambols about a beautiful child—his face (brimming with health and happiness) reveals the features of Hulbert and his fair young wife. The sunshine of a true blessedness beams upon the whole scene. They talk of the old times—the old farm-house now renovated and prosperous—the joyfully anticipated rustication of the whole group there the coming summer—and many other themes of happiness—and of the dear, dead mother, who, deprived of this happiness on earth, witnesses it now from her greater happiness in heaven. The night had gone—the morning had come.

THE OPIUM TRADE IN THE EAST.

THE DUTY OF ENGLAND AND AMERICA.

WE have now gone over the questions involved in the traffic in opium, and the consumption of the drug, which we proposed to discuss in the Magazine. The question now arises, What can be done? We have seen the magnitude of the trade, the enormity of the evils originating from it, and the complicated machinery which perpetuates its existence, and we are met by the question, Can anything be done to arrest or abolish it? There is a general and paralyzing impression, both among statesmen, and Christians, and philanthropists, that the evil is so gigantic, that its ramifications are so extensive, and that the interests involved in it are so weighty, that it is vain for philanthropists to lament, and for legislators to deliberate; it exists, and will exist, whatever efforts may be made for its suppression. "It is true," says the public, both in England and America, "that it is dishonorable to the British name; it is true that it seriously interferes with legitimate commerce; it is true that it impedes the progress of heavenly truth among the benighted millions of the East; but it is so interwoven with our commercial system, and is so powerfully sustained by influential bodies, that to assail it is useless."

We believe not. Gigantic as are its proportions, vast as are its ramifications, and complicated as may be the interests which are involved in it, we believe the terrible evil may be suppressed; that the growth of the poppy in India may be arrested; that the illegitimate traffic between India and China may be destroyed, and that the consumption of the drug to a great extent may be abolished in China. We believe that in the government of England and that of China there is sufficient power, if exerted in the cause of justice and humanity, to suppress the traffic, and arrest the consumption of opium. We believe further, that the time has now come when these desirable results may be more easily effected, and when statesmen and philanthropists are called upon to attempt their achievement.

The empire of China is now involved in revolution. The successes which have hitherto attended the efforts of the revolutionists, and the extent of the empire which has already been subdued by the power of their arms, are indications which, if the insurgents are left to themselves, may well be considered earnests of their final and complete success. Whatever opinions we may form of the anomalous character which they have assumed, and under which they present themselves to the Chinese public and to the world, it is nevertheless an historical fact which admits of no question, that they have assumed this character. They claim to receive the Christian's Bible as the inspired book of the one, only, and true God; they declare themselves to be believers in the gospel, followers of Jesus, and claim to be sincere Christians and faithful worshipers. However impolitic the measure may be, they appear before their countrymen as the uncompromising opposers of the national idolatrous systems, and as the abettors and propagators of a new system of religion, which foreigners are attempting to introduce into the empire, and as such we know them to be recognized and largely opposed by the authorities and people. It is a recognized fact throughout China, that the insurgents are revolutionists in religion as well as in politics, and this fact enters into the minds of the people in examining the question whether to favor or oppose them. The proclamations issued by the insurgents, the books which they publish and circulate, the religious institutions which they have established among them, are all consistent with these professions, and proclaim them to the public. We do not here discuss the question of the sincerity of these extraordinary pretensions; whatever view we may take of them—whether we view them as genuine indications of the real sentiments and character of the insurgents, or as mere hypocritical pretensions—these facts remain the same—these are truisms with regard to the revolution in China. We are free to confess that when the first information of a religious element operating powerfully in this insurrectionary movement reached the ears of foreign missionaries in China, there was danger that the warm-hearted missionary and even the philanthropic foreigner should too readily believe all the favorable reports that reached them from the insurgents' camp, and form too high an opinion of the character and aims of the revolutionists, and indulge too freely in the grateful hopes which this intelligence was calculated to inspire.

But we can as readily believe, that in the reaction which seems to have taken place in public opinion, there is just as much danger of rushing to an opposite extreme, and of arriving at equally erroneous conclusions, by denouncing all religious elements and aims in the Chinese revolution.

Without here entering into this discussion, we would remind the reader, that since the first intelligence of these extraordinary features in the insurrection reached the public and inspired the hopes of all lovers of our race, both in England, France, and America, three great facts have transpired; first, an alliance offensive and defensive has been formed between England and France; secondly, it has become known that the revolutionists of China are as unyielding in their opposition to the Roman Catholic religion as to the idolatrous systems of their own country; and thirdly, it has transpired that among the insurgents the consumption of opium is rigidly prohibited, and that their opposition to the opium traffic is uncompromising. With these three facts before us, we are prepared to account for the reaction which has taken place in England and France, and in their representatives in China, and we are not at all surprised to "learn from Paris that the French government absolutely and entirely rejects the belief, which was at one time very general both in England and the United States, that the insurrection is of a Christian character;" nor to learn that though Dr. Bowring was at first warm in his commendations and ardent in his hopes of the Chinese revolution, now Sir John Bowring, Superintendent of British Trade, is ready to indorse and adopt the opinions of the French government.

The revolutionists then are enemies to the traffic and consumption of opium; they have introduced a prohibition of the drug among what they call their "Heavenly Rules," which are found to be the ten commandments of the Christian's Bible; and if success should attend their efforts to revolutionize the empire, and to supplant the Tartar by a native dynasty, the ancient uncompromising hostility of the government to the opium traffic will again be renewed. In this case, too, new treaties will have to be formed with China, and with those too who are now leading forward the revolution. It is well known that strong efforts were made by the English government immediately after the termination of the war, to secure the legalization of the opium trade. It is equally well known that the war itself originated from difficulties and misunderstandings growing out of the hated and interdicted traffic. On the event of the success of the revolutionists in China, will these things be again repeated? Will another effort be made for legalization? We know the successful insurgents will oppose the traffic. We know that efforts will be made to suppress it; and it may be that, flushed with success and warm with the enthusiastic idea of the complete redemption of their country, they may even be willing to resist it unto blood. Thus the determinations of the new government and the apparent interests of Great Britain must come into collision. Will England be again prepared to send her navy to desolate the coast of China, rather than give up this odious traffic? We believe legalization will be asked for and strongly urged upon the new government. It is a favorite idea with English merchants and British officials in the East, and with statesmen at home, that the greatest evils connected with the traffic in opium arise from its contraband nature; and that if the trade were legalized it would lose its odious character, and become divested of most of its objectionable features. With these views, constant efforts have been made to secure its legalization, and the hopes of the merchants, and the exultation of officials, and the price of the drug have fluctuated as the prospects for legalization have risen and fallen; and we have no reason to suppose that the auspicious opportunity of a country in the hands of a new government, and impoverished by anarchy and revolution, will be allowed to pass without a strong effort to secure this favorite scheme of legalization. If the imperialists succeed in quelling the rebellion, and maintain their hold upon the government, legalization will be secured; if the insurgents succeed it will be rejected, and efforts will be made to suppress the trade, and arrest the habit of smoking. The authorities of England foresee these results already, and in their present movements in China give unequivocal evidence that they perceive their interests to lie on the side of the imperialists, and their sympathies are rapidly following in the wake of their interests.

What will England do? is a question

of great interest at this moment. The apparent interests of British trade would be best secured by the success of the imperialists, but without foreign aid and interference there is but little hope of their final success. In these circumstances can British avarice and ambition be stayed from interference? Already the representatives of Great Britain in China exhibit considerable restlessness, and not only begin to avow their sympathies for the old dynasty and government, but also manifest no little willingness to find an occasion for actual interference. In opinion they are satisfied on which side of the question British interests lie, and are prepared for action, and would by no means regret an event which would bring them into collision with the insurgents. American interests lie on the opposite side of the question, and the result which would destroy the opium traffic in the East is the one which should commend itself to the American authorities; and yet, through the influence of British and French views and opinions, there is danger of American interests being overlooked, and already the sympathies of the representatives of the United States are beginning to flow in the same channel with those of the representatives of Great Britain and France. It is unquestionable that the interests of England and those of America are, in China, at opposite poles, and if the representatives of these countries consult these interests, the policy to be pursued by each cannot be the same; and if, as now seems to be the intention, these representatives act in concert and harmony in any scheme involving interference with the revolution in China, we can only arrive at the conclusion, that England has for once, at least temporarily, laid aside her interests, or that the representatives of the United States have been seduced into coöperation with the schemes of England and France.

But we must wait to see what policy will be pursued by England and the United States with reference to the revolution; the question before us now is, What will England do with reference to the traffic in opium? Will she insist upon legalization? Or, in the event of the rejection of this, will she still enforce and encourage the contraband traffic, and, as she has always done in the past, will she continue to resist the efforts of the new government to arrest the trade, and thus at no distant day be again brought into hostilities with China? We have every reason to believe, that in any event of the revolution, England will enforce and sustain the opium traffic, either by demanding its legalization, or by enforcing it as a contraband trade. Are the Christians and philanthropists of England, and of the enlightened nations of the world, prepared again quietly to look on, and witness unresistingly a repetition of the outrages which disgraced the name of England, and which drenched in blood the coast of China? Will the public of Great Britain offer no protest? Will the government and people of America consent to share the disgrace and hatred of all foreigners, which will be engendered by such proceedings on the part of Great Britain? Will the United States consent that all amicable relations between China and foreign countries shall be broken up by the guilty avarice of England? Will she allow that that vast field for American commerce—that great counterpart of our own western coast—shall be marred and spoiled by a pernicious and interdicted traffic, whose disgrace falls alike upon England and America, and whose consequences are only beneficial to the finances of the former, while they are destructive to those of the latter? Evidently, from what we have said, the time has now come to answer these questions. Whether the insurgents succeed or not, the time is now at hand when, according to the stipulations of the treaties, new conditions and regulations of trade and intercourse must be secured with China, and in these new conditions the opium traffic must be again involved in settling the friendly and commercial relations of foreign countries with the empire of China.

But would not the legalization of the traffic be a desirable achievement, and would it not remove the most objectionable features of the opium trade? Opium merchants and opium growers, British officials in the East, and proprietors of East India stock at home, answer, Yes; we answer, No, and join issue on the question. The introduction of opium is intrinsically wrong. The very fact of growing the poppy and manufacturing a deleterious drug, with the view of creating and gratifying an unnatural and morbid appetite for its momentary exhilaration, which is

sure to be followed by physical, intellectual, and moral consequences of the most deplorable character, is a great moral evil, and we cannot conceive how any human enactments or stipulations can make it just and right. God has made it wrong—human legislation cannot make it right. To be sure, the importation of the drug once legalized, the traffic could no longer in strict grammatical language be called a contraband trade; it could no longer be called smuggling, and the odium of enforcing an interdicted traffic would be removed from the British government. But how would it be removed? Evidently by one bold stroke of power or policy, enforcing at once and forever the long-hated and interdicted traffic upon a powerless people. The odium would still remain—it would still be a fact that the opium trade is forced upon the powerless Chinese. If legalization could now be secured, we could only feel that it would be the result of a necessity of some kind enforced upon them. For more than fifty years the government has perseveringly resisted the trade—has used every possible means to extinguish what they conceived to be a great evil; they have even "resisted unto blood, striving against the sin." This long-continued opposition convinces us that the government and a large majority of the people have hitherto been acting under a conviction of the great evil and injuriousness of the traffic. If now they could be induced to legalize the trade after so long an opposition, we could only conclude that it is the result of some present necessity rising superior to the future interests of the nation; such as a resistless pressure from without, or such an impoverished state of the exchequer as to render legalization a means of saving the country from impending ruin, by the duties derived from the importation of the drug. The imperial government, driven almost to desperation by the resistless advancement of the insurgents, and by the exhausted state of the treasury, was nearly led to the adoption of this measure two years ago. But what honorable people could feel any complacency in the legalization of the trade, viewing it as a measure enforced upon a defenseless nation by the external or internal pressure of national embarrassments? Or what conscientious dealer would find any relief in the reflection that the legalization of his hated and injurious trade had been wrung from the sufferings and wretchedness of the nation?

But what are the evil effects of the opium trade which would be removed by legalization? We have already seen that it would not even touch the shame and odium attaching to the British government and the opium dealer, and could in no sense diminish the real moral injustice and sinfulness of the traffic. If all the legal restrictions which enlightened nations have found it necessary to throw around the sale of intoxicating liquors, were removed by human legislation, would the real character of the dealer in rum acquire any additional respectability, or would the manufacturing of drunkards, or the disseminating of moral pollution in communities, or the desolating of households, become more honorable or less sinful in the sight of either God or man? Would the legalization of the opium traffic save the country from any of the impoverishing effects which are now its attendants, or would it diminish or remove the injurious influence of the traffic on legitimate trade? Would it diminish its injurious influence on the Christianization of the people? Would it diminish any of the horrors and evils of opium smoking? Can we suppose that less opium would be introduced in a legalized trade than is now smuggled into the country? Would the number of smokers be diminished? If human legislators can transform that which is morally wrong into what is nationally right, can they also transform what God has made a narcotic and deleterious drug into a harmless and innocent luxury? Would not the same poverty, the same disease and suffering, the same demoralization follow the use of the legalized drug? The smoking of opium will imbrute and kill its victim in despite of all human legislation. Which of the evils, then, growing out of the opium trade, would be removed by legalization? Evidently it is only the same selfish and hypocritical cry raised by those implicated in the traffic, which has constantly been uttered by dealers in rum. Who has ever been seduced by the croakings of rum-sellers into the senseless belief, that the throwing aside of all legal restrictions from the sale of intoxicating liquors would diminish the horrors and desolation of drunkenness? Let not Christians and phil-

anthropists be deceived into the equally senseless belief that legalization would remove or diminish the enormous evils of the opium traffic. The trade must not be legalized. If it must exist, let it still be branded with the infamy of interdiction. Let it still be smuggling. It would be a disgrace to our common humanity to throw the cloak of legality around a traffic so cruel and pernicious. As well might we proclaim immunity to the slave-trade of Africa, and think to remove its odium and diminish its horrors, by throwing around it the mantle of human legislation.

What, then, can be done to suppress this fearful trade? We answer, Nothing can be done until popular feeling shall be excited against it. The indignant feelings of humanity, awakened to a realization of the magnitude and enormity of the evil, must be thrown into the balance against it, and must become a new and additional element of opposition, to be met and resisted by the governments and individuals who abet the traffic. Christians, philanthropists, merchants, and manufacturers, all of whom have rights and interests that are trampled upon by the pernicious trade, must speak out against it. Englishmen must be determined to cast off the guilt and odium which are thrown upon them by their government and a handful of avaricious traders in the East. Christians, anxious for the evangelization of the vast empire that is being desolated by the drug, must feel, and make their feelings felt by the governments that thus retard and render abortive their benevolent movements. Christians and philanthropists, we conceive, have rights—the rights of benevolent humanity — sacred and holy rights, which no government may invade with impunity. The traffic in opium is a wrong to them, as well as to the Chinese. It is an invasion of their prerogatives, as well as an unjust trampling upon the prerogatives of a great but powerless nation. It is unjust to us, that the treasury of India should be replenished, and the coffers of a few heartless merchants should be filled to overflowing at the expense of the rights and feelings inspired by our holy Christianity, and with the sacrifice of all our benevolent enterprises. We plead our own cause, when we plead the cause of China. Let us speak, and our voice will be heard. Let us feel, and the power of our resistance will be felt. This once accomplished, popular feeling once excited against the traffic, the way will be opened for its suppression.

We proceed to show the feasibility of the suppression of this trade. The power is in the British Parliament and in the government of China; but before showing how this power may be effectually employed, we will first show the practicability of arresting the trade. Are there any great and important interests which would render its suppression impossible? So far from this, we believe that if the trade were judiciously arrested, there are no great and important interests which would render it impolitic. A sudden and violent suppression of the trade would be likely to produce embarrassment in East Indian finances, and probably some cases of bankruptcy among opium dealers in India and China. It would also produce alarming results throughout China, incalculable suffering and an appalling mortality among the inveterate consumers of the drug; it is equally probable that a sudden change would produce a large amount of suffering among the cultivators of the poppy in India. The opium trade has been seventy years in attaining its present magnitude, and involves interests, pecuniary and moral, of such vastness and importance, that it would be folly to suppose that a single dash of the pen could arrest the traffic, or a single edict dash the whole machinery to pieces. The trade in opium in India and China can no more be suddenly and violently arrested than can slavery in the United States; and we would no more wish for its instant abolishment, and the consequent embarrassment, suffering and ruin which would follow this sudden disruption of extensive and complicated interests, and deep and inveterate habits, than we would wish for the instant abolishment of slavery, turning out upon the United States a vast horde of untutored and unmanageable victims of long-continued oppression. But we believe that both these gigantic evils could be destroyed by a gradual and effectual process of reformation, and that the traffic in opium—an evil of equal magnitude—could be suppressed with much less difficulty and danger than its sister enormity—American slavery.

The reformation should obviously begin

in India. Here is the root of the evil, and here the only fatal blow could be struck upon it. That the Anglo-Indian government has the power to throw restrictions around the growth of the poppy, and to regulate the sales of the drug at Calcutta and Bombay, none will for a moment deny, as such a power has always been exercised by the government. Lord Ashley says:—

"I would prohibit altogether the cultivation of the drug in the territories of the East India Company. Many, I fear, will differ from me on this head; and the resolution I shall have to propose does not affirm such a course. It would, however, be a practicable measure; it has been done before, and it may be done again; it has been effected partially, and may be so universally. The whole system in India is one of prohibition; the drug has been suppressed by the presidency of Bombay. I find a paper requesting from the supreme government a communication of the views of the Bombay government as to the best method of checking the exportation of Malna opium. The Bombay government states in reply, that the cultivation of the poppy had been prohibited in Guzerat by the influence of the British government; so, by the same influence, the cultivation of the drug for exportation might be prohibited in Malna. What said Lieutenant-Colonel Tod, whose remarks are extremely important? 'If the non-paramount power, instead of making a monopoly of it, and consequently extending its cultivation, would endeavor to restrict it by judicious legislative enactments, or at least reduce its culture to what it was forty years ago, generations yet unborn would have just reason to praise us for this work of mercy. It is no less our interest than our duty to do so, and to call forth genuine industry for the improvement of cotton, indigo, sugar-cane, and other products, which would enrich instead of demoralizing, and therefore impoverishing the country.'"

This fact—the ability of the government of Great Britain to restrain, and even entirely suppress the cultivation of the poppy—is so undeniable that it seems to be assumed on all hands as an admitted fact: Dr. Medhurst, the well-known English missionary in China, says:—

"The East India Company might, if they would, greatly diminish the trade in opium. If they were to discontinue the growth of it in their own territories, and to bind down the native princes in alliance with them to do the same, while they forbade the transporting of it through their dominions, India would then be no longer what it now is,—*the great source from whence the evil originates.* Were the supplies from India cut off, the inconsiderable stock and inferior quality yielded by Turkey would be far from supplying and satisfying the market, and the practice sink into desuetude, from the fewer facilities afforded for its gratification."

Another intelligent English writer remarks:—

"We have seen that the suppression of this baneful production of the misused soil is practicable. The East India Company can at once put a stop to its cultivation in Behar and Benares; it can enter into arrangements with the native rajahs for its suppression in Malna; it can prohibit its passage through its dominions; it can lend its predominant influence to the discouragement everywhere of its growth, its preparation, and its transmission to the countries in which it is consumed. It can, therefore, relieve Asia from a pestilence which is laying waste some of its fairest portions; it can remove an obstacle which impedes the progress of the holy gospel, and casts dishonor on that worthy name by which all Christians are called. And if the East India Company does not perform this duty, on whom lies the guilt? Not on its directors alone; not on its proprietors alone, but on the British public, who have a substantial, though not a direct control over its proceedings."

That it can be done, none seem to have the boldness to deny. Let the government of Great Britain but realize the enormity of the injustice it is committing against a sister government, and resolve to arrest, and eventually to suppress the traffic, and it possesses the power, and the way is open to effect this work. It need but throw a limitation around the sales at Calcutta and Bombay, interdict the passage of Malna opium through its territories, and determine that the amount of the drug sold at these great marts shall annually decrease until the sales cease altogether. This is practicable, and could be enforced without injury to any of the interests of India, or of the cultivators of the poppy, or of the dealers in the drug in India and China. It is well known that the whole system of opium growing and manufacturing in India is a system of oppression and compulsion, and the oppression need but cease, and the company no longer compel the natives of India to cultivate the poppy, and the whole system would by its own tendencies come to an end.

While none deny the ability of the Anglo-Indian government thus to arrest the whole system in India, and thus strike a fatal blow at the very root of the evil, there are those who present objections to this course of procedure. Interested parties complain that it would be arbitrary and oppressive; that if the English withdrew from the traffic others will enter into it; that if the cultivation of opium cease in India, it will be taken up elsewhere;

that if the passage of Malna opium were interdicted it would find other outlets, &c. We need not stop to consider such objections as these. The most weighty and important objection is, "*that it will inflict a severe blow on the revenue of India.*" Now suppose we admit this fact, suppose we allow that the revenue of India would suffer, and "would be diminished, without any hope of the deficiency being replaced by other means." Is the government therefore justified in inflicting untold miseries on five hundred millions of Hindoos and Chinese to secure this revenue? Suppose without it "we cannot maintain our hold on these vast territories," must "we" therefore maintain our possession at the price of every consideration of feeling and humanity? For three millions sterling, must China and India be sacrificed? Must the one be deluged with a poisonous drug, eating out the lives of the people, corrupting her government, and exhausting her resources, and the other become the constant theater of oppression and wrong, the scene of poverty and wretchedness, the center of famine and death, that three millions sterling may be added to the revenues of the Anglo-Indian empire? Where does the British government acquire the right to this unhallowed revenue? What right has India to a revenue wrung from the wretchedness of suffering millions? Even admitting, then, that the finances of India would suffer by the abolition of the opium traffic, still we must agree in the sentiments expressed by Mr. Tucker, a director of the East India Company, in his noble protest against the cultivation of opium. "I must contend," says Mr. Tucker, "that if a revenue cannot be drawn from such an article as opium, otherwise than by quadrupling the supply, by promoting the use of the drug, and by placing it within the reach of the lower classes of the people, no fiscal consideration can justify our inflicting upon Malays and Chinese so grievous an evil."

But we are unprepared to admit that the suppression of the opium traffic would inflict any serious embarrassment on the revenues of India. A sudden and violent suspension of the whole trade, it is evident, would do great injury in more respects than simply embarrassing the finances of India. But no statesman or philanthropist would urge a sudden disruption of all the plans and interests of the opium trade, and an instantaneous and entire abolishment of the traffic is not the subject we are discussing. Would a gradual diminution of the quantity of opium manufactured, and of the amount of the drug sold at the great ports of India, with the view of the final extermination of the whole system, inflict any serious injury on the resources of the country? This is the question, and we answer, No. When Sir Charles Forbes, well known as high authority on all Indian affairs, was questioned on the expediency of abolishing the traffic, he expressed a decided opinion that the opium monopoly might be abolished not only without loss, but with probable advantage. Hear Sir Charles:—

"I think that it [the revenue] might be raised in due time to perhaps as large, if not a larger amount, through a much less objectionable medium, through the medium of increased and increasing revenues and customs, upon an increased and flourishing trade, carried on by an improved and improving population, having perfect confidence that they would in no way be interfered with by the company in their operations, either agricultural or commercial; and that under such a system, if happily it shall be introduced, the prosperity of India would rise to a degree incalculable, and consequently in every way tend to the advantage as well as the credit of its rulers."

How easily might the soil now appropriated to the cultivation of the poppy be converted into nobler uses, a change which would be gratefully adopted by the impoverished and starving natives of India! The soil is rich; if it were not it would not answer for the growth of opium. Dr. Medhurst says:—

"The lands now employed in the cultivation of the poppy being necessarily rich and fertile, would, if laid out in the raising of other productions, be equally valuable to the possessors; and while the revenue was not diminished, the happiness, health, and industry of the people would be increased; in addition to which, the divine blessing would doubtless be doubly bestowed on those who renounced an apparent benefit to themselves, in order to extend a real good to others."

Cotton and sugar could easily be made to take the place of the poppy, and there is now a loud and growing demand in England for Indian-grown cotton. That demand could be increased, and supplied from the countless acres of British India. Destroy the opium traffic, and the demand for Indian cotton and cotton manufactures in the empire of China, would swell to an extent now incalculable. The gradual

diminution of the exportation of opium would be accompanied by a gradual increase in the exportation of legitimate products from India, and a demand for western manufactures throughout the East, that would in a very few years produce to British India a revenue far surpassing the income from the odious monopoly which crushes India, and impoverishes China; to say nothing of the vast advantages which would accure from these changes to the home manufactures of Great Britain.

This is the work which is in the power of the Anglo-Indian government, and this is the work of justice and humanity which we call upon that government to perform. Let England do this, and there needs to be but little more done to arrest, and ere long to destroy entirely this fearful evil. Let the public of England and America realize the enormities of this unrighteous system; let them see that it degrades and covers with infamy the names of both England and America, and stains the character of all foreigners among the nations of the East; let them see that it interferes with all legitimate trade, and that the greatest market in the world is almost entirely closed against the productions of honest industry; let them see that it is the fruitful source of countless evils among five hundred millions of our fellow-men in India and China; let them see that the name and profession of Christianity is dishonored, and esteemed throughout the East as but a mockery, and that the cause of the blessed gospel is compromised, and the benevolent designs of Christians and philanthropists frustrated, and then let an awakened public speak, — for there is might in the voice of the people, — let England withdraw her countenance from the iniquitous traffic, let India cease to encourage and enlarge the trade, let America protest against the illegitimate traffic and its legalization, and let both England and America declare themselves the friends of humanity and the enemy of all injustice and wrong; and the time is not far distant in the future, when the whole unhallowed system shall come to an end; when the glad and joyous gratitude of millions delivered from oppression, suffering, poverty, and death, will descend upon the nation and the government whose magnanimity set them free from the fatal evil which was working so much ruin among them. The authorities of China and the hundred millions of Chinese will be glad to coöperate in the work of their redemption. The policy of the government and of the people has never changed. There is no wish for legalization in China. The trade is odious still. The edicts and the statutes issued against it have never been revoked. China is now, and for fifty years has been ready to do everything that can be done to save the people from the degrading and demoralizing influences of this mighty evil. The work is ours: it is a work for the people and the governments of England and America.

[For the National Magazine.]

THE SHADOW.

BY ALICE CARY.

One summer night,
The full moon, 'tired in her golden cloak,
Did beckon me, I thought; for I awoke,
And saw a light,

Most soft and fair,
Shine in the brook, as if, in love's distress,
The parting sun had shear'd a dazzling tress,
And left it there.

Toward the sweet banks
Of the bright stream straightly I bent my way;
And in my heart good thoughts the while did stay,
Giving God thanks.

The wheat-stocks stood
Along the field like rows of bearded men,
And mists stole, white and bashful, through the glen,
As maidens would.

In rich content
My soul was growing toward immortal height,
When, lo! I saw that by me, through the light,
A shadow went.

I stopped afraid—
It was the bad sign of some evil done—
That stopping, too, right swiftly did I run—
So did the shade.

At length I drew
Close to the bank of the delightful brook,
And sitting in the moonshine, turn'd to look—
It sat there too.

Ere long I spied
A weed with goodly flowers upon its top;
And when I saw that such sweet things did drop
Black shadows, cried,—

Lo! I have found
Hid in this ugly riddle, a good sign—
My life is twofold, earthly and divine—
Buried and crown'd.

Sown darkly—raised
Light within light, when death from mortal soil
Undresses me, and makes me spiritual,—
Dear Lord, be praised.

[For the National Magazine.]

GLIMPSES OF PARADISE.

A LATE Scottish writer says, "Perfect wisdom placed the perfect man in a garden to dress and keep it." The place and the duty must have been divinely congenial with the exercises of an unclouded reason and an undepraved heart. The love of man's primeval calling seems yet to linger fondly in the bosom of the exiled race. The first pleasure of children is to gather fresh flowers from the daisied mead; or to ply their little hands in the allotted patch of garden ground. "Heaven lies about us in our infancy. Some faint visionary gleam from Eden seems yet to rest on the infant soul, and with the dawn of reason, the first voice of childhood seems to say that paradise should have been its home, and horticulture its proper vocation." Truly and beautifully expressed. In accordance with this beautiful sentiment, since man has been exiled from Eden, and the glimpses of paradise thus continually recur in the visions of childhood, the dreams of a primeval, a long-lost home, should not every parent endeavor to render the home of his children a paradise within and without? within, by sympathy and gentleness, purity and love; by proper instruction and encouragement, the melody of song and the voice of prayer; by care for the development, exercise, and perfection of the body, the intellect, the affections, the manners, and the taste; by inspiring a love of the beautiful and the true, of nature, of man, and of God; without, by surrounding his home, however small his premises, with the forms of natural beauty—the velvet lawn, and trees and flowers and fruits, with shade, and, as far as may be, with retirement. With flowers and fruits will come the waving of foliage in the summer breeze, the hum of insects, the busy work of the "singing masons," the sweet caroling of birds.

A happy childhood is the rightful heritage of every human being; a childhood surrounded by truth and beauty; a childhood in which the infant character receives its impress from a home having order and refinement within, and natural beauty without. A happy childhood gives to manhood symmetry and strength. To old age it is an inestimable treasure. In the waste of memory it is an oasis, beautiful and refreshing; in the desert of life, a paradise. Will not dread retribution visit that parent, who through carelessness or cruelty, by undue indulgence or grinding rule, wrings the dregs of anguish into his infant's cup, poisons the very fountains of being, and early brands the fearful lines of misery upon its life?

Few external appliances, as has been hinted, conduce more to this happiness of early days than the taste for horticulture.

But not only is the love of horticulture shown to be natural to man, by the tendencies of childhood; these glimpses of paradise recur in every period of human life. When the rigors of winter have passed away, and from the earth, loosened from the chains of the frost by the southern breeze, the wind-flower and the violet show their modest faces; when nature begins to resume her mantle of green, and the bursting buds to promise future sustenance and shelter; then recurs the eager desire for the pleasures of the garden. Seeds are purchased and sown that never will be cultivated to maturity; large garden plats are laid off to be filled with weeds before midsummer. Young trees and shrubs and flowers are bought or begged and planted, many of which are to perish by weeds and drought, be browsed by the cow, or rooted up by a petted pig. Though the horticultural fever be thus, in very many cases, intermittent, yet the passion for gardening is deeply fixed in human nature; and these glimpses of paradise continually recur.

The love of gardening is shown to be natural, from another view of humanity. However eager the pursuit of wealth, however perfectly ambition may drink up the spirits and sway the whole being; however desirous man may be of power, pleasure, or glory; yes, the man of business, the soldier, the politician, the devotee of wealth or of pleasure, or of any other pursuit, each and all look forward with pleasing anticipation to the time when they shall enjoy the cool retreats of the garden, the pleasures of rural life. These glimpses of paradise have ever and anon whetted their desire and cheered their labor.

Poetry, in every age and clime, has witnessed this desire in man for rural beauty. True poetry is the language of nature. And in the works of what true poet, who has written in any way exten-

sively, shall we not find the praises of the garden and of rural life? One of the most complete and polished poems of antiquity—the Georgics of Virgil—takes this as its subject, and by its success has demonstrated the exalted genius of its author, and the natural love of man for "the field and the garden." In the works of other ancient poets, in their dreams of a primeval, or their prophecies of a future, golden age, their song is embellished with descriptions of the garden and the field, of the beauteous scenery of cultivated nature, of bird and tree, of fruit and flower. And how important a feature is this in the pastoral poetry of modern as well as ancient days!

History too, sacred and profane, has something to say on this theme. It testifies that glimpses of primeval paradise have cheered and influenced man in every clime and period. Though he may not have always developed this idea, yet the inspiration has kindled his earnest longings for communion with nature. In civilized nations the idea has received development. We read of gardens and cultivated pleasure grounds in different ancient as well as modern nations. The Jews, the Greeks, the Romans, the Babylonians, and others, bore unmistakable evidence of the continued recurrence of these glimpses of paradise. The gardens of the Hesperides, of Lucullus, of Alcinoüs, the hanging gardens of Babylon, the garden of King Solomon in the Canticles—whether or not you may consider some of them merely mythological—were marked examples of ancient horticulture, and the innate love of cultivated natural beauty. But our limits will not allow us to enlarge in presenting instances, as found in modern history, where whole kingdoms, as in the case of England, through this passion and its development, became but wide-extended gardens.

Mythology, savage as well as classic, is varied with the expressions of this desire—the throbbing of this passion in the great heart of humanity. Glimpses of primeval paradise are seen in the Elysian Fields, the happy groves of the spirit-land, as described in classic song, in the islands of the blessed, in the dreams of the golden age, in the gorgeous descriptions of a Mohammedan heaven, in the spiritual fairy-land of oriental fable, in the western Indian's hope that, in a beauteous clime toward the setting sun, "his faithful dog shall bear him company" in the hunting-ground of his spirit-home.

If then, indeed, in every age and clime, to men of every grade of civilization, have recurred continually the glimpses of paradise; if, indeed, the love of cultivated nature be innate in man, the half-formed vision of a long-lost Eden home; shall we not encourage and gratify this love, this desire, by adding the beauty of nature to our homes, the pleasures of horticulture to our every-day life? Home!—Is there any other place on earth, where so well the joys of paradise can cluster? Where is the man whose heart will not be warmed and his eyes sparkle with glimpses of paradise, as, from field or shop, store, office, study, or recitation-room, returning to his home, adorned with trees his own hands have planted, flowers cultivated by one dearer than himself, he meets at the door a little child with dancing eyes and feet, with clapping hands and infant accents, welcoming him home? Say not, there is no Eden there.

Another vernal season with balmy breath is warming into life the torpid tribes of animal and vegetable nature, and cheering man again with thoughts of Eden. Soon again may all sing, "The winter is past, the rain is over and gone, the flowers appear on the earth, the time of the singing of birds is come." With the breezes of the south shall there not come to every one a renewed desire and resolve to labor more than ever to make his home within and without a happy Eden, and prepare for, and anticipate, the paradise above?

FIVE CONSCIENCES.—There are five kinds of consciences on foot in the world: first, an ignorant conscience, which neither sees nor says anything—neither beholds the sins in the soul, nor reproves them; secondly, the flattering conscience, whose speech is worse than silence itself, which, though seeing sin, soothes men in the committing thereof; thirdly, the seared conscience, which has neither sight, speech, nor sense, in men that are "past feeling;" fourthly, the wounded conscience, frightened with sin; the fifth is a quiet and clear conscience, purified in Christ. A wounded conscience is rather painful than sinful,—an affliction, no offense,—and is the ready way, at the next remove, to be turned into a quiet conscience.—*Kitto.*

[For the National Magazine.]

ROCK FORT.

PASS along down the Illinois River, six or seven miles below Ottawa, Ill., and you come to a rock which stands out boldly into the river, and bears the name of "Rock Fort," or, in the provincial, "Starved Rock." It looms up some seventy feet perpendicularly from the water. Its summit is a level circle, about three hundred feet in circumference. There is but one way of approach to the top; that is, through a narrow gap which the waters have gullied out on the land side. This rock, notable in itself, is the scene of a far more notable incident. Many years ago the Illini Indians inhabited the vast prairies and woodlands of northern Illinois; but the Potawatomies came and took possession of the country, driving the Illini from the land. Little by little these last had receded and dwindled away until they were reduced to a band of about three hundred warriors and their families. Upon this remnant, the Potawatomies and Iroquois commenced a war of extermination. At last, heavily pressed, they fled, leaving their families behind them. These were all massacred by the foe. The warriors sought a last retreat upon the top of Rock Fort. Up the defile of which we have spoken, the remnant of the once powerful tribe clambered, and taking post upon the summit of the rock, prepared for a siege. The narrow passage up was closed with rocks, and there, on their impregnable fortress, they bid defiance to the pursuing enemy. But their triumph was short. They became thirsty, and let down their kettles into the river below for water; but as fast as they could let them down, the Indians below, who watched in canoes, would cut their ropes. They could get no water, and there was no escape from their place of refuge. The passage and river were guarded with the vigilance of a panther. There was nothing left them but a prospect of a fearful death. Their food gave out, and, hungry and thirsty, one by one they closed their eyes to die, until on the tenth day the last survivor joined his companions that had perished before him. The old "Rock Fort" of the French became by Indian legend the "Starved Rock:" and this was the last of the Illini. A new race of Illini (which means *men*) are here now!

AN OLLA-PODRIDA.

HUMOR—DUTCH GOST'S STEUGGLE WITH SATAN—AN EARNEST EXHORTATION—THE BARREL OF TEARS—A MARINE ILLUSTRATION—APOSTOLIC HIGHWAYMEN—STICKING TO THE TEXT—SUCKERS—SHARP RETORT—BLACK PEPPER—OLD JIMMY REPROVING A GOVERNOR—LEAVE THE BONES—A WELL-DIRECTED ARROW—A DUTCH SIMEON AND ANNA.

THERE is "a time to laugh," says Solomon, and all good men should believe this part of their Bible as well as that other part which says there is "a time to mourn." Every Christian should try hard to preserve a good aspect, a good stomach, and a good conscience. The last has much to do with the other two. We doubt whether there is any genuine laughter among demons; the old painters always represented them lean and hard-looking; but these same old masters, by the intuitions of genius, we suppose, delighted to paint their cherubs with cheeks puffed out with fat happiness. It is very creditable to the old Catholic friars that the artists have usually represented them as round and well-humored; the fact bespeaks good nature, if not a good conscience for them. The passions are consuming—men of severe or even voluptuous passions are apt to be lank. The painters have, therefore, blundered respecting the friars; monks are usually a dreadfully lean race. Rabelais, who lived among them, knew them better than the artists. He gives them very shabby portraits. His worst monk is long-faced, "lean, lank, and lantern-jawed."

The theology of a people has a great deal to do with their temper; but it is a fact that some sects, the most rigid, or the most laborious and most suffering, have been characterized by, we were about to say, a denominational cheerfulness—perhaps the phrase denominational humor would not be amiss. The Quakers are capital appreciators of good things and good sayings. They know how to enjoy life as well as any other class of men. Their domestic interiors are scenes, not only of good morals and comfortable competence, but often of buoyant cheerfulness; and some of the shrewdest and wittiest heads wear broad brims.

The old Methodist preachers were the greatest wits of their day. Their theology made them cheerful under their desperate trials and incredible labors and travels. Their odd rencounters with

human nature in many of its extreme conditions, gave them a *bonhomie*, a "mother wit," an aptitude at repartee, which made them welcome to the multitudes, but a terror to gainsayers. Methodist history is full of amazing adventures and humorous incidents. They should be gathered up and put on record: many of them, to be sure, would appear not only queer, but, to grave minds, somewhat exceptionable; yet as characteristic illustrations, they have an historical and a literary value. They sometimes point important moral truths, and often give such truths access to a class of minds which could hardly otherwise be reached.

We have given you, good reader, plenty of grave articles on important subjects; allow us then to sit down with you at present, for a little table talk, or a little after-dinner gossip and story-telling if you please. It will do your digestion good, and perhaps your heart no harm.*

Methodism has shown itself adapted to seize, by some special aptitude, on the rough souls of the lowest classes of men, in whatever condition or of whatever race. There is much extravagance produced, doubtless, at times, by its powerful sway over peculiar minds; but with all such eccentricities, its moral result is usually found to be powerful and permanent. A Methodist preacher writes:—"I was traveling the Cross Creek Circuit, in 1815, in a region of country which was mostly settled by German Lutherans, and not much regard paid to the Sabbath, or any kind of religion. There lived on the circuit a German by the name of Gost. He was one of the principal men of the neighborhood, and had great influence among his German friends. At one of our love-feasts I heard him relate his experience, and though it was in very broken English, yet it was told with an unction and a power which melted all hearts, and which thrilled and interested me so much that I have not forgotten it to this day.

"There is something peculiar in the German mind and character which shows itself, perhaps, more strikingly in regard to the subject of religion than anything else. It seems that in whatever enterprise a German embarks, it engrosses his entire energy; and when once fully committed on any subject, he adheres to it with an energy, zeal, and perseverance, worthy of all praise. Staid and sober as he may appear, he nevertheless has the excitability of a Frenchman, without his mercurial nature. Luther was a noble type of the Teutonic mind, and exhibited the different characteristics of which we have spoken, when he said he would go to the Diet of Worms if there were as many devils in his way as there were tiles on the roofs of the houses; and when, in his excited imagination, he saw the devil before him in his study, and threw his inkstand at him; and when, on another occasion, being arraigned before an ecclesiastical council for heresy, and threatened with punishment if he did not retract, he said, 'Here I stand—God help me!' One has said, 'Get a German once converted, and there is little danger of his refusing to take up his cross, or turning back to the beggarly elements of the world.' They seem to carry out more fully Mr. Wesley's idea of Methodism than even the English brethren themselves. When they sing, 'they sing lustily;' when they pray, they pray with all their might; when they speak in class-meeting or love-feast, they come right to the point of Christian

* But let us, estimable reader, have a good mutual understanding in the outset, for we may continue these anecdotal articles hereafter. Please understand, then, that as we do not propose to *invent*, but to *collect* our facts, some of them may not be *new* to *you*. When you find anything in our gossip which you may have met with years ago, bear in mind: 1. That there are many younger readers who may not have met it. 2. That if a story has any worth at all, it is worth repeating once in a while. 3. That not merely the incident, but the manner of telling it, has to do with its interest. 4. That these adventures and anecdotes, having, as we say above, an historical and literary value, as illustrative of times and men, should be put into some shape and placed upon record. We have met them floating about orally or in various publications. Some years ago we "took the notion" of gathering them as they came in our way; they have accumulated on our hands, and have been no small entertainment to us. We offer to share with you, good reader, the amusement, but with the clear and well-understood stipulation, that you will not quarrel with us because they are *facts*, and therefore necessarily more or less known already, in some instances at least. Do we agree to this now? If not, we request you to pass by these articles whenever they may appear, or at least such portions of them as, on reading the heading, you perceive to be already known to you.

We don't wish to repeat this qualification whenever we may take the whim of telling a good tempting old story, and therefore you will excuse this ceremonious explanation in the outset.

experience without any circumlocution. Such was the case with our good German brother whose experience I am going to relate.

"Shortly after the speaking exercises commenced, he arose and said: 'Mine dear bruders, ven I comes to dis blace dare vas nobody here. Den after, mine freins dey comes too, and ve did comes along very goot, as ve dot. Ve did drink viskey, and frolic, and dance, and all dot it vas wery nice; but binebys der comes along into de neighborhoot a Metodis breacher by de name of Jo Shakelford, and he breaches and breaches, and brays and brays, as you never see de like in all your lives. He says: "You beeples all goes to hell unless you git conwerted, and be saved from your zins."

"'Now, vell den, de beeples begins to dink zeriously on dis matter, and dey say ve must do better, or, sure enough, de devil vill get us shust as he says. Den dey gits Christen, and begins to bray; and dey valls down and brays, and croans, and hollers, and I says to my beeples, Dis is de devil; and it goes on till it comes to my neighbor Honnes. Vell, I does not go, and my vife and gals does not go, because I said it vas de devil. Vell, however, it gomes so near by mine house, I says I vill go and see vat is dis ting vat makes de beeples so crazy. So von night I goes to Honnes's to see de brayer meeting, and I sets down and sees de beeples come in, and dey all looks shust like dey used to do, and I dot it vas all vell; but dey soon begins to zing and bray, and I dot dis is all right. Den some pegins to croan, and valls down; and I says, "Dis is de devil, and I vill shust go home;" but ven I vent to rise up, I could not, vor I vas fast to de bench. Den I vas skeered, and I said, "Dis is de devil, sure enough." I looked round, and I dot de door vas growed up, and I vas fast enough. Vell, den I say, "Mine Got, de devil vill git me now, by sure!" I looked more for de door, and bresently I sees him, and I makes von spring and out I goes headforemost. Den I gits up, and runs mit all my might till I comes to mine fence; and ven I goes to git over, I comes down smack on my pack, and now I says, "De devil vill git me, py sure!" I lays dare for some time; den I gits up, and climes de fence, and goes to mine house, and dot I would shust go to bed mitout making any noise; but shust as I vas going in, smack down I comes on mine pack upon de floor; and Madalana, mine vife, did shump up and did schream; and Petts and Kate—dat ish my two gals—dey did shump up and schream and holler; and dare I lays, and I says, "O, mine Got, dis ish te devil!"

"'Madalana says, "No matter for you; it shust serves you right; you vould go, and now you prings de devil home mit you to your own house." Petts and Kate dey both cries, and mine vife she scolds, and de devil he shakes me over de hells, and all my sins shust comes up to mine eyes, and I says, "O, mine God, save me!"

"'After a vile I goes to ped, but I not sleeps. I says, "O, mine Got, vat vill become of me?" Shust at daylight I gits up and goes down to my parn, and gits under de hoss-trough, and smack I comes on mine pack again. Den I cries mit all my might, "O, mine Got, mine Got, have mercy upon me!" I dot I vas going to de hells. Shust den someting say to me, "Di sins pe all forgifen." Den someting comes down all over me at my head, shust like honey, and I opens mine mout shust so vide ash I can; but it filled so full it run over, and den O, I vas so happy as never I vas before in all my life! I did shump like a deer, and I hollered, "Glory, glory to mine Got!" mit all my might. Mine hosses dey did veel round and shnorted, and I did veel round too, and hollered glory, and I did not know dem, and dey did not know me. Presently I saw my gray hoss, Pob, and I snatched him round de neck, and he did veel round, and I hollered, "Glory, glory, and bless de Lort!" I love dis hoss unto dis day so petter than any. I now am on my way to de himmels, and dare I vill bless Got for his pringing me down on my pack, and for mine vife and mine gals; for dey now goes mit me to glory; so, mine bruders, ve vill all bineby meet in dat goot vorld, to braise de Lort forever and ever.'"

Poor Gost had a hard "tussle" of it certainly, but he won the victory bravely, albeit there was much weakness, some fanaticism, "and a little foolishness," add you, thoughtful reader?—in the struggle. Yes, there was; but it was characteristic, and that is the point we have to do with now. It is a grateful fact that truth, saving truth, can work its way into the soul, and renovate, permanently, the moral man, notwithstanding our deplorable im-

becilities. This is the characteristic, especially, of Christian truth. Poor Gost was amazingly crude in his ideas, but the genuine doctrines of Christianity were shining all through the vapors of his brain, and he came out of his struggles a saved and good man. We will not undervalue the pearl though we find it within the rude incrustation of the oyster, which is dug out of the mud at the bottom of the sea. The diamonds that sparkle in the crowns of kings, were found in gravel beds. Gost may shine brighter in the crown of his Redeemer, in "de himmels," than will many a great intellect that has dazzled this lower land.

—

Methodism has taken mighty hold upon thousands of bold, desperate men, and turned lions into lambs; but sometimes the "old Adam" shows himself in them again. It would be a wonder if he didn't. Methodism teaches the possibility of falling from grace. We have known some of the worst cases of fallen humanity crowned by its influence with the very beauty of holiness; and we have known some of high pretensions to make "a gain of godliness," and to behave like very shabby pilgrims heavenward. Brother —— could exhort tremendously sometimes: he wound up once very ardently in an argument for the existence of a Supreme Being. "Brethren," he said, "I am just as confident that there is a Supreme Being, as I am that there is flour in Alexandria, and that I yesterday received from there a lot of three hundred barrels, fresh superfine, which I will sell as low as any person in town."

—

The late Bishop Hedding used to tell an incident in his episcopal career, strikingly illustrating the despotic power of long-indulged habit. At one of the conferences where he presided, a young preacher was charged with indulging to great excess in the use of exaggeration. He was not said to be guilty of positive falsehood; but superlatives flowed so freely from his tongue, that truth had all the semblance, and frequently did all the mischief, of a lie. The young man was sentenced to be publicly admonished by the chair. He stood up in the presence of his brethren, and the bishop, with great kindness, pointed out the evils resulting from the habit. After hearing him through, the accused, bathed in tears, requested permission to say a few words. He commenced by a candid acknowledgment of his fault, and thanked the bishop for his admonition. Turning to his brethren in the ministry, he assured them of his determination to conquer his besetting propensity. "I regret it," said he, "as much as any of you. I have struggled against it. I have wept over it. Yes, brethren, by night and by day I have wept on account of it, and I can truly say it has already caused me *to shed barrels of tears.*"

—

Brother —— was given to marine illustrations, having been a seaman. His eloquence in "that line" has given rise to some side-splitting anecdotes, real or fictitious, and secured him access to almost any pulpit in his routes. An old-fashioned sounding-board, of huge dimensions, was suspended over the pulpit of a church in which he one day "officiated," by means of a rope that passed over a pulley, and which was belayed under a seat in the gallery. This seat was occupied by a sailor. It was one of those sultry Sabbaths in August, when Morpheus is so apt to come unbidden, and spread the mantle of sleep over careless worshippers. The preacher was illustrating some doctrinal point by a nautical anecdote, while Jack, lulled into a state of semi-consciousness by the heat, was imagining himself to be again afloat on his favorite element. The minister's story was approaching its climax, his increasing earnestness had already awakened a large part of his audience and the more exciting part of his narrative was being told with great dramatic power. Suddenly Jack in his dream was startled by what appeared to be the sharp, quick command of his superior, "Stand by to let go! let go there!" he sprang to his feet confused and half awakened, and seeing nothing else to "let go," cast off the line by which the sounding-board was suspended. "Ay, ay, sir; all gone!" Down whizzed the heavy sounding-board, and the minister ducked his head under the pulpit, just in season to save himself from being extinguished.

—

The English *Methodist Magazine* for 1797 contains the following most remarkable narrative:—Four gentlemen and an old

preacher were assailed on the highway by three robbers, who demanded and took possession of all their funds. The old minister pleaded very hard to be allowed a little money, as he was on his way to pay a bill in London. The highwaymen, as our authority informs us, "being generous fellows, gave him all his money back again on condition of his preaching them a sermon." Accordingly they retired a little distance from the highway, and the minister addressed them as follows:—

"Gentlemen, you are the most like the old apostles of any men in the world, for they were wanderers upon the earth, and so are you; they had neither lands nor tenements that they could call their own; neither, as I presume, have you. They were despised of all but those of their own profession, and so, I believe, are you; they were unalterably fixed in the principles they professed, and I dare say so are you; they were often hurried into jails and prisons, all of which sufferings, I presume, have been undergone by you; their profession brought them all to untimely deaths, and, if you continue in your course, so will yours bring you. But in this point, beloved, you differ mightily; for the apostles ascended from a tree into heaven, where, I am afraid, you will never be found; but as their deaths were compensated with eternal glory, yours will be rewarded with eternal shame and misery, unless you mend your manners."

An old Preacher, who knew how to *stick to the text*, took for his subject the striking inquiry, "Adam, where art thou?" Gen. iii, 9, from which he deduced three observations, which an ingenious man might expand into a good sermon.

1. All men are somewhere.

2. Some men are where they ought not to be.

3. Unless such men take care, they will soon find themselves where they would rather not be.

Brother B—— had been lecturing one evening in a country village, on the subject of temperance, and, after the lecture, the pledge was passed round for signatures.

"Pass it along that way," said the lecturer, pointing toward a gang of bloated and red-nosed loafers near the door. "Pass it along—perhaps some of those gentlemen would like to join our cause."

"We don't bite at a bare hook," gruffly muttered one of the rummies.

"Well," replied the ready preacher, "I believe there is a kind of fish called *suckers*, that do not bite."

An Itinerant who was in the habit of preaching in many parts of the country, was once at a place where he observed a horse-jockey trying to take in a simple honest man, by imposing upon him a broken-winded horse for a sound one. The preacher knew the bad character of the jockey, and taking the gentleman aside, told him to be cautious of the person he was dealing with. The gentleman declined to purchase, and the jockey, quite nettled, observed: "Sir, I had much rather hear you preach, than to see you privately interfere in bargains between man and man in this way."

"Well," replied the preacher, "if you were where you ought to have been last Sunday, you might have heard me preach."

"Where was that?" inquired the jockey.

"In the state-prison!" retorted the clergyman.

A black Preacher was closing up his prayer, when some white youngsters in the corner had the ill manners to laugh, so that the sable suppliant heard them. He had said but a moment before, and very earnestly, "Bress all dat is human," when the laugh occurred; and commencing again, just before the "amen," the pious old negro said: "O Lord, we be not in de habit of adding postscripts to our prayer, but if de 'spression, 'Bless all dat is human,' won't take in dese wicked white fellers, den we pray dat de Lord will bress some dat ain't human, also, besides."

The above may be considered a good example of black pepper. The negroes of the South often make not only good Christians, but good preachers. There is a good-humored, yet sharp wit about them at times, which seems natural to their easy tempers, and is not only tolerated but relished by their white hearers. It is sometimes set off with indescribable effect, by the display of white eye-balls, rows of bright ivory, and those peculiar grimaces which the broad African features alone admit. Milburn, the blind Methodist Chaplain to Congress, related, in a lecture in New-York, the following anecdote, as

illustrative of how vice was reproved by one of them. It is told by Governor White, of Tennessee, with much gusto. James ——, or "Old Jimmy," as he was familiarly styled by his friends, was a preacher possessed of a good many peculiarities—in a word, he was what is termed an oddity. In Eastern Tennessee two preachers usually attend meeting, and it is customary to hear what both parties have to say, so that if one drives a nail during the sermon, the other clinches it by way of exhortation. Accordingly, on a certain occasion, when the sermon was over, "Old Jimmy" commenced his exhortation by remarking that it was well to rebuke the vicious and reprove vice whereever met with, but more especially in the sanctuary. "Now," he continued, "if that man who sits back near the door, and who left the room while brother —— was preaching, and stayed out just long enough to suit himself, and got his boots full of mud, and then came in again, thinks I mean him, he is quite mistaken, as I do not; or if that man who sits on the front bench, and who looks as fresh as if he had not slept for a month, but who indulged in a good nap during the sermon, thinks I mean him, he is equally mistaken; or if that young woman who sits there before me, and on whom I have my eye, dressed out in her trinkets and gewgaws, with her flowers inside and outside her bonnet—and indeed it is a shame for parents to allow their daughters to indulge in such vanity—thinks I mean her, she too is mistaken." Thus he went through the entire congregation, rebuking such as deserved it. Meanwhile White was all this time sitting on the end of a seat, rolling about, rubbing his hands in highest glee at the rebuke administered to each—chewing tobacco and spitting around in all directions, smiling and enjoying the hard rubs, when "Old Jimmy" said, "Well, I suppose you are all anxious to know who this individual is; 'tis that dirty, nasty, tobacco-chewing fellow, sitting there with a perfect deluge of spit around him—and only think that the dresses of the sisters must be dragged through it!" White declares he never chewed since.

—

An old Brother once said, "For a long period I puzzled myself about the difficulties of Scriptures, until at last I came to the resolution that reading the Bible was like eating fish. When I find a difficulty, I lay it aside and call it a *bone*. Why should I choke myself on the bone, when there is such nutritious meat in use? Some day, perhaps, I may find that even the bones may afford me nourishment."

—

Robert Strawbridge was the founder of Methodism in the Middle States, where his name is still greatly revered. He was a humble but stout-hearted Irishman, and sometimes thrust the sword of the Spirit at the sinner with resistless effect. Mr. Strawbridge succeeded in building a house of worship, near Pipe Creek, in Maryland, called the Log Meeting-house, in which he continued for some time to preach to the people, and to watch over the society he had formed. The following anecdote is related of this good man by Mr. Garrettson:—"He came to the house of a gentleman near where I lived to stay all night. I had never heard him preach: but as I had a great desire to be in company with a person who had caused so much talk in the country, I went over and sat and heard him converse until nearly midnight; and when I retired it was with these thoughts—I have never spent a few hours so agreeably in my life. He spent most of the time in explaining Scripture, and in giving interesting anecdotes; and perhaps one of them will do to relate here:—A congregation came together in a certain place, and a gentleman who was hearing thought that the preacher had directed his whole sermon to him, and he retired home after the sermon in disgust. However, he concluded to hear him once more, and hide himself behind the people, so that the preacher should not see him: it was the old story—his character was delineated. He retired dejected; but concluded that possibly the preacher saw him, and said, 'I will try him once more;' he did so, and hid himself behind the door. The preacher took for his text, *And a man shall be as a hiding-place*, &c. In the midst of the sermon, the preacher cried out, *Sinner, come from your scouting hole!* The poor fellow came forward, looked the preacher in the face, and said, 'You are a wizard, and the devil is in you; I will hear you no more.'"

—

Some of these incidents may, good reader, seem rather humorous, if not worse, to you, notwithstanding the text from Sol-

omon, and our introductory homily upon it. Let us then conclude with a little passage in another mood. It relates to this same good Irishman, Robert Strawbridge, and is an affecting illustration of the hold which the early Methodist preaching took upon lowly minds, and the manner in which the fruits of Methodism were scattered, and yet gathered, through the wilderness west:—

"I was traveling," says the old chief, Rev. James B. Finley, (one of the fathers of Western Methodism,)—"I was traveling along a solitary path through the woods, and all at once I came upon an old man of the most grotesque appearance, trudging along at a slow rate, half bent, with an ax and two broomsticks on his shoulder. As I approached him I said, 'Well, grandfather, how do you do?'

"He was a German, and replied, 'It ish wall.'

"'You have too much of a load to carry.'

"'Yes, but I can go not often.'

"'Where do you live, old friend?'

"'Shust dare,' pointing to a small cabin on the hill-side.

"'You seem to be poor, as well as old.'

"'O yes, in dis vorld I has noting; but in de oder vorld I has a kingdom.'

"'Do you know anything about that kingdom?'

"'O yes.'

"'Do you love God?'

"'Yes, mid all my heart; and God love me.'

"'How long have you been loving God?'

"'Dis fifty years.'

"'Do you belong to any Church?'

"'O yes, I bese a Metodist.'

"'Where did you join the Methodists?'

"'I jine de Metodist in Maryland, under dat grate man of Got, Strawbridge, on Pipe Creek, and my vife too; and Got has been my father and my friend ever since; and I bless Got, I will soon get home to see him in de himmels.

"By this time I felt my heart burn within me; and, having arrived at the Bethel, I stopped, and went in. His wife, who was also quite aged, was sitting by her wheel, spinning tow. I told them I was a Methodist preacher, and was more than happy to meet with them. There was but one little chair in the cabin; but, though destitute of furniture, everything I saw looked neat and clean. I inquired into their history, and learned that they once owned property in Maryland; but they sold it, and came out west, for the purpose of benefiting their son. They bought a tract of land containing fifty acres, and improved it so they could live comfortably. In the mean time their son grew up, and became restless and uneasy; wished to leave home, and make his fortune elsewhere. To quiet him the old people made him a title to the farm, and took his obligations to maintain them as long as they lived. In a short time, however, the unnatural son sold the land, took the money, and left for the west; since which time they have never heard of him. Being obliged to leave their home, they went into the woods, built their little cabin on congress land, and obtained a livelihood by making brooms and baskets. They had an old Bible, well-worn, and a hymn-book, which bore similar marks of use. Here, in this cabin alone, they held their meetings; class-meeting on the Sabbath, and prayer-meetings morning, noon, and night. They had rich enjoyment. They talked about religion, as if they had been the inhabitants of the heavenly Canaan. We sang and prayed together; and such a meeting I had not enjoyed for years. I realized, in my very heart, that I would not have exchanged their lonely little cabin for the most sumptuous palace on earth, without God. It was distressing to look at their apparel, and yet their faces were radiant in the midst of their rags. I took down my saddle-bags, and gave the old servant of God all the wardrobe I had with me, and then, with many blessings, bade these happy saints adieu. When I arrived home I reported the case to the brethren and sisters of Barnesville, and they went to work, and made up two horse-loads of clothing, meal, and meat, and dispatched it to them. O what a lesson I learned from this Simeon and Anna! their humility, patience, entire and happy resignation to the providence of God! Thus they lived happy in God while they lived; and after a few years, they went rejoicing home to heaven."

That, dear reader, is religion—genuine religion. One thing we may be assured of: if Christianity, producing such results, is not the truth—if any other faith is yet to be found to be the true one, it cannot possibly be a better one than this old couple exemplified, far away there in the wilderness.

COMETS.

AT an early period it was thought that comets moved in straight lines. When this was found to be an error, and they were observed to move in a curve, that curve was supposed to be a parabola, or a hyperbola. And indeed the parabola and hyperbola differ very little from the ellipse in the small part of the comet's orbit, in which it can be observed. For it is only for a comparatively short space before a comet reaches its perihelion, and after it passes it, that it is within the reach of the astronomer's eye or instruments. But it was by and by found that the observations made on the orbits of different comets, would by no means agree with the supposition that they were moving in a parabola, and plainly indicated that their orbit was an ellipse. The orbits of a number of such comets have been calculated, and the result has been the determination of the periodical times of several comets; and these calculated periodic times have been verified by the return of the comets as predicted. The most celebrated are the comets known by the names of Halley's, Encke's, and Biela's comets. A brief notice of these may not be devoid of interest, and may assist us in obtaining a more distinct notion of the cometary world.

Guided by the light which his great theory of gravitation threw on a variety of astronomical observations, Sir Isaac Newton came to the conclusion that the comets, like the planets, revolve round the sun. If this had before been suspected, it had not in any way been proved. To verify it, if really true, became an object of deep interest to Newton, and his friend Dr. Halley. "At Newton's suggestion," says Mr. Mitchell of Cincinnati, "Halley had searched all ancient and modern records for the purpose of rescuing any historical details, touching the appearance and aspects of comets from the primitive ages down to his own time. On the appearance of the comet of 1682, he observed its position with great care, and with wonderful pains computed the elements of its orbit. He found it moving in a plane but little inclined to the ecliptic, and in an ellipse of very great elongation. In its aphelion it receded from the sun to the enormous distance of 3,400,000,000 of miles. He discovered that the nature of its orbit was such as to warrant the belief that the comet would return at regular intervals of about seventy-five years; and, recurring to his historical table of comets, he found it possible to trace it back with certainty several hundred years, and with probability even to the time of the birth of Mithridates, one hundred and thirty years before Christ."

From his computation, and from what he believed to be the historical evidence that he had of its former appearances, Halley boldly predicted its return in 1758 or 1759. He believed that before the predicted time arrived he would be in his grave, but with that thirst for fame which is the infirmity—shall we call it?—of noble minds, and with a patriotic jealousy for the honor of his native country, he expressed a hope that, in the event of the comet's return, it would be remembered that its periodicity had been discovered by an Englishman.

As the period of the comet's return indicated by Halley approached, the calculation of the elements of its orbit was repeated with great care and labor, and under the guidance of the results, astronomers in all quarters were on the outlook for the expected mighty traveler. A Saxon farmer, near Dresden, of the name of Palitzch, first saw it on the 25th of December, 1758. In the winter and spring of 1759 it was seen by numerous observers, and it arrived at its perihelion on the 12th of March, just a month before the calculated time. Even that small error in these enormous calculations, and affecting the passage of the comet through an orbit of such prodigious extent, was owing in great part to the want, at that time, of an accurate knowledge of the masses of the planets Jupiter and Saturn, whose perturbing forces considerably affect the motion of the comet.

Halley's comet was again due in the neighborhood of our sun, and within the sphere of our observation, in 1835. As that time approached, the computation of its orbit was made with great care and labor by a number of very eminent mathematicians, and every perturbing force that might affect it was taken into account. The result established the triumph of science, and showed how firmly and successfully the human intellect has grappled with the great problem of the path of comets in space. Rosenberger fixed on the 11th of November, 1835, as

the time of its perihelion; and the comet having been first seen at Rome on the 6th of August, advanced rapidly toward the sun, and made its perihelion passage on the 15th of November, only four days after the calculated time. This was indeed wonderful accuracy, in tracing the path and computing the period of a body that recedes into space the amazing distance of 3,370,300,000 miles, which in that long journey passes within the range of so many perturbing forces, and which travels at degrees of speed so gradually and so greatly varying. It bears magnificent testimony to the power and grasp of the intellect of man. Yet, let none be proud because of what they have received. The thought that the unknown is vastly, boundlessly more than the known, should keep the wisest, and most learned, and most vigorous-minded, humble. And let the noble achievements of human intellect testify to man, that he is made for something better than groveling among the sensualities of the world; for something better even than the study of the material forms of the universe, and the laws by which they are governed; that he will find his highest and ultimate occupation in the knowledge of the Creator and Lawgiver himself, and his highest and only happiness in the enjoyment of that Creator and Lawgiver as the God of grace and redemption—a covenant God in Jesus Christ—the Saviour and portion of the immortal spirit.

Astronomers, put into the right track by the computations and prediction of Halley, and by the verification of that prediction, were not long in pointing out other comets with a periodic time. In 1819, Professor Encke, of Berlin, detected the periodicity of the comet which now goes by his name, and showed that it had a period of about three years and a quarter. Many opportunities, owing to the short period of this comet, have been afforded for varied and accurate observation, and for calculating its elements with the nicest care. Encke himself bestowed amazing labour on the investigation, and he was led to the astounding and singular conclusion, that the orbit of the comet is gradually diminishing, and that ere long it must fall into the sun. Encke's comet presents the appearance of a round, nebulous body, with a bright nuclear condensation, and it is destitute of a tail. It can be seen, when most favorably situated, by the naked eye, as a star of the fifth or sixth magnitude.

In 1826, the periodicity of the fine comet called Biela's comet was discovered. This comet presents the appearance of a small round nebulous body, with a feeble condensation toward the center, and without any tail. Its periodical time has been ascertained to be about $6\frac{3}{4}$ years, or, more accurately, 6.617 years. We find in Mr. Hind's work on Comets an interesting account of a very remarkable change observed to take place in this comet during its visit to the region of our system, in the end of 1848 and beginning of 1849. That change consisted in an actual separation into two distinct nebulosities, which traveled in company for more than three months. The apparent distance between them was, at first, little more than two minutes, but subsequently it increased to about fourteen minutes. We cannot even mention the other comets whose periodicity has been recently detected. In some it ranges from five to eight years; in others, if we may credit the calculations, it ranges from 3,000 to upwards of 100,000 years!

Comets may have their motion accelerated or retarded, and even their orbits changed, by coming within the influence of the planets or other bodies which they may approach in space. Halley's comet in 1835 had its perihelion passage accelerated by the Earth $15\frac{2}{3}$ days, by Venus about $5\frac{1}{3}$ days, and by Mercury and Mars together about one day. The perihelion passage of Biela's comet in 1832 was shortened, or its motion accelerated, 10.023 days by the united action of the Earth, Jupiter, and Saturn. And Encke's comet, according to the calculations of that philosopher, underwent a retardation of more than nine days, from the influence of the planet Jupiter. It has been thought, also, that comets undergo retardation by the resistance of the medium through which they move, though by many the doctrine of a resisting medium is strongly doubted or denied.

But the most extraordinary change produced by planetary perturbations occurs in regard to the comet of 1770, usually called Lexell's comet. As far as could be judged, that comet had never been observed before. Yet Lexell proved, that in the orbit in which it was then moving,

it had a periodic time of about five years and seven months. In his investigations, he found that this comet had approached very near to the planet Jupiter in May, 1767; so near, that the influence of Jupiter on the comet must have drawn it aside from the orbit in which it was moving into an entirely new orbit; and this had brought it so near us as to enable us to see it for the first time. As it had such a short period, its return was watched for in 1776; but it escaped observation, probably owing to its position in regard to the sun. It has never been seen again, but its disappearance has been accounted for. Lexell found that the comet, in its aphelion passage, about August, 1779, was so near Jupiter, that the mass of that planet exercised a power on the comet 225 times greater than that of the sun upon it, and must, therefore, have again drawn it quite out of the orbit in which it was moving in 1770. And subsequent investigations have shown that the action of Jupiter would so affect this comet, that when it escaped from the sphere of the activity of the planet in October, 1779, it was moving in an ellipse, with a revolution of rather more than sixteen years, and a perihelion of $3\frac{1}{2}$ times the semi-diameter of the earth's orbit; and at such a distance there would be no hope of our ever seeing it again. The perturbing force of the planet Jupiter thus seems to have brought this planet within our view by its influence on it in 1767, and again to have withdrawn it from our view by its influence on it in 1779.

The nearest distance to which comets have approached the sun is a point of some interest. Of 206 comets, whose elements have been calculated down to July, 1852, the perihelion distances were as follows, the earth's mean distance from the sun, about 95,000,000 of miles, being the unit:—

56	comets	between	0.0 and 0.5	from the sun.
100	"	"	0.5 and 1.0	"
35	"	"	1.0 and 1.5	"
9	"	"	1.5 and 2.0	"
6	"	beyond	2.0	"

Of all the comets that have been calculated, that of 1729 had the greatest perihelion distance—namely, 4.04; and the remarkable comet of 1843 the least, being only 0.0055; the great comet of 1680 had a perihelion distance of 0.0062. Sir Isaac Newton calculated that, from its nearness to the sun, the comet of 1680 must have acquired a heat 2,000 times greater than that of red-hot iron. The heat communicated to the comet, however, would depend not merely on its proximity to the sun, but also on the materials of which it was composed.

But we probably conceive ourselves quite as much interested in the nearness to which comets approach our earth, as in the nearness to which they approach the sun. And, indeed, a very slight knowledge of the motions of the earth and of comets suffices to show, not only that they may approach very near to one another, but even that they may actually come in contact. It is certain that several comets have crossed the plane of the ecliptic almost in our earth's path; among these, the comets of 1680, 1770, and 1832. There was great alarm in some quarters regarding the comet of 1832, from its being discovered and announced, that on the 29th of October that year it would pass a little within the earth's orbit; and hence, by those unacquainted with the subject, it was supposed that a collision would take place. But M. Arago showed, that, while the comet would actually cross the earth's track, the earth would be at the time about 50,000,000 of miles from the point at which the comet was crossing. This same comet in 1805 was only a tenth part of that distance, or 5,000,000 of miles from the earth. The nearest approach made by any comet to the earth, is believed to have been made by the comet of 1770, which came within 1,438,000 miles of us.

No sensible effect has been produced on any part of the solar system by the numerous comets that have swept through it. The cometary bodies have been affected by their approach to the planets; but neither the planets nor their satellites have been affected by the neighborhood of comets. This is probably owing to the extreme rarity of the nebulous matter of which comets are composed. It is so very thin, that small stars have been seen through the center of the heads of comets, without being in the slightest degree obscured. There is, therefore, very little matter in comets, and hence their approach to the earth does not produce any sensible effect on it. Were they of larger mass, and so to influence the earth or any of the planets by coming near them, the effect

would be to accelerate or retard their motions in their orbits: for instance, to make our year a few days longer or shorter. It is doubtful if any seriously disastrous result would follow, were the earth and a comet to come even into contact. And it seems probable that the tail of a comet (the great comet of 1843) actually swept over the earth, with what sensible or injurious effect many of us can perhaps tell.

To show the extreme rarity of the matter of which comets are composed, we quote the following statements of Sir John Herschel regarding Biela's comet in 1832. "It passed," he says, "over a small cluster of most minute stars of the sixteenth and seventeenth magnitude, and when on the cluster presented the appearance of a nebula resolvable, and partly resolved, the stars of the cluster being visible through the comet. A more striking proof could not have been offered of the extreme translucency of the matter of which the comet consists. The most trifling fog would have effaced this group of stars, yet they continued visible through a thickness of cometic matter, which, calculating on its distance, and its apparent diameter, must have exceeded 50,000 miles, at least toward its central parts." "Olbers," says Mr. Mitchell, "who studied the subject with great care, was disposed to think, that in case the earth had passed directly through the comet, no inconvenience would have occurred, and no change beyond a slight influence on the climate would have been experienced."

Indeed, the exceeding variety and translucency of the nebulous matter of which comets are composed, taken in connection with the vast distance at which it is visible, lead us to believe that it is something of which we have no likeness on the earth. Small stars being not at all obscured when covered by that nebulous matter in such immense masses—and sometimes appearing brighter when seen through it!—we inquire with wonder what it can be; but we nowhere receive an answer.

The expected great comet must have from us a brief notice before we close this paper. A very remarkable comet made its appearance in 1264, and another in 1556. Dr. Halley calculated the orbits of these two comets with a number of others. Fifty years after the time of Dr. Halley, the elements of the comet of 1264 were re-calculated by Mr. Dunthorne, and such resemblances observed between the results and those which Halley had given for the comet of 1556, as to lead to a suspicion of their identity. About twenty years after this, M. Pingrè, by his calculations, strongly confirmed this suspicion, and predicted the return of that great comet in 1848, thus assigning it a period of 292 years. Between 1843 and 1847, Mr. Hind carefully went over all the calculations, and having rectified some errors, he concurred in thinking that the comets of 1264 and 1556 were identical. M. Bomme, of Middleburg, repeated the calculations regarding the comet of 1556, making the proper allowance for the perturbations of Jupiter, Saturn, Uranus, and Neptune, and partially for those of the Earth, Venus, and Mars. In the first instance, Bomme used the elements of Dr. Halley, according to which he found that this great expected comet will come to its perihelion in August, 1860. Subsequently, Bomme used the elements of Mr. Hind, and, according to these, the great comet of 1556 should return, and reach its perihelion, in August, 1858. Mr. Hind, therefore, thinks that August, 1858, will be within two years, either way, of the perihelion passage, so that the great comet of 1264 and 1556 may be looked for in these parts of space some time between 1856 and 1860; and he is of opinion that our present means of knowledge do not admit of a nearer approximation. Many an intelligent mind will welcome with delight that mighty wanderer come back again, and will see in its return illustrious evidence of the power of God, and of his goodness to his creature man.

With respect to the purposes that comets serve in the economy of the universe, little or nothing is known. We find Newton saying, "I suspect that the spirit which makes the finest, subtlest, and best part of our own air, and which is absolutely requisite for the life and being of all things, comes principally from the comets." And Mrs. Sommerville remarks, that "it has often been imagined that the tails of comets have infused new substances into the atmosphere." The perturbations and retardations of comets have been found useful in determining the bulk and density of certain of the planetary bodies, and are held to go far toward proving the existence of an ether, exceedingly subtile, filling the visible creation.

THE FAMILY OF BETHANY—WHAT DO WE KNOW OF IT?

WE wish in this paper to gather together all that we can learn about the family of Bethany; that we may, if possible, understand the character of its members, and the few things that are recorded of them. We are not to write a history; that is done already; and very absurd it would be either to paraphrase what is told us, or to add anything from mere conjecture. We may, perhaps, regret that we know nothing more; but our regret will be unavailing. The past is beyond recall; and it remains for us to study what monuments of it are left. To study, we say, the records we have, however simple or bare; not to trick out the story in grand words of our own, or render it still more indistinct by fruitless guesses, for almost every history admits of some illustration, and hides a deeper meaning than the first glance conveys.

The sources of our information about the family of Bethany are these: In Luke x, 38–42, we have an account of the reception of Jesus at their house. In the eleventh chapter of John, the sickness, death, and raising of Lazarus are minutely detailed. The twelfth chapter of the same Gospel opens with an account of a supper given to Jesus in Bethany, at which Martha, Mary, and Lazarus were with him. The same account, but without names, is given in the twenty-sixth chapter of Matthew, and the fourteenth chapter of Mark.

Bethany, the scene of all these events, was a village about two miles from Jerusalem. It was a favorite retreat of our Saviour's, who was wont frequently to retire thither, from the noise and din of the metropolis. From the phrase, "Martha received him into her house," and from the general account given by Luke, we learn that Lazarus and his sisters had no parents living; that Martha was the eldest of the three, and that she took upon herself the care of the family. It seems also pretty certain that the family was, if not wealthy, yet, at least, in what we call "comfortable circumstances." It is true we are told that Martha was cumbered about much *serving*, but this we take to refer only to the care and anxiety which even a wealthy hostess may feel for the reception of her guests, not to any inferiority of position. When we read that many of the Jews came to Martha and Mary, to comfort them concerning their brother, we are led to think of people in no very humble rank, since in the East, even more than with us, the number of friendly mourners was very much in proportion to the wealth of the bereaved.

But the worth of the box of spikenard, with which Mary anointed the feet of Jesus, affords a still stronger proof; for that was valued at three hundred denarii, nearly fifty dollars of our money. To us, this would be a considerable sum for such an expenditure; but we must remember that it was much more to the Jews in the time of Christ. Money was much scarcer then; that is, the same weight of silver or gold would command far more of the conveniences of life. So that the man who had five hundred dollars a year coming in then, would be much richer than any one with the same sum of money now. So that even supposing some sacrifice, Mary must have had a certain amount of wealth at her command before she could purchase the perfume at all.

The one sister is very rightly held to represent the practical character; the other the reflective. But we should do very wrong if we assigned the praise and reproof of Jesus to these classes indiscriminately. It is true there is a danger, with men of very active and busy disposition, of being careful and troubled about many things; and, therefore, these words may always serve as a *warning*; but is it not very possible—nay, usual—for the practical man to have "chosen the good part," for the reflective man to have neglected "the one thing needful?" Let us observe, too, that even as addressed to Martha these are rather the words of affectionate warning than of reproof, and that she listened to and obeyed the warning. Very far, indeed, would Jesus have been from wishing that Martha, while listening to his advice, should attempt to assume the character of her sister. She would be more thoughtful now, but little less busy. She would be more frequently looking forward to a better world, but not less anxious to perform the duties of this, and to unite with the cares of her own household the exercise of a kindly hospitality.

Her faith was shortly to be tried—to

be tried bitterly. Lazarus was sick, and their sympathizing friend was far away. They sent at once to Jesus, and received from him the kindly message "that this sickness was not unto death." And Lazarus died and was buried, and four long days and nights of weeping passed before Jesus came. But when he came the two sisters, meeting him at different times, used the very same language, proving thus the union and sympathy of their confidence, even in their worst distress. For that the words, "Lord, if thou hadst been here, my brother had not died," are not the utterance of complaint or anger, but rather of sorrowful resignation, is proved by what Martha added: "But I know that even now, whatsoever thou wilt ask of God, God will give it thee."

The details of this beautiful story are sufficiently familiar to all. We shall, therefore, only stop to answer an objection that has been urged. It has been said, and with some apparent force, "This story of the resurrection of Lazarus assumes such importance in the Gospel of John, that it is impossible to account for its omission by the other evangelists. They, too, were with Jesus, and observed the details of the event if ever it occurred, and yet not one word is mentioned of it; not a chance allusion made to it. But with John it is all-important. He tells us 'that from that day forth the Pharisees took counsel together to put Jesus to death;' that many believed on him; that the Jews crowded to Bethany to see Lazarus; that his life also was endangered by the celebrity of the miracle, and the zealous hatred of the priests; and, lastly, that the triumphal entry of Jesus into Jerusalem was due to the same cause, 'for that they heard he had done this miracle.' How, then, can it be explained that Matthew, Mark, and Luke omit a miracle which John describes with so much minuteness, and invests with so much importance?"

In answer to this objection we may say, in the first place, that scarcely anything can be more unsafe than the condemnation of a writer, or the refusal of a witness, on account of omissions merely. No one who has learned much of historical criticism, or attempted to gain exact knowledge of an event from the partial narratives of several observers, will doubt this. There are so many causes utterly unknown to us which may have operated to produce silence, that, however strange an omission may appear, we can scarcely infer from it alone the faithlessness of a narrator.

But again, we may even suggest reasons which would partly serve to account for this silence. We do not, indeed, lay any stress upon the probability that Matthew and Mark were not with Jesus at this time, and were not acquainted with the family of Lazarus; because, though they may not have seen, they must have heard of this miracle, if it were performed. But it would not be unreasonable to suppose that the account was omitted from respect to the feelings of Lazarus. That he became an object of general curiosity from the time of his resurrection to the death of Christ is asserted by John. The crucifixion would naturally call away the attention from Lazarus, of whom we have no further mention. He may have dreaded the publicity and danger which any account of his history would bring upon him during his life. But John wrote his Gospel at a much later period than the others. It seems not unnatural to suppose that the death of Lazarus may have removed scruples which affected both parties, and may have enabled him freely to record a scene whose actors were so familiar and so loved.

Now, we do not say that these *were* the reasons of the omission. We think that they *might have been*, that they seem to be sufficient, and, therefore, that it would be unfair to reject the story because of an omission which may well have had these justifications, or others as good, but not now so evident. When we have thus disposed of the objection, we shall, perhaps, find our confidence still further fortified by observing how well the character drawn by John agrees with the sketch of Luke. We cannot but recognize at the grave of Lazarus and the supper of Simon that Martha of whom Luke wrote, purified by trial, strengthened by faith, yet still the same—still active, generous, hospitable. It was she who first controlled her grief, and hastened to meet Jesus; it was she who returned quietly, and whispered to her still weeping sister, "The Master is come, and calleth for thee;" it was she who served when Jesus again returned to Bethany, and supped with Simon. And is not Mary the same

—uttering so few words, giving play to such deep feelings, and repaying Jesus for his affectionate teaching by the costly offering and humble reverence that anointed him for the tomb?

But it will not do to hurry over this last and most interesting tale, though, for the sake of brevity and clearness, we shall divide what we have to say into a series of detached observations.

1. It is worth noticing that this scene occurred at a social feast given to Jesus by Simon, and that we have no unfrequent mention in Jesus's life of similar entertainments. The first miracle was performed to promote the cheer of a marriage feast. Matthew made him a supper. It was at a supper with the Pharisee Simon that Mary Magdalene anointed his feet with ointment. Now again at a supper with his friends, Mary of Bethany poured on his head the precious spikenard. The friendliness of which these are examples teaches us in what a kindly spirit he looked upon the innocent pleasures of social life, and forbids the harshness of those who would shun a festival as they would poison. For very absurd it would be to suppose that these are the only feasts Christ attended—that he never went out except to perform a miracle, or to accommodate the enthusiasm of his followers. Nay, rather, with all that weight of care, he was a genial and pleasant companion; so genial, indeed, and pleasant that the obstinate zealots of those days called him "a gluttonous man and a wine-bibber; a friend of publicans and sinners." But we know that this friendship with the bad was sympathy with the penitent; nay, more, we may, perhaps, learn that Christ's *most intimate* friendship was reserved for those whose life had always been innocent. The names of Martha, Mary, and Lazarus, the young man "who had kept the commandments from his youth up," and the beloved disciple, John, will nearly exhaust the list of those of whom it is emphatically said, "He *loved* them." So that while the followers and friends of Christ numbered many a repentant publican and sinner, his most intimate and peculiar companions had never been hardened into crime—had no heinous offenses to forget.

2. The scene of this entertainment was the house of Simon the leper, in Bethany. So say Matthew and Mark, and we accept their testimony as conclusive. Schleiermacher, indeed, thought that John placed it in the house of Martha; but the words are, "At Bethany they made him a supper, and Martha served; but Lazarus was one of them that sat at the table with him." Now, this does not prove that the supper was at Martha's house. She may have been assisting at the hospitalities of a friend; and why should the presence of Lazarus be mentioned if the meeting were at his own table? There is, therefore, nothing inconsistent in the accounts of the three evangelists;

Nor would it be very wonderful for Martha to assist at a feast given by Simon. For he had been a leper; and, though now purified—for otherwise he could not thus have associated with his fellow-villagers—he yet bore the name of "Simon the leper," a mark of former isolation, and, perhaps, of present loneliness. Though such a man may gather round him friends, he will seldom be at the head of a family—"He sitteth alone and keepeth silence, because he hath borne it upon him." We need, therefore, feel little surprise if Martha assisted to entertain his revered guest.

And if we pause to think of the other guests, we shall scarcely deem the act of Mary an interruption to their reverential love. For Simon had been healed of leprosy, and probably by Jesus; Lazarus had been raised from the dead; Martha had welcomed her living brother from the tomb; and the disciples had long been with Jesus, and well knew his kind and gracious character. But Judas Iscariot was there as well.

3. The lowly adoration and costly anointment of Mary are repugnant to our notions; nor would it be either natural or graceful for a modern woman thus to express her devotion, even to a Saviour. But in the East humble obeisance is the constant symbol of respect; and Homer often tells us how suppliants caught at the feet or knees of him whose favor they sought. Every guest, too, on entering a room, was wont to take off his sandals, and receive the grateful supply of water to wash his feet. Then oil was poured on the head; so that, refreshed from the heat and dust of the way, and breathing the sweet-smelling perfume, the guest could partake at his ease of the feast that was provided. Hence the act of Mary, so expressive of humility, of tenderness,

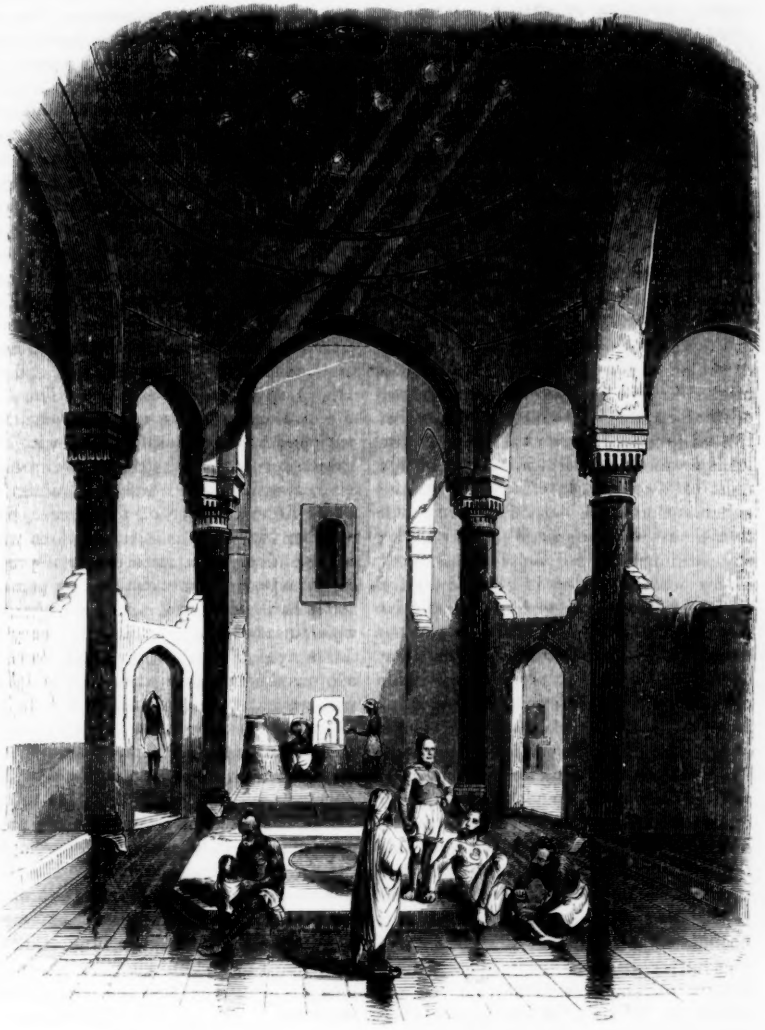
of overflowing love, would not, in the East, appear unnatural or strange. Its costliness, however, was strange, and Iscariot, followed by some other of the disciples, began at once to complain. But Jesus checked their murmuring. The poor—they would have many an opportunity of helping them; and surely Mary did help them, had often done so, or Christ would not have passed away the objection so lightly. The poor—yes, let us help them when we can, and regret that they need our help so much; but shall we lavish nothing on our friendships? Shall no presents testify our love? Shall we be dead to beauty, and discard refinement? The poor Mary had thought of, and would think of again; but just now the crucifixion was at hand, and the deep agony of the garden; why should she not lavish her richest store to relieve a little such sorrow as poverty never brought? For perhaps the most wonderful part of the tale is this reason which Jesus gives: "Against the day of my burying hath she kept this." Not in vain, then, had she sat at the feet of Jesus and heard his word. While the disciples were all in doubt and darkness, and Peter scornfully rejected the thought of his Master's death, and the multitude cried Hosanna, and looked for a mighty monarch, this one woman had listened and thought and felt, and, rising above the prejudices of her time, beheld already in Jesus the crucified Saviour of the world, wept for his sufferings, and loved him for his love.

4. We have already casually alluded to a scene very similar, yet very different from this. In Luke vii, 36–50, there is an account of a supper, at which "a woman who was a sinner" came, like Mary of Bethany, and anointed the feet of Jesus, and wiped them with her hair. The two stories are often confounded, but quite without reason; for though the principal act is the same, all the accessories are different. The one supper was given by "Simon the Pharisee," in Galilee, and at an earlier period in Christ's ministry. The other by "Simon the leper," at Bethany, and only a week before the crucifixion. But the most important point of contrast is in the character of the two women. Mary Magdalene was "a sinner," and Jesus justified her devotion on the ground that they to whom much is forgiven will love much, while he to "whom little is forgiven loveth little." And yet Mary of Bethany was surely one who, in the Pharisee's view at least, needed little forgiveness. But her devotion also, rising above ordinary limits, showed itself in just the same way as that of the penitent Mary Magdalene. Was not her love then equally great? And may we not interpret the one case by the other, and see that Jesus was contrasting repentance from, perhaps, gross sin, not with a pure life, but with a self-righteous arrogance of purity? It is they who care but little, who ask but little, for forgiveness; not they whose life is most free from sin.

5. Let us say then, lastly, that people are mistaken when they think that the way to the highest virtue lies through guilt and penitence. Few ideas are more common; few, we think, more erroneous. It is thought that purity induces quiescence and repose, and leads us to be content with the excellence already attained. Thus even John Foster says of a friend, "I doubt if S—— is not too innocent to become sublimely excellent." But we should say rather that repose and acquiescence in a lower state of virtue is what we are *all* liable to; those who have reached that state through deep penitence, not less than those who have slowly grown into it. Some excitement is needed to correct this; but though that is often supplied by the bitterness of remorse, it *may* spring also from the promptings of a deeper love, from more earnest prayer, or more thoughtful benevolence.

Let us then, if we have sinned, and sinned deeply—alas, how few of us have not!—let us attempt, as did Mary Magdalene, to rise boldly and swiftly through the clouds of penitence and remorse to the calm, clear regions of exalted virtue. But let us never look upon sin as something that can be wholly remedied by repentance; for the height which we have scaled with groans, and toil, and sweat, might have been more easily reached had we always striven to understand the teaching of our Saviour, to help the sufferings of our neighbors, to meet temptation manfully, to feel the deep sinfulness of sin, the high allurements of arduous virtue.

No man can always have the same spiritual pleasure in his prayers; for the greatest saints have sometimes suffered banishment of the heart; sometimes they feel a barrenness of devotion: for this spirit comes and goes.—*Jeremy Taylor.*



THE BATHS OF SOLIMAN.

THE CITY OF THE SULTAN.

CHARACTERISTICS OF CITIES—INDIVIDUALISM OF THE TURK—HIS DOMESTIC DESPOTISM—CHARACTER OF HIS HOME—THE HAREM—WOMEN—POLYGAMY—TREATMENT OF WOMEN—SULTAN'S WIVES—ANECDOTE—BATHS—MOSQUES—A MYSTERIOUS CISTERN—CEMETERIES—FAMOUS TOMBS.

CITIES have their distinctive physiognomies as well as individuals—their particular character, which is easily recognized. The arrangement of the streets, the shops, and the buildings, results from the spirit of the society inhabiting them; or, in other words, they are the manifestation of national character. St. Petersburgh, with all its grandeur, is only a splendid collection of barracks. The regularity and uniformity of its whole arrangement are marked by the military spirit which superintended it. Paris, the capital of civilization, is a vast saloon, inviting all the nations of the world to become its

guests. The French are undoubtedly the most social nation. Their lofty residences, piling story upon story, or rather house upon house, prove their agglomerative character; while London, the exchange of the world, multiplies its docks, markets, and other places necessary to a commercial people, and preserves its individualism in its separate family residences. The exchange is the forum of London, while that of Rome is now in the temple; the superstitious devotion of the latter is manifested in the unnecessary multiplication of its churches.

The absolutism of Eastern government and the rigid character of the Mohammedan religion have not failed to produce a marked impression upon the physiognomy of Constantinople. It might be surprising, if it was not well known that one extreme leads to another, to find individualism the most striking feature of the city of the sultan. One act of despotism gives birth to a thousand others; and tyranny in the state can be endured only in times and places where tyranny is allowed in the family. The phenomenon is here witnessed of a political society where the citizen possesses no other right than that of being as tyrannical as he pleases in his own family. In the street the Turk belongs to the sultan, but within his own house each Turk becomes a sultan to all its inmates. His kingdom is comprised within his four walls, and his empire may extend over but a few individuals; but it is absolute while it exists. He rewards the docility of his subjects, or punishes their disobedience, as seems good to himself. His commands are irrevocable, and he may enforce them by beating, imprisonment, or death, without accountability to any one but his Maker. Even the sultan has no right to interfere with his domestic affairs in any way. "Effendi," said a friend of mine to a Turk of his acquaintance, whom he met with a pretty boy in the street, "is this your child?" "Yes, captain," he replied, "please God and the sultan, it is my son." But some time after, when visiting the home of the submissive Mussulman, the same question was answered with the omission of the sultan's permission. "Allah is great," said the happy father, "and this is my son."

The houses of Constantinople are all built very low, because they never contain more than one family; the windows are closely latticed, and so constructed that the interior is invisible from without. At intervals a single man, a slave, or a closely-vailed woman enters or emerges from this abode of mystery and inviolability, through the little door which is always carefully closed. A police spy could never cross a Mussulman's threshold alive, whatever grounds of suspicion he might possess: the Turk believes in the inviolability of his domicil as firmly as he believes in the unity of God. He barricades himself in his home as the nobles of Europe formerly intrenched themselves in their feudal castles. Every Mussulman's house in the city, however poor or small, contains its *selamlick*, or men's apartment, and its *odalick*, or women's apartment. The former, even in the residences of the wealthy, is a mere antechamber, furnished with extreme simplicity. No stranger ever passes beyond it, nor even the most intimate friend of the master of the house. He receives his guests in it, serves them with coffee and pipes, or with dinner if previously invited. The wealth of the possessor is lavished upon the *odalick* or harem, which contains every possible luxury in the shape of soft divans, rare flowers, odorous fountains, elegant furniture, inlaid with gold and pearl, and burning perfumes in gold and silver censers. The owner of all this luxury may at any time be excluded from its enjoyment by the presence of a pair of slippers at the door of the harem. This silently announces the presence of some lady visitor, and peremptorily forbids all male intrusion. No relative more remote than the father or brother can ever look upon the unvailed female face; so that a rigid Mussulman in middle life, of a limited family circle, may hence see only his mother, sister, and wife. They may gaze unrestricted, however, upon the Greeks, Armenians, and Jewesses of the city. The Turkish women themselves are much scandalized with the boldness of the Frank ladies, who go out with their faces uncovered! How many questions of virtue and vice are settled by latitude and longitude!

Any allusion to the females of the household is considered a great indelicacy. The wife of a French embassador presented Redschid Pasha with some elegant female fabrics, accompanied by a note begging his acceptance of the silks, "which," she added, "you will know bet-

ter than any one how to use." Yet Redschid Pasha has spent much time abroad, and is so unpopular for his zeal in the introduction of reform movements that he is frequently styled "the Giaour" by the "old fogy" Mussulmans.

The multiplicity of wives is not universal in Turkey, as has been generally supposed. The Koran allows four to all true believers, but only the great dignitaries of the empire, or those possessed of large wealth, can avail themselves of this privilege. Every wife claims her separate apartments, and as many female slaves as her husband's means will afford; for these are considered as the representatives of rank or riches in the Orient. Many of the slaves are beautiful according to the Eastern standard, and, of course, the master's will is alike absolute over them all; but the Mussulman who wrongly uses his authority must brave the jealousy of his wife and the condemnation of public opinion as much as in more Christian nations. It must be admitted that the Turk rarely abuses his discretionary power. The slaves of both sexes are generally treated with kindness, and often with affection. The manhood of the sterner sex is seldom forgotten under the disguise of servitude. It is very common to hear them give their opinion and even advice to the master of the house, while their modes of expression show that they consider themselves a part of the family.

The state of female society in Constantinople is probably precisely what it has been for centuries. The hand of reform has left them untouched; and yet upon scarcely any other trait of Turkish life and character are foreigners in such ignorance. It is doubtless because the harem is still as impenetrably mysterious as ever. A few ladies have made their way across the charmed threshold, but only for a brief time, and they have then been such objects of curiosity to the fair inmates, that but little opportunity has been left for minute and careful observation.

Every one has a vague idea that Turkish women are imprisoned in splendid apartments, from whence they emerge in the course of the day to breathe the air of their high-walled gardens, where they are attended by frightful black eunuchs who tyrannize over them with capricious brutality. It is true that the ugliness of the eunuchs whom I have seen can scarcely be exaggerated; but it must be remembered, as I have said, that only the wealthy dignitaries of the empire can afford the expense of many wives, and only those connected with the imperial family are attended by eunuchs. Within their own apartments the sultan's wives are guarded by an old woman, who is a kind of general of the fair troops. But all the women who are recognized as wives have separate rooms and slaves of their own, and they also enjoy the utmost freedom. Many of them are furnished with most elegant equipages, in which they drive out when and where they please, accompanied only by a single attendant, and never by their husbands.

The Turks have some ideas upon the subject of marriage which seem at first view somewhat peculiar to themselves, but, upon examination, they are not found so very unlike more professedly Christian nations.

The imperial harem contains several classes of females, some of them entering at the age of ten years to be trained up for the future, either as waiting women or odalisques. Those who become favorites are called *kadines* or wives, and any one of these who becomes the mother of a boy passes to the rank of an *hasseki* or sultana, and sometimes acquires unbounded influence. The number of his majesty's *kadines* seldom exceeds four. They are permitted to marry at the age of thirty. In order to make room for younger recruits, the sultan bestows them upon his ministers or officers as tokens of his approval. It is considered a high distinction, and is a most eagerly sought favor by the pashas, beys, or seraskiers, both on account of the court education which they have received and the court influence they are supposed to possess. The former consists generally of reading, writing, and music; but the latter is less distinctly defined. The political marriages of European nations are not so unlike these Mussulman arrangements as might at first appear.

Every year, at the termination of the Feast of Bairam, the sultan is presented by the nation with a new wife, of whose beauty marvelous tales are told. Georgia is ransacked for this annual offering, and the selection is sometimes made from the noblest families of the empire, who regard it as the proudest honor. In the midst of all this sensuality, intellect sometimes asserts

its supremacy. A friend of mine recently painted the portrait of one of the dignitaries of the realm, who was so delighted with its truthfulness, that overcoming for the once Mohammedan scrupulousness, he expressed a wish to have the picture of his favorite wife. At the appointed time the lady was led in, and the artist set himself gravely to work. But a few minutes had elapsed after the sketching commenced, before the noise of whispering and laughter was heard at the curtained door by which the sitter had entered: the curtain was furtively lifted, and bright eyes glanced timidly upon the novel scene. Emboldened by indulgence, the screen was held open; the noise and laughter and crowd increased till the conversation of the artist with his employer was quite interrupted by the clamorous troop; when the old Turk arose and hustled them away from the scene, very much as a brood of domestic fowls would be scattered from a measure of corn, and with very much the same clamor.

After the sitting the artist ventured in careful terms to express his surprise at his employer's choice of a favorite; as his quick eye had discerned more striking beauties among the gay bevy who had lingered about the entrance. The Turk admitted the fact, but explained it by stating that the lady, who was by no means so young or so fair as the other inmates of his harem, was the only one among them who could converse with him upon subjects of interest. She alone had companionship for his mind, and the influence she had acquired was the result of this superiority: as one of your poets says, "The glance of intellect, like stranger magic, had outshone them all."

The few glimpses which our lady tourists have given us of life in the harem, are pictures of a true Castle of Indolence. Sleep is the most important occupation of these luxurious abodes. The fair inmates invite their favored friends to come and take a sleep, precisely as our ladies request their intimate acquaintances to spend an evening and take their work. The interim between waking and sleeping is passed in the bath, smoking, regaling themselves with sweetmeats, (of which they eat immoderately,) shopping, riding, dressing, &c. Notwithstanding their invariable seclusion, they are as careful in the selection of their finery, and especially of their jewels, as though the world was to witness the display. It was probably one of the stronger minded of these houris who nonplussed the English lady with her pert inquiry, when the latter expressed her surprise at their interest in their personal adornment, which, however rich and perfect, was to be seen only by the husband. "For whom then do you wear your ornaments?" inquired the fair but uneducated *kadine*; but I have never yet heard the reply.

The women decay very early, as the result of this idle and sensuous life; most of them wear false hair when quite young, and their lavish use of confectionery is ruinous to the teeth. Most of them are much more gross than the Graces, which constitute our *beau-ideal*. The constant use of the bath, and the idleness of their lives, probably give this development to the figure. Almost all the aristocracy of Constantinople are of prodigious bulk. Nearly all the great government officers must be men of extraordinary weight. They make a most laughable appearance in the public processions and ceremonies, which require a great deal of prostration, as it seems an impossibility for them to regain a perpendicular attitude.

Bathing is a religious prescription with the Turks, and the public baths are among the finest buildings of the city. Their interior arrangement is especially elegant. My Bucharest experience did not deter me from new experiments of the same kind. The baths of Soliman, as you will notice from the picture, are of the finest architectural proportions, though not as large or luxurious in their appointments as some others in Constantinople; suffice it to say, I went through nearly the same process of boiling, steaming, soaping, scraping, scouring, scrubbing, splashing, dashing, sleeping, and drinking as before described, and went forth as light and refreshed from the hands of my executioners.

Constantinople, like Rome, is a city of churches and fountains. There are upwards of five hundred of the latter, which furnish the inhabitants with all the water necessary for the frequent ablutions required by the Koran. No one who has seen a native at his meals—destitute as they are of eating implements, save those which were considered indispensable in Eden—can be insensible to the wisdom

of the false prophet in these hygienic prescriptions to the true believers. The supply of water is the only department of public service which is well managed in the city, which is unpaved, unclean, and unlighted.

The mosques are divided into two classes; there are about forty *dmesdjid*, or little mosques, and more than a hundred *djami*, or grand mosques. About twenty-five of the latter are still further distinguished as imperial mosques. They are very similar in form and construction; they are all surrounded with cloisters, where the imans or priests reside with their pupils. Superb trees shade the courts where the fountains murmur their music and spread their delicious coolness. The temple is either square or round, and always surmounted by the swelling dome which characterizes the Saracenic architecture. Four minarets shoot far above the dome with their sculptured stone parapets of different heights, to which the muezzin ascends five times in the day to sound the hour, and as it passes to recall the thought of God to the people.

The mosque of Sultan Achmet is one of the most beautiful in Constantinople, rivaling St. Sophia in the estimation of some critics. It has six towers or minarets, a number exceeding that of any other building of the same description, except the holy temple of Mecca, to which the sultan was obliged to add a seventh, in order that this proud monument of his reign should not rival the most holy in this respect. Immense sums were expended upon this mosque, which is one of the grandest ornaments of the city: besides, it contains the standard of the prophet, which Mahmoud displayed in his contest with the Janizaries; it is only used on occasions of solemn emergency.

It stands upon the Atmeidan, the largest public square in Stamboul. It was commenced by Severus and finished by Constantine, and was formerly surrounded with porticos, and ornamented with statues. But three of these relics of antiquity now remain: the obelisk of Theodosius, which has been once overthrown by an earthquake; the brick pyramid, despoiled of the bronze plates with which it was formerly covered; and the serpentine column which once bore the golden tripod consecrated to Apollo, by the Greeks, after the victory of Platæa. I have been told that the Turks have a superstitious veneration for this monument, which they regard as a kind of talisman of the fate of their capital. Its appearance, certainly, forebodes a most dismal future for them. The three serpents' heads which surmounted the column are broken, and only the three mutilated trunks remain.

The mosque of Soliman the Magnificent has, perhaps, a more beautiful exterior than that of St. Sophia, of which, like most of the others, it is an imitation. Its terraced courts, fountains, and trees, are indescribably charming; but it is inferior in size, as well as in the richness of its ornamentation. It has a window, however, composed entirely of precious stones, presented by a *schah* of Persia, but its beautiful proportions are its chief attractions.

The Mussulman always turns his face toward the holy city of Mecca at his devotions, and its direction is indicated in the mosques by a niche called the *mihrah*, containing the Koran; while the *nimbar*, or pulpit, where the law is read, is on the right side of the sacred niche. In St. Sophia, the *khatib*, or priest, ascends the reading-desk with a saber in one hand and the Koran in the other.

Not far from the Atmeidan I visited one of the ancient cisterns constructed probably by Constantine, as his monogram is still seen upon some of the columns, and the large Roman bricks of the arches. It is called the *Ben Bir Dereck*, or the Thousand and One Columns, though there are really but little more than two hundred. It is supposed to have been built for the purpose of supplying the city with water. Some indecipherable Byzantine hieroglyphics are traceable upon the capitals of the white marble columns, and a future Champollion may, perhaps, reveal their history and purpose when this handwriting shall be explained. The space formerly filled by the twelve thousand feet of water, meantime, is occupied by a silk manufactory.

Another subterranean reservoir, not far from this, is still more mysterious in its origin and character. Its gloomy arches and columns are still bathed by a dark sheet of water which stretches far into the distance. It is called the *Yeri-batan Serai*, or Palace of the Nether Earth. Some attempts have been made to explore these subterranean arches in boats, with lighted torches, but it is said no one has



WOMEN AT THE CEMETERY.

ever reached their utmost limits, and several of the expeditions have but increased the mystery which shrouds them; the hapless adventurers never having returned to daylight and human companionship. It is the theater of all kinds of superstitions with the Turks, and nothing could be better suited to the darker and gloomier phases of Eastern imagination. Many a tale of ghoul and demon is told of its impenetrable recesses.

Any sketch of Eastern life, which left the cemeteries unmentioned, would be as incomplete as the omission of the cities themselves; for the quarters where the dead repose are more extensive and more thickly populated than those inhabited by the living. Their resting-places are also more secure here; no human hand ever disturbs the repose of the sleepers, who have lain down here since the fall of the Grecian empire. The gloom and melan-

choly which are always associated with the idea of mortality in Christian countries, unremoved, though not unrelieved, by the glorious doctrines of immortality, seem to be entirely unknown to the Mussulman with his fatalism, which summarily settles all question and skepticism.

The cemeteries bear witness to the tender respect cherished by the living for the dead, though not always in the manner chosen by more enlightened nations. They have a traditional idea, that the corpse is in a state of extreme suffering until it is committed to its mother earth, and, therefore, as soon as the customary preparations are completed, it is hurried to its final resting-place, where it is deposited on its side, with the face toward the holy city of Mecca, while a hole or passage conducts from the ear to the surface of the ground which covers it. One of the priests catechises the departed upon the more important Mohammedan tenets, the attendants replying by occasional responses. The grave is then left by the friends, who suppose their places taken by two angels always ready to attend the departed spirit to its future abode of happiness or misery, according to the replies which may be given to the inquiries of the angelic attendants, respecting the life and character of the deceased. If everything is not quite satisfactory on these important points, a kind of purgatorial expiation of torment and suffering restores the faithful to the presence of Allah and the paradise of houris.

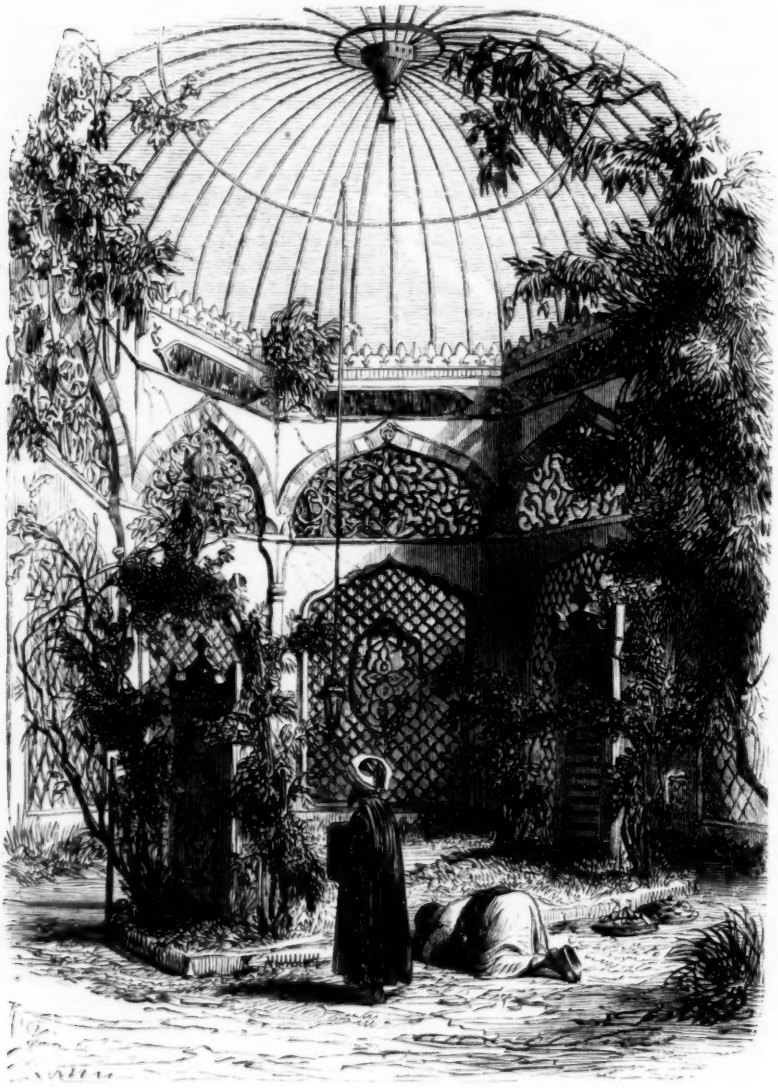
The cemeteries are the favorite places of resort for the inhabitants of Constantinople. The Great Field of the Dead at Pera is the grand promenade of the city. A very slight railing in some places separates the line of tombstones from the terrace where the gay idlers lounge with their chiboques and narghiles, or chat over the refreshments which are sold here in great quantities. German and Italian music is constantly sounding from bands of musicians stationed in the cafés, at the extremities of the resort. Everywhere you are reminded of the proximity of death; and yet the idea seems entirely divested of its terror. Is it the balmy atmosphere diffused through your system which softens and even gilds this always dreaded event? or is it the participation in the fatalism of the people?

The hill of Pera is entirely occupied by the Field of the Dead. But across its summit extends this frequented boulevard which I have just mentioned, bordered on one side with the finest modern residences of the city, commanding charming prospects. The image of death is here in the midst of the bustle and movement of life; the generations of the past are slumbering amid the activities of the present, and the very abodes of the dead are surrounded by those where man still pursues his ephemeral destiny. Yet no one seems saddened by it: in truth, the grave thoughts or religious emotions which it would naturally suggest, are apparently disregarded by those who are familiarized with the spectacle.

The Turks have some pretty conceits in the memorials which they raise to the memory of their dead. Most of their monuments are marble pillars surmounted by a carved turban, indicating by its form the rank of the sleeper beneath. The titles and virtues of the defunct are engraved in gilded letters; while beneath the inscription the stone is hollowed like a bowl, to receive the perfumed waters and flowers with which it is supplied by the bereaved friends. When these are dead or departed, the rains fill the basins, and the birds come to drink or bathe their plumage. The tombs of the women are always decorated with carved wreaths of flowers, or vine or grape leaves, which are their emblems of gentleness, grace, and fruitfulness.

Beside these monuments, which have much similarity in form and size, a cypress is planted at the head of every grave, and the luxurious vegetation of the East, particularly in these constantly-enriched grounds, soon develops their form and foliage, so that the fields of the dead are here forests of the richest shade and verdure. On Friday, which is the Mohammedan Sabbath, these resorts are thronged by women and children, who sit beneath the dark cypresses, in their spectral draperies, like so many ghosts of the place. The pretty children are always relieving points in this picture, which would be sufficiently lugubrious elsewhere, with the turbaned stones, the sentinel trees, each guarding the mysterious passage to the ear of the departed, and the phantom forms reclining in melancholy reverie upon the tombstone.

The newer grounds appropriated to the



TOMB OF THE SULTAN MAHMOUD.

dead have quite a Christian and modernized appearance. Many inclosures are seen among them like those of Pere la Chaise, and the beautiful cemeteries of your own country. It is odd that the empire of fashion extends even beyond the grave. There are "new styles" of shrouds, coffins, and tombs.

"One need not sure be ugly, though one's dead."

At least one need not molder to dust in gloom and obscurity, while there are so many smiling scenes in nature, where the clay, once dignified with the residence of an immortal spirit, can return to its mother earth, with the sunshine above it, and the odor of flowers and the songs of birds. Pleasant memories of the departed are recalled amid these cheerful associa-

tions, even to the mind of the stranger. The monument of Hussein Pasha has a fountain attached to it, whose cooling waters gratefully recall the name of the dead to the weary traveler in these warm and thirsty lands! Many blessings are called down upon the memory of the Georgian slave, who attained his rank through his abilities, and who, even after death, was mindful of the comfort of the living. His tomb is in the field of the dead at *Eyoub*, a suburb which receives its name from the imperial mosque of Eyoub, which is supposed to contain the remains of Saint Job, who was the companion in arms of Othman. Both these heroes are said to have perished in the first Ottoman attacks against Byzantium; but Mahomet II. recovered the body of the saint, and raised this temple to his memory. Here the sultans came, after their accession to the throne of the caliphs, for the consecration of their imperial rights. The *sheik* of the turning dervishes girded the saber of Othman about them with solemn ceremonies. No Christian ever crossed the threshold of this temple until the Russian treaty demanded the opening of its doors. It stands with its gilded minarets and glittering domes in the midst of a field of the dead, which contains the most beautiful tombs I have yet seen in the East. They are of every variety of form and color, and nothing can be more picturesque than their situation in these beautiful grounds, amid brooks, flowers, fountains, and cypresses. Many of the avenues are bordered with tombs in the form of cages, constructed of gilded trellis, overtwined with roses and jasmine. The sketch of the tomb of the *Sultane Valide* will give you an idea of the smiling poetry and luxury with which the Turks clothe death itself. It is a magnificent mausoleum of white marble, with most exquisite carvings, surmounted, as you see from the picture, with an open dome through which the sunshine streams upon the flowers, and the blossoming vines clinging with tenderness about the perfect proportions of the construction, and giving an air of indescribable loveliness to the spot where repose the remains of the glorious mother of Selim III.

The tomb of Sultan Mahmoud is a little hexagonal chapel, with gilded bronze lamps suspended from the ceiling, quite like those in our *restaurants*. The coffin is covered with cashmeres and surmounted with the diamond-ornamented fez, which he made fashionable during his life, and for which his subjects have scarcely forgiven him, though he has been dead so long.

The tomb of Sultan Achmet is near the mosque which bears his name. The coffin is covered with the richest Eastern fabrics, and the jeweled turban which encircled his brows rests upon the head, while several other coffins, containing the remains of his favorite wives and children, encircle his own.

The tomb of Bajazet is also near the mosque known by his name. His coffin is vailed with a gold and silver covering, while, with a most original and incongruous manifestation of humility, his head rests upon a brick, which is said to have been made from the dust worn from the pavements where his unremitting devotions were performed.

[For the National Magazine.]

THE GENTLE-HEARTED.

BY J. D. BELL.

Dream I no more of thrilling smiles and lips of
luscious red;
Pine I no longer for the light voluptuous eyes
may shed;
I know a beauty now whose charm is all my
heart can bear—
Let but its witchery o'er me steal, its balm be
on the air.

Who hath not own'd its genial power to soften
and to win?
Who hath not linger'd, vision-rapt, to drink its
magic in?
It breathes in looks of gentle love, in deeds that
kindly bless;
It is the beauty that perfumes a life of tenderness.

Not by the changing features lit by passion's
fervid glance,
Not by the glowing phantom-forms that flit in
weird romance,
Are my heart's icy founts unseal'd: it needs a
holier spell—
The tender shining of a soul, where kind affections dwell.

Those precious words that gave me joy, when
on a stranger soil;
Those smiles that fed my soul with light, in
sickness and in toil;
Still do I feel their heavenly charm, unwasted
in its power:
The memory of the gentle-hearted freshens
every hour!

GERMAN GLEANINGS.

THE COURT CHAPLAIN OF STUTTGARDT.

IT is not without ground that we always hear of *court chaplains*, not of *court pastors*. Most are really but court chaplains, and dare not be anything more; otherwise it goes ill with them, as it did with the blessed Spener in Dresden. At the same time there are some chaplains who fully deserve the title of court pastor. Such a one was Hedinger, chaplain to the court at Stuttgardt, who was born in 1664, and died in 1704. He had a difficult office, for the then reigning Duke of Würtemberg was no ornament, but a disgrace to his throne. Nevertheless, he surrendered no part of his duty, and kept the salvation of his duke constantly in his thoughts. A few passages from his life will show this.

On a certain occasion the duke had caused some very offensive measures to be introduced, and fearing the remonstrances of his chaplain, had, in anticipation, commanded the sentries before the palace on no account to allow any one to enter. Hedinger, in his robes of office, presented himself at the door, but was in various ways repulsed, because his highness had forbidden any one to enter that day. He did not, however, allow himself to be denied, but maintained that, as a servant of the Most High, he was called upon to speak with the duke that day; and when the sentries at last placed themselves before the entrance with crossed weapons, he gently and quietly seized the weapons, pressed them down, stepped over them, and went, not to be stopped, directly to the prince. The latter, upon seeing him, retired into another room. Hedinger followed him, and, as he went from room to room, continued to follow him, till he at last stood still. Here the preacher stepped earnestly and solemnly up to him, and addressed him in such telling entreaties, and on grounds taken from the word of God, that, deeply moved, he actually put a stop to the proceedings complained of.

Another time when the duke, to please a lady, had resolved one Sabbath morning to take an airing before divine service, and drove from his palace close past the church, Hedinger stepped out, clad in his robes, placed himself in the way, and reminded him of the greatness of the sin which he committed in offering so sad an example of Sabbath desecration. Standing before the horses, he thus addressed the frowning duke: "If your highness can be saved by a cup-full of blood, just drive on. I do not fear death." The prince, smitten in conscience, turned back, and could not but esteem a pastor so zealous for the salvation of his soul.

Once, after an earnest reproving sermon, a company of courtiers petitioned the duke for the removal of the preacher; a petition with which he refused to comply. However, in an evil hour, he gave them permission to punish him for his freeness, in some way, under condition that they should refrain from personal injury; predicting, at the same time, that the chaplain would not let them go unreprimanded. They appeared by night with a noisy charivari in front of Hedinger's house, and interrupted his sleep. He let them rage for some time, then appeared at the window in his night-gown and white cap, and during a pause called down, with a loud voice, "Well! well! so did the rabble of Sodom once." Confounded, they slunk away.

Hedinger is said to have once rebuked the duke himself for certain sins which, in spite of all private admonitions, he would not forsake, publicly from the pulpit, and to have called upon him to repent; and the duke took this so ungraciously that he formed the resolution to avenge himself in person on him in his palace. Hedinger was cited by a short message; and forthwith made his appearance, with an unclouded countenance, strengthened in God by earnest prayer. The duke, who had commanded him to appear alone, without any attendant, and had prepared actually to maltreat his spiritual adviser, looked at him, as he entered, with surprise, and cried, "Hedinger, why do you not come alone?" "I am alone, your highness," replied the chaplain. "No, you are not alone," opposed the duke. "And, notwithstanding, I am alone, your highness," replied Hedinger. As, however, the duke, always pointing to the right side, persisted in, "You are not alone," the pious man, surmising that a higher hand was at work, rejoined, "Indeed, I have truly come alone, your highness. Whether it may have pleased the great God to place one of his angels by me in this hour, I know not." The duke beckoned to him with the hand and dismissed him with signs of the deep-

est quaking. *He who fears God has nothing else to fear.*

PASTOR SCHÖNER.

A young disciple, whom God had a short time before drawn to Christ, and who now found in him forgiveness and peace, once came, in the time and strength of the first love, to the old, blessed pastor Schöner in Nürnberg. Full of joy, he told Schöner how easy everything good had become to him:—prayer so easy,—God's word so fruitful, that he read every word with inward elevation,—the conflict with all evil habits and perverse dispositions so easy, so very easy, that he could not at all understand how, but a moment before, he had allowed such things to attract and carry him away. All this related the young disciple, and praised God for it.

Another time the young man told him how well, after some sufferings, everything went with him: God's blessing, unmingled joy and refreshing accompanying him everywhere, even in outward things. He related and praised God for this. The dear Schöner rejoiced right heartily with his friend, and praised God with him.

The well-exercised combatant, experienced in the ways of God, then told him of the sufferings of his earlier life. Schöner had a dearly-beloved young daughter of about eighteen years of age;—heaven dwelt in her heart and beamed from her eyes. She suffered for years from epileptic fits, and was at this time on the verge of death. The infirm old man had to witness daily the convulsive, violent movements, the struggles of young life with the irremediable evil in his child, and listen to the tones of distress which she unconsciously uttered. Into this domestic misery, and into other parts of the tale of sorrows which composed the history of his life, he gave his young friend an insight. Tears flowed down his trembling face; but amid the tears he raised joyfully his hands and eyes, and praised God as fervently, as sincerely, as one who thanks God for the greatest joys, for a foretaste of blessedness itself. "For," said he, "until I was afflicted, I did not know Him. The greater the pain, so much the more intensely do we feel how dear is his love,—the love which draws and raises us to heaven." Therefore is it said, "We must through much tribulation enter into the kingdom of God."

The same young disciple, some time after his conversion, fell into acquaintance with persons who, in all sorts of mysterious arts and secret doctrines, followed, as they thought, a higher and more concealed wisdom. He, at first, with an inward resistance, entered their society, and took part in their proceedings, and read with great interest those books in particular which represented such extraordinary ways and doctrines. He told Schöner of it, and praised God that, through the doctrines of Christianity, he had prepared men for such high wisdom, for such depth of knowledge.

Schöner did not rejoice over what his young friend related, nor second him in praising God. His eye, his voice, were otherwise than heretofore; it was as if there came over the old man an impatience, a sadness, never before remarked in him. "It is not" (such, if I understood him aright, was about his meaning) "the humble Messiah, who became and was everywhere found as a man; it is not the Son of God and of the poor Mary,—he who is praised to all eternity,—whom such theosophists adore. The voice of our Saviour, to which we should attend, which we should learn to know, (John x, 4,) sounds lowly, simply, and is intelligible to even the simplest souls. The voice of the so-called Christ, who conducts these to their 'deep knowledge,' sounds proudly, is high-swollen, high-wrought; the simple understand it not. This false Christ is none other than the father of pride and lies himself. And although those who pray to him were to do wonders in his power, resembling to appearance those of the Almighty; although in this power they moved with the voluntary self-renunciation and holiness of angels; yet it would be not well, but sinfully done: for it is not done in God, but in the devil."

Thereupon the old man praised God that he, the longer the more, led poor sinners to the simple contemplation and enjoyment of the height and depth, and length and breadth, of the one eternal truth, that Jesus Christ is come to make the sinful blessed. As he only who is not heated by a fire kindled without, or by the glow of a fever within, can feel the warmth of the sun's rays; so he only can know, feel, and experience God's mercy, and the power of God in Christ, who keeps lowly before him.

THE RIGHT OF ERRING.

IN their enumeration of the rights of man, have our readers ever reckoned the right of erring? We fear not. This invaluable right has not met with that attention which it justly claims. It has never yet, we believe, been properly defined and guaranteed. But when the great senate of common sense assembles, and some sanguine men think that the session is at hand, the right of erring, we are sure, will receive its very earliest attention. This senate, unhappily, will not be elected by *universal* suffrage; but the constituency is large, and includes, we feel certain, every one of our readers, not a few of whom, we hope, are even fitted to be representatives.

But we shall proceed to relate the circumstances under which the right of erring was lately introduced to our notice. We have a friend, the member of a learned society, who kindly invited us to attend one of its learned meetings; and he naturally wished, both for the honor of the society and the entertainment of his companion, that the proceedings on this occasion should be more than usually luminous and edifying. But though it was natural for him to wish this, it was very unphilosophical of him to expect it. For philosophy gravely instructs us that matters are always likeliest to go wrong when most you wish them to keep right; and that the things you fear, or other things that you have never even thought of fearing, will happen at precisely the most inopportune moment. Thus, if you invite a few select friends to chat with you round the fire, then, if ever, will the chimney smoke. If your dinner-table is covered with a clean and snowy cloth—particularly if the day be Sunday—then will the gravy, or the juice of the plum-pie be spilt. If for years you have dealt at a certain shop, and now have recommended your friend to make a purchase there, to-morrow you will hear of articles not worth half the money paid for them, and be invited to convince yourself of the confounding fact by ocular demonstration. Last and worst, if you invite an acquaintance to hear your minister—whom you, perhaps, think all the world ought to admire—then, it may be for the first time, will you discover a man who can see "nothing in him," or be chagrined after service with the question, asked in the very meekest tone, whether Mr. —— was up to his average to-day?

No wonder, then, that on the occasion of which we are speaking, instead of the stream of scientific discourse running pellucidly over its hard pebbly bottom of facts, the "waters were troubled." The hour for commencing business struck, the minutes of the last meeting were read, and we were putting ourselves into a scientific state to listen to the paper of the evening, when up rose a grievance and stopped the way. Somebody had said something that had aggrieved somebody else. Statements, sub-statements, and counter-statements were made. It was queried whether both sides should be heard, or whteher neither should; and things began to wear quite a military aspect. Our friend, in dismay, whispered to us, that "in all the meetings he had ever attended, nothing of the kind had ever taken place." "Of course not," we could have said; but we contented ourselves with assuring him that the proceedings, though quite unexpected, were very funny and pleasing. Meanwhile, the chairman, fluttered with his responsibilities, took up a great deal of time in proving that no more time ought to be taken up. About this grievance and about it, did he wind his web of words, till it was utterly shut up from popular view—that is, from our view. But, singular to say, he managed to dispose of the grievance through the very fact that it was unmanageable by him. Coherently with it he could not deal; how can any man, especially any chairman, deal coherently with a grievance? So he treated it like a caterpillar, as it was—a caterpillar eating out the vitals of the society; he wound it round, and fastened it up, in a wordy web of inextricability, thus forcing it to become a silent chrysalis, in which silence, coming to its senses, it has by this time, we hope, taken to itself wings and flown away, leaving the aforesaid cocoon of mystification to be blown away—a kindness that we trust also the wind has already done it.

And now we come to the point. Having accomplished his feat, the chairman ended thus:—"In a moment of mistake or irritation," said he, "I may—any gentleman—may say something which he would be glad to withdraw. I claim for myself, then, and I willingly concede to others, the right of erring." (Cheers.)

Cheers, indeed! It was worth getting into a temporary embroilment in order to hear such noble sentiments proclaimed. Let any one of our readers, who aspires to be a representative in the assembly of common sense, frame at once the rough draught of a bill to define and secure this right; and should he carry it, his name will be great through many generations. Wives will bless him, who are relieved from hasty, tyrannous fault-finding; husbands bless him, for the increase of that charity which hopeth and beareth all things, even when wounded. Children's thanks shall he have for restricting within due limits that ancient, venerable, but still aggressive institution of the birch. His name shall be a household word with the poor, because he has taught men to distinguish between fumblings as of those half blinded with ignorance, and stumblings as of the willful drunkard. The rich shall place his statue in their halls, because by him it was made known that their misdoings were not the mere fruit of unsympathetic callousness. Editors and authors shall propagate his fame, because, through his influence, they are tried—and often warmly approved—by the generous spirit, instead of being condemned without trial by the deadly uncompromising letter. The Christian ministry shall pay a hallowed tribute to his memory, as great among the peacemakers, for now no more their hearers "lie in wait for them;" but with them wait on the Lord, approving them and loving them for the substance and spirit of their teaching, not uncharitably defaming them for its imperfections. Statesmen shall have him portrayed in brightest fresco, as with an expression of countenance the manliest and the kindest, he addressed the house in advocacy of his bill. Students, with excusable scatterbrainedness of expression (excusable in virtue of his bill!) shall extol him in their debating clubs, and noisily thump him into yet greater distinction. Poets shall become illustrious by their illustration of the spirit and progress of his doctrines, and shall sweetly sing of him in lines as imperishable as his renown. Associated scientific societies shall honor their stateliest chambers of assembly by calling them after his name, knowing, as they then will, that a too great fear of error, an unwise forgetfulness that some erroneous growths must needs spring, and an uncharitable intolerance toward the errors of those who, on the whole, are right, are among the greatest hinderances to scientific as to general advancement. The religious world shall count him an apostle of the modern age, and never speak of him without a glow of love toward God and man. In that happy time which his work shall usher in, the art (O happy art!) of making ink entirely without gall, shall be discovered. And then, too, shall a sublime unity of faith and knowledge be achieved, to the delight of mankind, and to the astonishment of all but the few who had long been sorrowfully, and more strenuously than successfully, engaged in dissuading men from seeking unanimity of opinion as a first thing, instead of a last.

We regret to say that in the very heat and height of our argument, we have received a letter from Dr. Wach, to whom we said a word lately about the right of erring, informing us that what we said "contravenes the first principles of orthodoxy." This, as may be supposed, has had a most depressing effect upon our mind; but we trust we shall be able to convince our readers, if not the doctor, that he is mistaken. Dr. Wach says, too, that he has no doubt if we were to "write in that way," and any respectable magazine should print it, at least one hundred and fifty subscribers would cease taking the magazine. Does the doctor mean to say that OURS is not a respectable magazine? We believe we do not number among our readers *fifty* persons of such uncompromising cowardice and meanness. Fifty? we trust not five. But if five there be, let them at least take in one of our future numbers in which we propose to give some hints toward the draught of a bill of rights in this matter of erring, with some particulars not unentertaining, and yet not unedifying, about Dr. Wach, which are entirely germane, and even *pat* to our purpose.

LITERATURE.—It opens a back door out of the bustle of the busy world into a delicious garden of moral and intellectual fruits and flowers, the key of which is denied to the rest of mankind. Our happiness no longer lives on charity, nor leans on that most precarious and thorny pillow —another's pleasure—for our repose.—*Young*.

The National Magazine.

MAY, 1855.

EDITORIAL NOTES AND GLEANINGS.

OURSELVES: IMPROVED ARRANGEMENT.—By a recent arrangement we have very much reinforced the corps of laborers on our pages.

The whole of the literary and critical department of the Magazine will hereafter devolve upon a new and competent hand. This department includes the critical *Book Notices*, the *Literary Record*, and the monthly items of *Arts and Sciences*. They will be confided exclusively to the attention of a gentleman of literary abilities, who is well known in the literary world.

We have also added to our corps, a gentleman of superior ability and established reputation, who, besides contributing an original monthly article, will take charge of a large portion of the selections and manuscript examinations—the kind of "editorial drudgery" at which we some time ago made such frightful editorial grimaces. The threat we then uttered, (no doubt to the great discomfort of our readers,) that we would "retire in disgust" from our chair editorial, will be thus considerably qualified. If they will be consoled, we shall kindly stand by them till our period of service closes.

It is due to ourselves to say that this improved arrangement is at our own expense—and no small expense—it devolves no additional expenditure on the Magazine itself.

Thus relieved, in part at least, from a sort of work, respecting which we have always pleaded our dislike and incompetence, we shall be able to devote ourselves hereafter (whether for the good or evil of our readers) more entirely to our more favorite task of original editorials. We shall, hereafter, double the usual number of such of our articles.

As our next number ends the present semi-annual volume, we shall detail then more fully this arrangement, together with other items of our programme for the ensuing volume.

—

GREAT MEN AMONG THE PEOPLE.—Two interesting articles—sketches of great men among the people—have been pressed out of our present number, but shall appear in our next. The first is an entertaining narrative of the life and scientific labors of Dexter Marsh, the discoverer of organic remains in the New Red Sandstone, a fact by which the existence of animal life on our planet prior to the Oolitic period was demonstrated, and our glimpses of "animated nature" extended to thousands of years beyond its former assigned limits. The other is a biographical account of Merritt Clark, the late president of the Rutland and Washington Railroad.

—

ORIGINAL COMMUNICATIONS.—We must still plead the indulgence of our many contributors. We have "bushels" of articles on hand—many of them very good ones; they have to "bide their time," however. Often they are on topics too kindred to be admitted simultaneously. The *collocation* of articles is a chief matter in their selection, for such a work as ours. We have now actually some articles assigned for Numbers a year "a-head." They cannot appear earlier without interfering with others, and with our general plan. One of our cotemporaries (*Putnam*) said, at the conclusion of his fourth volume, that he then had on hand original communications enough for *forty* volumes. Correspondents must see then, on a moment's reflection, the absolute impossibility of the immediate insertion of their favors. Some must be delayed a long time, while others, received after them, must often, from their peculiar adaptation, take precedence of them.

One thing more, also, must they see, by this statement, viz., the utter impossibility of an editor's writing to them respecting the fate of their articles. Some periodicals would need an editorial secretary almost for this work alone. In fine, the relation of an editor with his correspondents must be one of exceeding good nature and forbearance. The latter must not "stand upon ceremonies," but go good-humoredly into the columns, "upon the table," or "under the table," as circumstances may require.

—

BISHOPS.—We have portraits in preparation, and biographical sketches already prepared, of the four "new bishops" constituted at the last General Conference of the M. E. Church. They will appear in due time.

—

No portrait has ever been published, we think, of the late Chaplain to Congress, G. G. Cookman, except for local circulation among his personal friends. We have been favored with a good copy of a likeness of him, now in possession of our friend, David Creamer, Esq., of Baltimore, from which Felter, our artist, is preparing an engraving. Cookman was an extraordinary orator; we shall insert, with the portrait, a sketch of his life and genius, together with some striking specimens of his peculiar allegorical eloquence. He was lost, it will be recollected, in the steamer President.

—

LETTERS TO BISHOP SIMPSON.—In our next number will be commenced a series of *Eight Letters* addressed, by permission, to Bishop Simpson, on leading religious (not "theological") questions of the day, particularly in reference to the denomination of which he is one of the chief and most able representatives. As they will relate to very important, and a few of them to somewhat critical questions, we have chosen to prepare the whole series before beginning their publication. They have received our most deliberate and elaborate attention, and shall be given to our readers without reference to any controversies that now or hereafter may exist respecting their subjects. Our calmest, most cautious, yet frank utterances, we shall pass along tranquilly through the series without being diverted to the right or left by any cotemporaneous criticisms upon them. As they will be the most labored and the longest of our contributions to these columns, they will be placed in our "small letter," (the type of this page,) and at the end of the regular series of articles; they need not, therefore, interfere with our usual outline of contents, to any reader not disposed to examine them, yet

we hope they will be found by most, if not all our patrons, as interesting as anything we have yet laid before them. They will be extra to our usual amount of editorial.

—

ALICE CARY.—We have made arrangements by which we shall hereafter be able to supply our readers with a monthly sketch for "domestic reading," from the pen of this sterling writer, whose "Poems" and "Clovernook Stories," as also her contributions to our own columns, have made her familiar to the households of our readers.

—

SPIKING GUNS.—The following explanation of the modern method of spiking guns, as practiced by the armies of the Crimea, will be interesting to many of our readers:—The spikes are about four inches long, and of the dimensions of a tobacco-pipe; the head flat, a barb at the point acts as a spring, which is naturally pressed to the shaft upon being forced into the touch-hole. Upon reaching the chamber of the gun, it resumes its position, and it is impossible to withdraw it. It can only be got out by drilling—no easy task, as they are made of the hardest steel, and being also loose in the touch-hole, there is much difficulty in making a drill bite as effectually as it should do. Its application is the work of a moment, a single tap on the flat head with the palm of the hand sufficing. This can be easily done, even if it be ever so dark.

—

GOOD EPITAPHS.—The Boston *Congregationalist* gives a string of quaint or apt specimens of "Grave-yard Literature," among which are the following:—Cotton Mather was once described as distinguished for,

"Care to guide his flock and feed his lambs
By words, works, prayers, psalms, alms, *and anagrams.*"

The following is Richard Mather's epitaph, who died in Dorchester, in 1669, aged 73:—

"Richardus hic dormit Matherus,
Sed nec totus nec mora diu tuma.
Lætatus genuisse pares.
Incertum est utrum doctior an melior
Anima et gloria non queunt humani."

The best epitaph we ever read—because the simplest, most dignified, and truest—is in the *Spectator*, No. 518:—

"Hic jacet R. C., in expectatione diei supremi. Qualis erat dies iste indicabit."

That was not a bad epitaph of Ben Jonson's upon a lady friend:—

"Underneath this stone doth lie
As much beauty as could die,
Which in life did harbor give
To more virtue than doth live."

Here is one which is respectfully recommended for the posthumous use of some of the curb-stone brokers of State-street:—

"Here lies old father Gripe
Who never cried 'jam satis,'
'T would wake him did he know
You read his tombstone gratis."

The following lines, from Coleridge, are at the service of the man who always sings half a note flat, one bar behind, and has a bad cold:—

"Swans sing before they die—'t were no bad thing
Did certain persons die before they sing."

We met a man the other day in Washington street, whom an artist might take as the exact model for the statue of a *bon-vivant*, and who, by his cultivated earthliness of aspect, brought to mind the line of Juvenal:—

"In solo vivendi causa palato est."
One whose sole bliss is eating, and who gives
But that one brutal reason why he lives.

—

METHODIST LITERARY PRIZES.—More than a year ago the Tract Society of the Methodist Episcopal Church offered a prize of $300 for the best essay on "Systematic Beneficence," &c. About twenty MSS., we believe, were sent in; but the adjudicators (Judge M'Lean, Bishop Waugh, and James Strong, Esq.) did not concur in the recommendation of any one of them. The society reissued its proposition, increasing the premium to $600. The time expired on the first of the present month. We have not yet learned how many MSS. have been received, but we suppose such a prize for so small a work (about one hundred pages duodecimo) can hardly have failed to secure extensive attention. Taking all things into account, it is the most liberal premium which we remember to have been offered yet for any religious work in this country. The money will not be drawn from the society's treasury, but has been given by individual friends for this purpose alone, and is on hand, for the successful writer.

The Sunday-School Union of the same denomination also issued offers for certain prize essays. We learn the result from its late Report as follows:—

"In response to the offer of prizes made in our last Report for five different kinds of Sunday-school publications, about forty manuscripts were submitted in competition.

"Soon after the first of October, the time appointed for closing the competition, our Committee on Publications commenced the task of examination, and gave it their diligent attention for a series of weeks. The final result of the examination was a conclusion that, in view of the high standard of merit proposed in the programme, no one of the works offered in either class was in all respects so well adapted to the objects proposed, and at the same time possessed of such a degree of literary excellence, as to entitle it to a prize.

"Several works were recommended to the editor, as candidates for publication on the usual terms.

"It is a matter of regret to the board, as it will necessarily be to the several writers who took a practical interest in the proposals, that our offer of prizes has not resulted successfully. We trust, however, that so far from having been useless, it will at least indirectly contribute to the great object in view.

"Probably no one who wrote on the subjects proposed, failed to derive great personal benefit from the effort; and it may be safely presumed that the call of public attention to the wants and the high claims of the Sunday-school press, will result favorably hereafter.

"It is known to us that more persons would have written had more time been allowed; and also that the heat and unhealthiness of the past summer deterred some from efforts which they had proposed to make. Still, in view of all things, it has been deemed best to close the offer, and consider the competition ended."

—

JEFFERSON ON NEWSPAPERS.—The great statesman said, in 1807: "It is a melancholy truth, that a suppression of the press could not more completely deprive the nation of its benefits, than is done by its abandoned prostitution to falsehood. Nothing can now be believed which is seen in a newspaper. Truth itself becomes

suspicious by being put into that polluted vehicle. The real extent of this state of misinformation is known only to those who are in situations to confront facts within their knowledge with the lies of the day."

—

WILL'S, WONT'S, AND CANT'S.—Somebody, more wise than his fellows, says there are three kinds of men in this world—the "will's," the "wont's," and the "cant's." The former effect everything, the other oppose everything, and the latter fail in everything. I "will" builds our railroads and steamboats; I "won't" don't believe in experiments and nonsense; while I "can't" grows weeds for wheat, and commonly ends his days in the slow digestion of a court of bankruptcy. There is a profundity of philosophy in his words, which should profit the rising generation of workers.

—

THE SPIDER'S LOVE OF HER PROGENY.—All her limbs, says Professor Hentz, one by one, may be torn from her body, without forcing her to abandon her hold of the cocoon in which she has wrapped her eggs; and if, without mangling the mother, it be skillfully removed from her, and suddenly thrown out of sight, she instantaneously loses all her activity, seems paralyzed, and coils her tremulous limbs as if mortally wounded. If the bag be returned, her ferocity and strength are restored the moment she has any perception of its presence, and she rushes to her treasure, to defend it to the last.

—

ANGLO-SAXON.—Trench has a great many good and original things in his late volumes. He says of our language:—"The Anglo-Saxon is not so much, as I have just called it, one element of the English language, as the foundation of it, the basis. All its joints, its whole *articulation*, its sinews and its ligaments, the great body of articles, pronouns, conjunctions, prepositions, numerals, auxiliary verbs, all smaller words which serve to knit together and bind the larger into sentences,—these, not to speak of the grammatical structure of the language, are exclusively Saxon. The Latin may contribute its tale of bricks, yea, of goodly and polished hewn stones to the spiritual building, but the mortar, with all that holds and binds these together, and constitutes them into a house, is Saxon throughout." As proof positive of the soundness of the above affirmation, the test is submitted that—"you *can* write a sentence without Latin, but you *cannot* without Saxon." The words of the Lord's Prayer are almost all Saxon. Our good old family Bible is a capital standard of it, and has done more than any other book for the conservation of the purity of our language. Our best writers, particularly those of Queen Anne's time,—Addison, Steele, Swift, &c., —were distinguished by their use of simple Saxon.

—

A society for beneficence in this city reported some time ago, that one-sixth of the whole population of the city receives aid in some form during the year. The society estimates that one hundred and ninety-five thousand persons are in a state of destitution, and this does not include those who have work only part of the time. It is deplorable that much of our charities serves no other purpose than merely to *keep* up this wretched state of things. If we could spend one-half of our contributions in helping the poor along westward, where there is usually work enough and bread enough to spare, we should relieve them more effectually; as it is, they are only kept above starvation during the worst of the year, to live from hand to mouth the rest of it, and then fall back again in the severe seasons on our charities. If we would help them best, we should help them away.

—

GEORGE W. CURTIS, in a lecture in this city, spoke of some of those pious people who clasp their hands so tight in prayer that they could not get them open when the contribution box came around.

—

The last Report of the *Missionary Society* of the Methodist Episcopal Church shows a grand scale of operations assumed by that enterprising institution. It has now 867 missionaries, 57,769 members, 13,449 probationers, 35 teachers, 145 local preachers, 6 interpreters, 325 scholars, and 17 assistants. This statement does not include France, where the society expends $5,000 annually upon the Wesleyan Missionaries. The total receipts for the year amounted to $226,500. The society is developing itself more and more every year, with remarkable energy, under the secretaryship of Dr. Durbin. The Report is replete with very interesting information respecting its various fields.

—

"There was," says the *Christian Register*, "something more than 'baby politeness'—the name given to it—in the whispered reply of the little seven-years old girl, to the question, 'Which do you love best—your cat or your doll?' 'I love my cat best; but please don't tell my doll.'"

—

Norton's Literary Gazette says: "Mr. George F. Bemis, of the *Newspaper Exchange, Boston*, prints more newspapers than any other man in New-England, if not in the country. Twelve papers issue from his office, which have a circulation of one hundred and twenty thousand weekly, and the cost of the white paper alone is $65,000 a year."

—

BARNUM.—*Fraser's Magazine* (London) has a scathing article on Barnum's infamous book. The critic says:—

"It must be a strange taste, indeed, which leads a man to gibbet himself for contempt, and to court the rotten eggs and dead cats of a moral pillory. Strange, however, as it is, the phenomenon is presented in perfection in the person of Mr. Phineas Taylor Barnum, who, having made an immense fortune by what he mildly terms 'management,' has, in the volume before us, made the public the confidant of the discreditable 'dodges' by which he made it. Not only does he tell his story without a blush, but he is even proud of his rascalities, and winds up a sickening tale of falsehood and duplicity by claiming credit to himself as 'a public benefactor, to an extent seldom paralleled in the histories of professed and professional philanthropists.' As if the example of a success notoriously based on such shameful resources were not sufficiently pernicious, this 'prince of humbugs,' as he rejoices to style himself, records for the edification of mankind a system of imposture, which has already found many followers, and will, no doubt, engender a prolific race of

imitators, less able perhaps, but probably even less scrupulous than their great prototype. What is scarcely less surprising, the copyright of the book has been competed for among the American publishers, and bought for fifteen thousand dollars, a price which could only be given in the hope of an enormous sale, to scatter the moral poison it contains far and wide over the transatlantic soil, already too fertile in that unscrupulous dexterity which, in this country, as yet goes by a harsher name. In this country, we believe, no man would have had the effrontery to put his name to a work containing disclosures so disgraceful; neither would a publisher, out of Holywell-street, have been found to give five pounds for the copyright. But the notoriety of Barnum's name has made it worth the while of those buccaneers of the press, the caterers of what is miscalled 'cheap literature,' to reprint the book on this side the Atlantic."

—

The sexton of Grace Church, New-York—so says a correspondent of the *Home Journal*—gave as a reason for clearing the ice from the sidewalk—"That he was determined that none of the congregation should backslide."

—

Singing.—The eminent Dr. Rush says that the exercise of the organs of the breast by singing, contributes to defend them very much from those diseases to which the climate and other causes expose them. The Germans are seldom afflicted with consumption, and spitting of blood is almost unknown among them,—a fact attributed by Dr. Rush, in part, to the strength which their lungs acquire by exercising them so frequently in vocal music, which constitutes an essential branch of their education, from their earliest years.

—

Curious Chinese Proverbs on Contentment.—The ripest fruit grows on the roughest wall.—It is the small wheels of the carriage that come in first.—The man who holds the ladder at the bottom is frequently of more service than he who is stationed at the top of it.—The turtle, though brought in at the area gate, takes the head of the table.—Better be the cat in a philanthropist's family than a mutton-pie at a king's banquet.—The learned pig did n't learn its letters in a day.—True merit, like the pearl inside an oyster, is content to remain quiet until it finds an opening. The top strawberries are eaten the first.—Pride sleeps in a gilded crown: contentment in a cotton nightcap.

—

Every day in the week is, by different nations, devoted to the public celebration of *divine service:* Sunday by the Christians, Monday by the Greeks, Tuesday by the Persians, Wednesday by the Assyrians, Thursday by the Egyptians, Friday by the Turks, and Saturday by the Jews.

—

Connected with the great Methodist publishing house at New-York, is the department of the Sunday-School Union of that denomination. The last Report of the editor, Dr. Kidder, shows some very noticeable results, and is altogether one of the most interesting religious and literary documents we have seen for the year. The following are some of its statistics: Number of Sunday schools, 9,908; number of officers and teachers, 107,649; number of Sunday scholars, 553,065; number of volumes in the library, 1,712,806; number of Bible classes, 8,622; number of scholars in infant classes, 54,475; expenses of schools this year, $95,690; amount raised for the Sunday-school Union, $9,935; Sunday School Advocates taken, 108,531; number of conversions, 17,494. The list of publications reported is exceedingly numerous and varied. The Report is particularly elaborate and masterly in its tabular articles. They are invaluable as data respecting the condition of Methodism in more than one respect.

—

The Immaculate Conception.—The new and blasphemous absurdity of Rome respecting the blessed Virgin, has been received by Catholic editors in this country with an affected credulity and an overwrought zeal. Can enlightened men of this land pretend to receive such a dogma on the mere authority of the senile Pontiff of Rome, without a word of Scripture for it, and with an acknowledged difference of traditional opinion on the subject from the "fathers" down to this day? This theological "extravaganza," so insulting to the common sense of the age, can only work evil for Popery. Yet hear the stentorian blast of the *Freeman's Journal* respecting it:—

"The glorious news has reached us that on the eighth of December Pope Pius IX., of immortal renown, in the presence of the cardinals and princes of the Church, declared it an article of divine faith that *the Mother of God, our Most Blessed Lady, was conceived without original stain.* The doctrine which is now promulgated as an article of faith, and which henceforth it will be heresy not to receive, has long since been believed by all pious Catholics. But this dogmatic definition of its truth and character is a favor beyond. It has given joy to the whole world, *and is it too much if we expect from it the pacification of the nations,* and a general prostration of heretical and persecuting forces? It is a year of sorrows that has preceded its announcement. Pestilence has stalked abroad over the earth. Cruel, bloody, and causeless war has carried mourning into tens of thousands of Christian homes. Famine has been standing at the door, and a general distress, not altogether accountable as to its sources, has disarranged the business and the worldly wealth of the multitudes. The Church, too, and her members, have been persecuted. In the midst of these chastisements, we must say it, men have not returned in their hearts toward God. They have forgotten his hand, and have vainly sought remedies in natural ways. The very depths of human misery and anguish have plead before the throne of God for a more powerful intercession; and the Holy Ghost, the Comforter, has taught by his Church truths that the world in earlier ages was not able to bear. Let the Catholics of America acknowledge their past tepidity of faith, and hasten to shake it off. Let us betake ourselves to our great Patroness—*Mary of Immaculate Conception.* Let faith, and hope, and charity, grow strong within us, and let us remember that God has set our task before us—that of being, all of us, in our various places, missionaries of the "*Tabernacle of God with men,*" whose great business it is to save our own souls, and to convert this young and mighty nation to the love of God, who was born, for love of it and us, of the Immaculate Virgin."

One of the bishops who was present at Rome, and shared in the medieval ceremony, thus brawls over the senseless and puerile scene:—

"That was the last sitting: midday sounded; the entire assembly dropped upon their knees to recite the *Angelus.* Then each resumed his place, and they had no sooner exchanged a few words than an acclamation to the Holy Father, a cry of eternal adhesion to the Holy See, to the See of Peter, arose, spread itself, bursting and issuing from every heart; *Petre, doce nos; confirma fratres tuos.* And the instruction which, in the name of the Church, these pastors demanded of the Supreme Pastor, was the definition of the Immaculate Conception. And these words vibrated in the souls with such ineffaceable virtue that it was a cry of supplication so manifestly proceeding from the heart, and

so sublime, that, to comprehend it, it would be necessary to have heard it; neither pen nor speech could give an adequate idea of it.

"O Catholic Church! they say that thou art dead, and what abundance, what power of life! Peter lives and speaks in Pius IX. The dogma which places on Mary's head such a brilliant crown, was providentially reserved for our times, in order to prove that the Church is always flourishing, always indefectible, always one. Speak to us, then, O blessed Father! God wills it, and the world expects. Thy word will render Heaven propitious, and will console the flocks with their pastors. Receive as a homage to Thy dignity, the enthusiasm of a faith worthy of the early ages of the Church, and which bears to Thee the testimony of Thy brethren in Episcopate who have come to Rome to hear falling from thy lips, and to repeat to their flocks with the certainty of faith these words: 'Mary was always immaculate.'"

—

We have been exceedingly interested in reading the Second Annual Report of the Tract Society of the Methodist Episcopal Church, prepared by Rev. Dr. J. T. Peck. It is virtually the first annual exhibit of the society's doings, and shows them on a scale of magnitude not a little surprising. We designed to quote largely from this very interesting document, but our literary collaborator has anticipated us, (see Literary Record.) We shall refer to it hereafter more fully. In its general arrangement and tabular plans, it is a model report; and as an exhibit of the results of a great scheme for the promotion of a certain kind of literature, it is unusually interesting to literary as well as to Christian men.

—

The battle for temperance moves onward with some defeats, but general victory. Maine, Massachusetts, Vermont, Connecticut, Rhode Island, Indiana, Wisconsin, and Illinois have adopted the "prohibitory" law. Ohio comes very near to it: it will need and will receive a little more "reforming." New-York ("at this present writing") hesitates, but cannot hesitate long. No Southern state has yet joined the crusade against the alcoholic foe, but several are preparing for it. In fine, the "tide has set in," and in the right direction, and it will sweep its way over all obstructions, and, sooner or later, over all the states.

—

A Nation of Methodists.—The mission to the Friendly Islands has been so successful, that the nation is a nation of Methodists; and the whole population, from the king down to his meanest subjects, attend the Wesleyan ministry. These islands sometimes go by the name of Tonga. They consist of upward of one hundred and fifty, and lie in the Pacific Ocean, between latitude 13° and 25° south, and longitude 172° west and 177° east. They were discovered by the navigator Tasman, in 1643, but received their collective name of Friendly Islands from Captain James Cook. We have a sketch of their king (who, by the way, is a "local preacher,") from the pen of one of the missionaries, on hand, awaiting room in our columns.

—

A French writer, M. de Paravey, has taken some pains to show that the arts and sciences of the Chinese were not indigenous to that people, but came to them originally from Egypt and Abyssinia. If this assumption be denied, he asks, how shall we explain the knowledge of certain facts contained in Chinese Encyclopædias relative to Africa; such as the knowledge of the hippopotamus, and the existence of the negro? The Chinese, remarks M. de Paravey, have been ridiculed for placing the negroes on a range of mountains named *Kouen-Lung*. The blame, however, is on the part of those who fancy these mountains to be in Thibet. If the Chinese documents be properly understood, the stated locality will be seen to be Zanguebar.

—

Americans at Rome.—A correspondent of *Colburn's New Monthly* writes from Rome as follows:—

"As the Papal court is of necessity entirely confined to the masculine gender, the French embassadress, the Contesse de Raynaval, since the military occupation of Rome, reigns supreme—with rather a haughty and iron sway. The American set, headed by its courteous representative, keeps very much to itself, scarcely mingling at all with the English, and but little with the Italians. Being a numerous body, they are extremely sociable among themselves, and remarkable for general intelligence, bustle, and go-ahead propensities, and for the fragile and delicate beauty of the younger ladies—those pale daughters of the New World, whose alabaster skins, melting blue eyes, and flaxen hair, are nowhere more conspicuous than among the olive-complexioned, black-eyed, luscious beauties of the South."

This same lady correspondent thus speaks of one of our romantic Yankee girls in Rome:—

"I shall never forget my first meeting with Gibson. It was in a portion of his studio devoted to his pupil, a young American lady of independent fortune and great talent, enthusiastically devoted to the arts, who left America when almost a child to place herself near him whose works she so much admired. On her first arrival, Gibson refused to have anything to do with the romantic creature; but at last her importunities overcame him, and she is now regularly established in his studio, happy as a queen, her bright eyes beaming with content under her jaunty little working-cap, creating around her forms and faces of real classical beauty. This enthusiastic devotion to *art* and the artist (for, after all, every abstraction has its living representative, and woman often passes from the type to the reality) reminded me strongly of 'Bettine's' admiration of Goethe, learned from his mother, with whom she lived, and her charming description, in 'Letters from a Child,' of her sufferings on the journey before reaching Weimar. She declared to her family she would rather ride on the wheel than be left at home; and on arriving flew to Goethe, whom she had never seen, recognized him in a moment, and, full of girlish confidence and innocence, told him her tale of admiration, love, veneration, and devotion."

Of our artist Crawford, she gives the following glimpses:—

"Crawford, the great American sculptor, is a genial, large-souled man, full of life, energy, and power—the condensation of the finest national qualities. To his fiery, active spirit nothing is impossible, and he is now working *con furore* at a colossal monument to be erected in America, sixty feet in height, with the fevered impetuosity of a beginner. His works are the emblem of his mind—forcible, free, full of movement and action, yet with thrilling touches of a true pathos, delicious remembrances of human passion and domestic sympathies. The world goes well with Crawford; he lives in a grand villa hard by the baths of Diocletian, overshadowed by orange groves and flex woods, and labors within the sound of gushing fountains and refreshing streams. He has a handsome wife and charming family, and an open, hospitable board and ample means, and hosts of friends. Long may this son of generous-hearted America live to enjoy his blessings."

—

Some sensible writer has said, "Every day have higher thoughts of God, lower thoughts of self, kinder thoughts of your brethren, and more hopeful thoughts of all around you."

OUR BOSTON LETTER.

A CITIZEN of Massachusetts may be permitted to look, with no ordinary pride, upon the annual reports of our public institutions, of education, of charity, of discipline, and of agriculture. If the secretaries and superintendents of these noble establishments performed no other service for the state than the collecting of facts and the preparation of their elaborate annual statements, the commonwealth would be amply remunerated for the expenses of their offices. A mere summary of these reports would overrun even the generous limit allowed to your "Boston Letter." We can only refer to a few of them. The Eighteenth Annual Report of the Board of Education forms a stout pamphlet of over three hundred pages, and is replete with valuable suggestions and interesting statistics. It is a very significant fact that the public schools throughout the state have reached such a standard of excellence as to overshadow the private schools and academies. Since the general establishment of high schools, the officers of our colleges have borne cheerful testimony to the happy effect upon the scholarship of those entering their institutions, of the vigorous and somewhat rigid discipline of the public school, as securing an energy of mind and a thoroughness of instruction not always attained in the private academy. With the abatement of the prejudice against common schools, on the part of the wealthy portion of the community, another large class of pupils has been introduced into them, whose influence as a mollifying and inspiring element has been peculiarly favorable. "There are no better schools," says Dr. Sears, "than some of our public high schools, and to these families of the highest character now prefer to send their children. This makes our schools common in the best sense of the word,—common to all classes, nurseries for a truly republican feeling, public sanctuaries where the children of the commonwealth fraternally meet, and where the spirit of caste and party can find no admittance." Our school system now embraces the whole outline of education from the primary class to the university. A hundred college scholarships have been established, open to the aspirations of the boys of the commonwealth, affording them at the close of their high-school preparation a thorough collegiate training.

In estimating the annual amount raised in the state, by taxation, for the schools, together with the income of the school fund, the secretary brings the total up to the noble sum of $2,283,554. The sum expended in the state for school-houses since 1848 is about $2,030,000. This amount does not include academies, private schools, or the state normal schools. The school fund, continually increasing, the limit of which is now fixed at two millions of dollars, has already reached $1,500,000. The number of persons employed as teachers in the public schools during the year is seven thousand and ninety-eight, of which number (and this is one of the most interesting and significant facts in the whole Report) five thousand one hundred and sixty-six are *females*. The *rights* of the sex are in no danger of being overlooked in Massachusetts—they fairly hold its destinies in their hands, and are now shaping the minds and hearts of its next generation. The position that Massachusetts has given the sex in her public educational system, not merely because her services are cheaper, but because they are *better* for the place she fills, will accomplish more for the vital rights of woman than hundreds of heated public meetings, or a thousand passionate harangues.

One of the most interesting features of the Report is the portion allotted to extracts from the "evidence" given before a committee of the English House of Commons upon the "Religious Working of the Common Schools in the State of Massachusetts." It contains the result of the personal examination of an educated English traveler, and the answers to his circulars, written by the first political and literary men of New-England. It is really a matter of noble pride to see how bravely and truly these great men speak of their own relation to the public schools, while it is an unspeakable satisfaction to know that the investigation upon so vital a point resulted so favorably to our schools. Says Daniel Webster, in his response, "I have no doubt that the system of instruction in the free and common schools of New-England promotes religious sentiments, encourages a reverence for the Scriptures, and tends always, indirectly, and sometimes directly, to the formation of a religious character in the pupils. The morals of the children are always carefully watched by their teachers. I have been familiar with the New-England system of free schools for above fifty years, and I heartily approve of it. *I owe to it my own early training.* In my own recollection of these schools there exists, to this moment, a fresh feeling of the sobriety of the teachers, the good order of the school, the reverence with which the Scriptures were read, and the strictness with which all moral duties were enjoined and enforced. In these schools, or it may be partly by my mother's care, I was taught the elements of letters so early that I have never been able to remember a time when I could not read the New-Testament, and did not read it. In my opinion, the instruction communicated in the free schools of New-England has a direct effect for good on the morals of youth." To the same sentiment Edward Everett, George Bancroft, R. C. Winthrop, and other names noted and beloved among the first of our citizens respond.

One of the most affecting reports which we have examined is that of the "Trustees of the Massachusetts School for Idiotic and Feeble-Minded Youth." It is a distressing truth to learn that this class, until within a few years considered hopeless so far as any mental or moral development is concerned, is numbered by thousands in our own state. A most Christian experiment of seven years' trial has shown, by satisfactory and peculiarly interesting results, that even these unhappy children may be so far improved and developed as to become a comfort to their friends, and find a new world of enjoyment and activity opened before the extended horizon of their limited minds. The state has heretofore allowed the sum of five thousand dollars annually for the support of this school. This year a bill is passing through the legislature, granting the trustees $25,000 to erect a suitable school edifice, providing the friends of the institution will raise $5,000 to furnish it. One hundred and fourteen pupils have been admitted to the school since its commencement, of whom forty-one still continue under its charge. The number of the pupils has necessarily been limited by the inability of the institution to provide for them. With the great majority of the pupils the most marked success has been attained. "In some cases," says the Report, "the change in the appearance, condition, and habits of the pupils has been so great as to amount almost to new creation. From sickly, gluttonous, stupid, and slothful creatures, they have become healthy, self-controlling, active, and comparatively bright children and youth. Some have been rescued from the category of idiocy into which they had fallen by reason of disease, neglect, or unfavorable circumstances, rather than been born to it. Others have so far improved as to become inoffensive even to the most fastidious persons, and to be capable of earning their livelihood under the care of kind and judicious friends."

From the Report of the Trustees of the State Lunatic Hospital, we learn that since the establishment of this well-known institution, four thousand seven hundred and fifty-seven insane persons have been received within its friendly gates, to enjoy its humane appliances. Of this number two thousand one hundred and seventy-two have gone forth partially or fully endowed with right reason and the inestimable blessing of a restored mind. A new hospital has been constructed at Taunton, in which between two and three hundred persons from the over-crowded rooms at Worcester have been placed; but still the old hospital is uncomfortably filled, and its facilities for securing the care of its patients greatly abridged. Still another or a larger hospital must be constructed by the state—a state which thus far has proudly led the van in all merciful and charitable institutions. We reluctantly learn from the able Report, that "probably in no part of the world are the causes of insanity more numerous and more active than among the population of Massachusetts. Here the mind, and body too, are often worked to the extreme point of endurance. Here wealth and station are the results of well-directed efforts; and the general diffusion of intelligence among the whole people stimulates a vast many of them to compete successfully for these prizes. But in the contest, where so many strive, not a few break down. The result on their minds may not, perhaps, be any less disastrous, whether wealth and station are obtained or not. As a people, we cannot boast of the highest standard of physical health, although we may of general intelligence, enterprise, and hard work."

It is a significant fact that the hospital at Worcester is fast becoming a retreat for insane foreigners—and there, by their number and poverty, are crowding out the native population. Of the two hundred and ninety-nine patients admitted during the past year, one hundred and sixteen were foreigners, ninety-four of whom were Irish; and all were paupers. The proportion of Irish patients to the whole number in 1844 was ten per

cent.; in 1854 it had arisen to over 31 per cent. Some may question the obligation of Massachusetts to provide for the pauper insane of Europe; but really there is something noble and sublime in her opening her warm arms and her most blessed and expensive charities to all the fainting bodies and faltering minds that the ocean winds may bear to her shores.

The commissioners for the establishment of a State Reform School for Girls have made an elaborate and valuable report. After careful inquiry and conference with those best prepared to express a safe opinion upon this important subject, they have taken ground against the erection of one large central establishment, and propose the construction of three or four small, separate edifices, capable of accommodating about thirty pupils each. This, it is properly thought, will best secure a careful classification and more of the *home* feeling in the culture and discipline of the pupils. Immediate measures will undoubtedly be taken to give a practical trial of the plan proposed by the commissioners.

But time will not permit us in this letter to refer more particularly to this important movement in behalf of the neglected and tempted girls of our state, or to mention even by name the other institutions which form the glory and cover the shame of our present civilization.

In looking over the history of "Jury Trial," we fell upon a somewhat amusing fact in the life of conservative and stout-hearted old Lord Mansfield. In attempting to withstand the irresistible force of the arguments of the advocates at the bench, showing that ancient precedent sustained the right of the jury to sit upon the *law* as well as the *fact*, he quoted, as he said, from an old ballad, to show that the English people had held a different doctrine. Thus it ran:—

> "For Sir Philip well knows
> That his innendoes
> Will serve him no longer
> In verse or in prose;
> For twelve honest men have determined the cause,
> Who are judges of fact, though not judges of laws."

The amusing feature in this quotation is the fact that the veteran defender of the rights of the court, probably quoted wrongly the significant popular ballad; it may be from a mistake, certainly one much in his own favor. It is said, however, that in the authentic song, the final couplet read in the following manner:—

> "For twelve honest men have determined the cause,
> Who are judges alike of the facts and the laws."

The euphony of this reading goes far to throw doubt upon the authenticity of the copy from which Judge Mansfield quoted.

Another female sculptor has been seized with a passion for the noble art in our vicinity. Miss Louisa Lander, of Salem, has just executed in plaster a remarkable head of the water-nymph, Galatea; and has completed a marble bust of her father, which is said to be a fine likeness. A rough welcome in our material civilization meets the young artist as she crosses the threshold of the world of imagination.

Just now the friends of the drama are placing triumphant *bays* upon the forehead of Epes Sargeant, Esq. His play, called the "Priestess," full of poetry and power, has justified the high expectation of his friends, and added to his already enviable fame. Ex-Governor Washburn has been appointed to the law-lectureship in Harvard, made vacant by the refusal of the overseers to confirm the nomination of Edward G. Loring. This appointment meets with general acceptance. It is the general impression that the Rev. Mr. Huntington will accept the "Professorship of the Heart," founded by the late Miss Plummer, of Salem, in the same institution, although his congregation hang with aggrieved hearts upon his hands, and most reluctantly submit to the dissolution of the pastoral relation. Richard Hildreth, author of the valuable history of the United States, has in press a new work entitled "Japan as it Was and Is." Messrs. Gould & Lincoln are just ready to bring out a work from the pen of Dr. Sprague, entitled "Visits to European Celebrities." In these home-like sketches of men known to fame, Dr. Sprague is eminently successful, and the book will be looked for with interest. Ticknor will issue at an early date a new book by Rev. Charles Kingsley, the author of Hypothia, and called "Amyas Leigh, or Westward Ho." If the last work has a moiety of the substantial value of the former, it will be read with delight and profit. One of the most valuable books of the season is the beautiful edition of Dr. Smith's History of Greece, published by Hickling, Swan & Brown, and edited by the learned Professor Felton, of Harvard University. The editor has enhanced the English edition of this admirable work by an additional chapter upon Modern Greece, brought down to the present time, illustrated by numerous wood engravings, prepared expressly for this work. We consider this a substantial addition to our libraries, and a most valuable text-book for our universities. Its mechanical execution is worthy of the fame of the city in which it is published. The same publishers have issued, in a handsome duodecimo volume, the lectures of Professor Bowen, of Harvard College, before the Lowell Institute, upon metaphysics in their application to theology. These lectures produced a strong impression upon the audiences that listened to their delivery, and the present publication will be welcomed by a wider circle. The argument is so clearly stated that it almost seems to be taken from the region of metaphysics, and placed in that of mathematics. No one can read it without pleasure and profit. The *twenty-first* edition of the Pictorial Geography, by S. G. Goodrich, Esq., in two royal octavo volumes, profusely and handsomely illustrated, has just been issued by C. D. Strong, of this city. It is a perfect encyclopædia of geography, written in the happy style of the well-known author, and covering all the branches of this important science—physical, superficial, &c. There are twelve hundred descriptive engravings; and altogether, we know of no work for the reference library of a school or academy, or for the family, which will compare with it in usefulness or fullness. We have heard that the present edition was revised and brought down to the date of re-issue, by Richard Hildreth, Esq. Mr. Prescott is about to bring through the press of Phillips, Sampson & Co., "The History of the Reign of Philip the Second." It will make three octavo volumes. Miss Maria Cummings has a new work, it is said, nearly ready for the press. Rev. Mr. Barry, of Hanover, Mass., a member of the New-England Historical Society, has in preparation a "History of Massachusetts," which will be likely to prove a valuable addition to our historical literature. The first volume is now in the hands of the printer. Rev. Joseph B. Felt has nearly brought through the press a volume, entitled "The Ecclesiastical History of New-England," which, coming from so faithful and accomplished an editor, will meet a general welcome, certainly from New-England readers.

The Unitarian Association has voted to establish a mission for India to the Unitarians in Madras and the neighborhood; and also among the Mohammedans of that country, who have applied to the association by letter. They have also voted to sustain the Rev. James Turner as a missionary among the Indians in Minnesota Territory; he having changed his ecclesiastical relations from the Baptist persuasion.

As this letter leaves for the press, the overseers of Harvard University have confirmed the nomination of Mr. James Russell Lowell to the Professorship of Modern Languages and Belles-Lettres, as successor of Professor Longfellow, and Hon. Emory Washburn as Lecturer at the Law School. In a previous letter we referred to the remarkable success which Mr. Alvan Clark, an excellent portrait painter of this city, had attained in the construction of telescopes. Through the well-devised liberality of Hon. Mr. Bullock, of Worcester, Mr. Clark provided a superior instrument for Amherst College. While still prosecuting his laborious profession, Mr. Clark has constructed a telescope for Rev. W. R. Dawes, a noted astronomical observer in England, who, in the January number of the published notices of the Royal Astronomical Society, has bestowed upon it the most flattering commendations. Coming from such a source, and compared with such expensive and superior instruments, so complimentary a notice of his telescope must be a matter of peculiar gratification, as it is an object of national pride.

Our publishers are beginning to bestir themselves in preparation for the sales of the coming season. Little, Brown & Co. have nearly ready, "Wheaton on International Law," "Laws of U. S. Session 1854-5," also new volumes of the poets, Spenser, Chaucer, Moore, Shelley, Vaughan, Chatterton, Merrick, Herbert, Donne, Skelton, Shakspeare, &c.

Gould & Lincoln will soon issue "The Teacher's Last Lesson; a Memoir of Martha Whiting, late of Charlestown Female Seminary." They have in press the following works: "Ella; or, Turning over a New Leaf," being the third in the series of "The Aimwell Stories." "Scientific Certainties of Planetary Life; or Neptune's Light as great as Ours," by T. C. Simonds. "Knowledge is Power;" a view of the Productive Forces of Modern Society, &c., by Charles Knight.

B. K. P.

Book Notices.

Stanhope Burleigh is the title of a novel by Helen Dhu, against "the Jesuits in our homes," *i. e.*, the influence of foreign Catholics in this country. We do not altogether coincide in the apprehensions of ruin to our civil liberty from this source, which this volume personifies, nor do we think fiction the most effective form in which to correct and refute the pernicious delusions of Popery and priestly intrigue. The book appears to be in effect an attempt to ride into public favor on the tide of the present popular feeling against foreigners, and especially Catholics, among us. That feeling scarcely needs the impulse of the impassioned language and extreme representation which this book contains. We may add, that the practice of discussing and exemplifying moral and social principles, by means of fictitious narratives, is growing to be a serious evil in our literature. That they often contain much truth, cannot be denied; but we prefer it pure and uncombined with imagination. (*Stringer & Townsend, 222 Broadway, New-York.*)

Martin Merrivale, by Paul Creyton, is a take-off of editorial quackery, and the trials of young authorship. Some of its pictures of dissipated genius and the heartlessness of large cities are painfully accurate. (*Phillips, Sampson & Co., Boston.*)

Applegate & Co., Cincinnati, have published a second edition of the *Methodist Family Manual*, by Rev. C. R. Lovell, a brief but judicious and convenient text-book, upon the doctrines and economy of the Methodist Church, with proof-texts supporting each, and suggestions upon the proper mode of reading the Bible. It is well calculated to be useful in the private instruction of children. Dr. Elliott warmly commends it in an introduction.

The love of novelty, proverbial especially among choir singers, has a fresh opportunity of exercising itself upon *The Sacred Choral*, a new tune book, prepared by Rev. S. Wakefield, and published at the Western Methodist Book Concern, (*Swormstedt & Poe, Cincinnati.*) The tunes are mostly a selection of old and approved ones, with some new ones. We observe no chants, anthems, or set pieces in the book. The notes used are "on a new and improved mode of solmization." Musical professors of late, we believe, generally eschew "patent notes" of every description: we are not connoisseur enough to be able to predict whether the peculiar forms here adopted will alleviate their objections. The book is eminently practical throughout.

Messrs. Carlton & Phillips (200 *Mulberry-street, New-York,*) publish in a separate form, under the title of *The Singing-School Instruction Book*, the introductory treatise on the elements of musical science contained in the Sacred Harmony, prepared by Professor Jackson.

Rev. Moses Smith, A. M., has prepared and published (at the *Methodist Book Concern, Cincinnati,*) a treatise on the *Elements of Mental Science*, in two volumes, of which volume one has appeared; volume two, it is intimated, will discuss more especially the bearing of the subject upon moral action. This point, indeed, is kept in view throughout the work, and distinguishes it from other treatises of the kind. The several elements of mind and mental action are clearly and progressively stated, and their relation to each other and to the outward world is developed with much acumen and soundness. The work deserves a more minute and extended criticism than we have room for here. To us it is a great relief to find mental science so analyzed and stated as to avoid those germs of *fatalism* or moral necessity, which have too palpably appeared in the treatises of those who have followed in the wake of Edwards, in treating the will, and its relation to the emotions and cognitions; and on the other hand, the plain student will be pleased to have metaphysics presented in a distinct and practical form and dress, free from abstruse speculation.

Bessie, a Story for Girls, by Mrs. Bradley, is a neat little volume issued under the auspices of the *American Baptist Publication Society*, (*Philadelphia,*) and intended, like others of its class, to combine religious instruction with entertainment for youthful minds.

We have received the first number of *The Methodist Magazine*, a new monthly, edited and published by Rev. Dr. M'Leod, at Baltimore. It is to contain "memorials of the pious dead, sermons, correspondence, and miscellaneous articles." The prospectus states that it will be of a decidedly religious character, and maintain a silence on politics and slavery. The matter, style, and appearance of the specimen number are creditable, and, if sustained, will entitle it to the patronage, which we wish it may receive, in its sphere.

Number four of *Harper's* inimitable and beautifully illustrated story books for children, in the English style, by Jacob Abbott, is entitled the *Little Louvre*. If children do not improve in mental culture in these days, it is not because instruction is not made accessible, easy, and inviting.

The Minister's Family, by Rev. W. M. Hetherington, LL. D., is another version of the lately oft-told tale of the vicissitudes and trials incident to the pastorate. In this case the author states that, although his work is not a biographical treatise, yet each character and event in it is an exact transcript of what has occurred within his own knowledge. If so, we have here fiction closely bordering on fact. Yet we seriously doubt whether the pastor's lot has been much improved by all these touching narratives, true as they may be. (*Carters, New-York.*)

Israel Potter, by Herman Melville, published by *Putnam & Co.*, (*New-York,*) is a story of the revolutionary times, written in a half-comic, half-patriotic vein, yet withal exceedingly attractive, and not a little instructive, both in vividly recalling many of the scenes of that

stirring period, and by the pithy moralisms strangely interspersed amid its almost burlesque companions. The Yankee character is well sustained, in its hero's adventures by sea and land. A tinge of obscure sarcasm pervades the book, most apparent in its dedication to the Bunker Hill Monument!

Calvin Blanchard, (82 *Nassau-street, New-York,*) has republished Marian Evans's translation of *Feuerbach's Essence of Christianity*; an attempt, in the boldest style of German infidelity, to show that mankind have for eighteen centuries totally misconceived the true nature of religion, which this author unequivocally and broadly asserts to be simply *anthropology; i. e.*, a proper development and right understanding of human nature. Truly religion has come to have strange defenders and expounders. Protestant England and Catholic France have clubbed together to hold up the tottering throne of Islam against the incursions of the Greek autocrat; and on a nearer polemical field, skeptical philosophy undertakes to evolve the nucleus of the very religion which it ignores and assails. What would the Apostles Paul, and Peter, and John, have thought of this new exposition of their doctrines? We know how the last-named apostle did treat the not very dissimilar speculations of the Gnostics. The book before us consists of two parts, with an appendix illustrating the positions of each. The first part is an endeavor to show what the true religion is, and the second to show that modern theology is not the true religion. We think we may justly characterize the mode in which the former of these efforts is carried out, as a series of abstract speculations and round assertions, based entirely on certain views of man himself; the latter as cavils at particular dogmas of Christianity. The fallacy running through the first lies mainly in regarding religion as consisting of man's relation to himself, rather than to God, who is alone competent to reveal the necessary knowledge; and the grand mistake in the second, lies in quite misconceiving many of the doctrines represented. The only refutation which the gospel prescribes for this and all other forms of error, is the test of personal experience. But to this the author most especially objects, that the faith demanded by the Bible is rather an act of feeling than of judgment, and is in a sense compelled by fear. Be it so: the sentiments appealed to and engendered are the profoundest and most noble in our nature; the humanitarian ought to be the last to find fault with them.

Robert Carter & Brothers publish a complete edition of *Baxter's Saints' Rest*, in one volume, double columns, with the notes and a portrait.

The Speller and Definer's Manual is the title of another school book, by William H. Smith, Principal of Grammar School No. 1. We commend it to the attention of teachers. (*Daniel Burgess & Co., 60 John-street, New-York.*)

The Rhode Island Schoolmaster is a new Magazine, devoted to the common-school literature, published at *Providence, R. I.*, under the supervision of the Superintendent of Public Schools of that state, who has a skill in his official duties which not only guarantees their right performance, but also such experience as must render this journal valuable.

Literary Record.

Among the literary curiosities recently brought to light in London, is a poem of some seven hundred lines in the handwriting of Goldsmith, being a translation, by the celebrated doctor, of Vida's ingenious Latin poem, entitled *The Game of Chess.*

Mr. James W. Paige, of Boston, has issued a circular to the booksellers generally, stating that he considers the late work published by Messrs. Miller, Orton, & Mulligan, of Auburn, entitled *Webster and his Masterpieces*, as an infringement of the copyright of Webster's works, of which he is the legal owner.

Professor Müller, of Basle, has just put forth an important octavo volume on the *Religion of the Native Tribes of North and South America.* He presents, so far as possible, a complete and systematic view of the old Indian traditions and belief. He brings to the task a vast amount of learning and research upon a subject of no ordinary interest, especially in America.

Rev. Mr. Goddard, the Baptist missionary, who recently died in China, had just completed a translation of the entire New Testament into the Chinese.

The well-known antiquarian and linguist, *Professor Lepsius*, at the instigation of the Chevalier Bunsen, has completed an alphabet containing the sounds and letters of all languages in the world.

The Queen of England has granted a civil list pension of £100 a year to *Thomas Keightley*, the historian, "in consideration," so the warrant runs, "of his services to historical literature, and of the straitened circumstances to which he is reduced."

We learn from the *Christian Examiner* that "the library of the late *Dr. Gieseler*, the eminent Church historian, is now offered for sale. It is not so large as might at first have been expected."

The Second Annual Report of the Tract Society of the Methodist Episcopal Church, contains an historical sketch of the society, and the statistics of its operations during the past year. It was incorporated by an act of the State of New-York, April 15, 1854; and during the short period since its organization has given a very powerful impulse to the circulation of religious books and tracts among that de-

nomination and the community generally. During the past year it has sent out 153 different persons as colporteurs in various parts of the country; who have distributed 11,784,627 pages of tracts; sold, or given away, 46,666 tract volumes, and 33,947 larger books; visited 91,751 families, 5,996 of whom they have supplied with a copy of the Scriptures; and been the means of 624 conversions. The society publishes tracts and books in the German, French, and Swedish languages, besides the English. Its total receipts the last year were $13,623 25; and its expenditures, $11,135 92.

An interesting inscription was recently discovered in the excavations round the Pantheon, referring to the corporation of tavern-keepers instituted in Rome during the reign of Arcadius and Honorius, when Lampadius was prefect of the city, A. D. 366.

James Montgomery, the poet, who died last year, left an estate, which has just been sworn under £9,000. Times have changed since Johnson exclaimed, on hearing that Goldsmith died £3,000 in debt, "Was ever poet so trusted before?" Southey died worth about £7,000, and Wordsworth as much, while Rogers is a millionaire.

Libraries in the United States. — Professor Jewett, of the Smithsonian Institute at Washington, gives the following table of the public libraries in the United States:—State libraries, 39—288,937 volumes; college libraries, 126—586,912 volumes; social libraries, 126—611,334 volumes; students' libraries, 142—254,639 volumes; seminaries and professional libraries, 227—320,909 volumes; scientific and historical societies' libraries, 34—138,901 volumes.

The French Minister of Public Instruction has issued a work on the Public Libraries of France and Algiers, from which it appears that, *excluding Paris*, there are in all the libraries 8,733,439 printed works, and 44,070 manuscripts. Bordeaux has 123,000; Lyons, 130,000; Rouen, 110,000; Strasbourg, 180,000; Troyes, 100,000; Avignon, 60,000; Dijon, 80,000; Versailles, 56,000; Tours, 57,500; Grenoble, 80,000; Nantes, 45,000; Marseilles, 51,000; Amiens, 53,000; Toulouse, 50,000. In 1853–4 there were expended for all these libraries 407,781 francs, of which sum only 184,227 francs were for the purchase of books and binding. There are 338 public libraries.

A new edition of *Horne's Introduction* is to be published, greatly improved; he will be assisted in the editing by Dr. Davidson, and by Dr. Tregelles.

Mr. Bentley, the London publisher, paid for copyrights, to Washington Irving £2,450; to Mr. Prescott, £2,495; and to Mr. Cooper, £12,590.

The following editions of Scripture are now in press for the British and Foreign Bible Society:—The Bible in Armenian, 12mo.; in Armeno-Turkish, 12mo.; in Greco-Turkish, 8vo.; the New Testament in Armeno-Turkish; in Ararat Armenian; in Ararat and ancient Armenian, Diglott. These editions will cost approximately, £4,200.

The *Works of Napoleon the Third* are now in course of publication by an eminent Parisian bibliopole, under His Majesty's own supervision. When collected, they will form four handsome volumes, and consist chiefly of essays and disquisitions on political, social, and military topics.

Sales of *Autographs* are more frequent in Paris than in any other city of Europe. At an extensive sale which has just taken place, we observe by the papers that several autographs of literary interest fetched good prices—higher, indeed, than others emanating from historical personages. Thus a letter of Racine the poet was knocked down for nearly $80; one of Adrienne Lecouvreur, the actress, for $55; one of Jean Jacques Rousseau for $20; one of Fenelon for $12; and one of Boileau for nearly $20; while a manuscript ode to Charlotte Corday, by A. Chenier, fetched $25; and a manuscript entitled 'Les Arrêts d'Amour,' by Lafontaine, $40. In another autograph sale at Paris, an unpublished sonnet of Tasso was knocked down for the modest sum of $100; and a number of sermons and other manuscripts of St. Vincent de Paul were also disposed of.

It is stated, in a letter from Bohemia, that a Dr. Herzog has just discovered in the archives of the town hall of Zwickau, twelve folio manuscript volumes, containing the poetical works of Hans Sachs, a celebrated German *troubadour*, who was born in 1494.

Irving.—The London *Athenæum* (usually prejudiced against our indigenous writers) gives a very favorable notice of Irving's last book,—the subject of one of our articles in the present number. It says: "It would not be easy to overpraise this American miscellany. To be classic seems a lost ambition among our young writers,—who confound correctness with academical frigidity, and conceive that invention is substantiated by impudence. Nevertheless (as the wit said of church-going) quiet readers can 'see no harm' in a pure style, especially from a new country like America, which has a literature yet to establish, and its models to range on their pedestals. It is better, we think, for a man to tell his story as Mr. Irving, Mr. Hawthorne, or Mr. Longfellow does, than to adopt the style Emersonian—in which thoughts may be buried so deep that common seekers shall be unable to find them. 'Geoffrey Crayon's' elegance and polish do not imply want of life or the absence of humor. His fancies are ideal, not typographical. They do not consist of verbs for nouns,—of full stops barring the way when the reader desires to go on,—of tumid epithets, which arrest by their strangeness, not their appositeness,—of foreign idioms and forms, introduced (it may not be uncharitable to divine) by way of apprising the public that the writer is versed in French, Italian, or German. 'Geoffrey' is less poetical than the author of 'Hyperion,'—he does not possess the strange and weird vigor of Mr. Hawthorne;—but, as the eldest, he may possibly, in the Book of American Worthies, be ranked as the first, also, of those three writers,—whom we mention in company because of the affinities among them."

Arts and Sciences.

A PLANT of a most remarkable and beautiful habit, character, and species, has been discovered in Downieville, California. It is a fibrous rooted plant, of succulent growth; throwing up a spike of very rich crimson flowers and fruit, and giving forth a pleasant odor. The spike of flowers is about fifteen inches long, and contains within the flower about sixty berries of fruit, the size of a filbert, inclosed in a covering similar to a filbert, but of a deep crimson.

William Howitt's book, sent home from Australia, is out. The author has arrived from his far journey. *Anna Mary Howitt* is getting on with her second picture of "Margaret," the first of which series was so highly spoken of, when exhibited last season at the Portland Gallery. "It indicated," says a correspondent of a New-York Journal, "great talent for painting, but (mark this, ye aspirants) the Council of the Royal Academy would not give it a place in their rooms, and bade it go hang elsewhere. I think Miss Howitt will become the Mrs. Browning of painting. I saw a beautiful picture in two parts, from Shelley's 'Sensitive Plant,' which she is working at. Floral beauty and desolation have seldom been more graphically realized in color. She had another on the easel, which ought to be a companion piece to Hunt's 'Awakened Conscience,' if the conception is well wrought out, as it promises to be. It is entitled the 'Castaway,' and is a scene from the life and circumstances of to-day."

The *Cincinnati Price Current* has some interesting statistics on the lard produce of the country. The number of hogs killed the last season and packed for commerce is three millions. The average amount of lard per hog, is thirty-two pounds. The total amount of lard in commerce is estimated at ninety-six millions of pounds. Of this amount, twenty millions are shipped from Cincinnati. England and Cuba take more lard of us than all the rest of the world. Each of these countries buys over eight millions of pounds. In the West Indies, lard is very generally used as a substitute for butter. Lard oil is made more extensively at Cincinnati than at any other point in the Union. Thirty thousand barrels of it are annually sent from that city.

Colby's Altimeter.—Mr. Hall Colby, of this city, has invented a neat and extremely convenient little instrument for ascertaining the altitude and zenith distances of objects, without referring them to a horizon. The instrument is especially designed to facilitate the operations of the ship-master, as by its aid both these measurements are read off with surprising accuracy; or even if the horizon is obscured by fog. An elegant dial of brass, supported in a vertical position by a handle on the back, carries, firmly secured to it, a small telescope, with cross wires for placing its axis directly in line with the object to be observed. The face of the dial is graduated, and two verniers or indexes are delicately mounted, the motions of which are governed by a weight inclosed within. The instrument is raised gradually, avoiding all violent jerks until the telescope is in range, when the pulling of a trigger releases a spring which secures the verniers, to be read off at leisure. Little dexterity or practice is required for its manipulation, all vibratory motion of the verniers being provided against by a very simple and effective expedient in proportioning and attaching the weight. The invention promises to be of immense value, its indications being obtained instantaneously, and having, in the several experiments witnessed, varied less than three seconds.

Protecting Ships against Leaking.—Mr. V. P. Corbet, of Corbetsville, in this state, has invented an improvement in constructing ships, by which he proposes to avoid the danger of leaking. The means is a layer of India-rubber or gutta-percha, of something like half an inch in thickness, carried all over the inside of the vessel, so as to line the entire hull. The elasticity of the substance would prevent its giving way if the planks should crack, while its impermeability would prevent the entrance of water. This lining Mr. Corbet proposes to protect by an inner planking. Several shipbuilders have expressed their approbation of the invention.

Miller's Steam-Brake.—A steam car-brake, designed to supersede the one now operated by hand on our railroads, has been invented by Henry Miller, Esq., of Detroit, and it appears to be a very decided improvement. It was tried upon the Pontiac Railroad last fall, and since that time has been put to some pretty severe tests upon the Michigan Central Railroad. On the 7th instant it was applied to a train of five cars, viz., one baggage, one second-class, and three passenger cars, drawn by a locomotive weighing twenty-eight tuns, with six feet two inch drivers—whole weight of train one hundred and four tuns—and brakes were applied to twenty pairs of wheels, under the cars only. The result was as follows: on the first trial, with the train moving at the velocity of thirty miles per hour, the train was brought to a perfect stop in seven hundred feet, taking twenty seconds of time. On the second trial, with train moving forty miles per hour, it was brought to a stand-still in nine hundred and forty-five feet, and twenty-six seconds of time. On the third trial, the train was backed down two miles, and coming up, ran the last mile in one minute and twenty-five seconds. It was brought to a full stop in one thousand and six feet, taking twenty-eight seconds of time, the train not running over three miles per hour for the last three hundred feet. The invention, if what it seems to be, is a very important one on a number of accounts: 1. A train can be stopped in one-third of the distance and one-third of the time usually required at stations. 2. The stoppage or control of the train is given to the engineer, the only person who can know the necessity of stopping and the danger to be avoided. 3. The steam operating simultaneously upon each brake of each car at the same instant, holds every car in its proper place, and steadies the engine and train.